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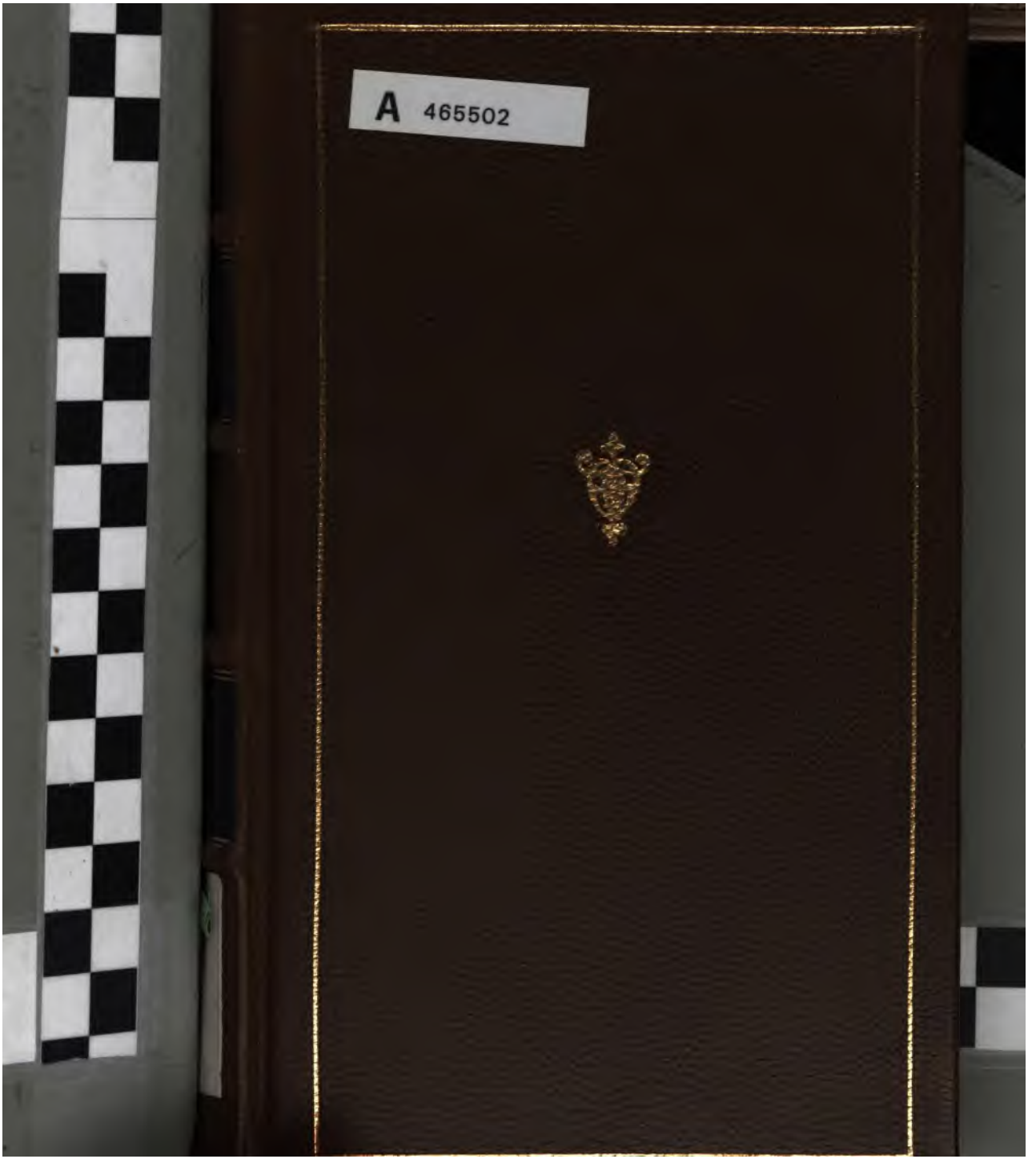
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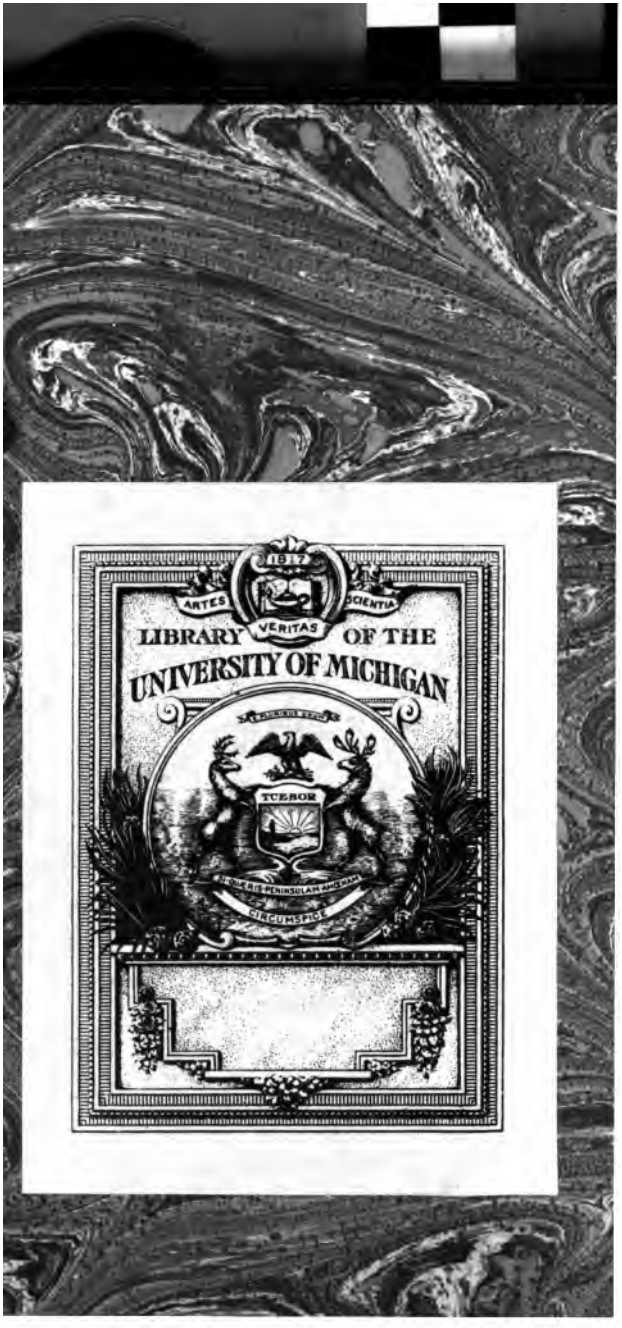
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It was worth while to obſerve what ſhifting and ſhuffling there was among the wicked.

THE

WORKS

OF

DON FRANCISCO DE QUEVEDO

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

CONTAINING

THE AUTHOR'S LIFE. || THE VISIONS.

Illuſtrated with Beautiful Engravings.

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SOME ACCOUNT

OF THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

QUEVEDO.

FRANCISCO DE QUEVEDO VILLEGAS, one of the moſt diſtinguiſhed names in Spaniſh literature, deſcended from an ancient and illuſtrious family, hereditary Lords of the Seignory of de la Torre de Juan-Abad, was born at Madrid, in the year 1570. He flouriſhed during the decline of the Golden Age of poetry in Spain, which followed the re-eſtabliſhment of letters in that kingdom, in the ſixteenth century, and cloſed with the great Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, author of the incomparable romance of Don Quixote, and the renowned Lope de Vega, prince of the Spaniſh theatre, the contemporary

and rival of our immortal Shakſpeare, in the ſeventeenth century. He is claſſed among the nine Caſtilian Muſes, in conjunction with Garcilaſo de la Vega, Don Eſteban de Villegas, the Conde Don Bernardino de Rebolledo, the brothers Lupercio and Bartoleme Leonardo de Argenſola, Father Luis de Leon, Lope de Vega, and Don Franciſco de Borja y Aragon, prince of Eſquilache.

Beſides the diſtinguiſhed rank he held among the poets of Spain, he was one of the greateſt ſcholars and moſt accompliſhed ſtateſmen of his age and country, Knight of the Military Order of St. Jago, which is next in rank to that of the Golden Fleece, and Secretary of State to Philip IV. as appears from the royal *approbacion*, or licenſe to print the *Rimas* of Lope de Vega, dated Madrid, Auguſt 28. 1634*.

But the life of Quevedo, notwithſtanding the advantages he enjoyed of noble birth, and court-favour, was leſs proſperous and happy than might be expected from the eminent dignities with which he was honoured, and the ſplendour of his reputation as a writer both in verſe and proſe.

Like his illuſtrious, but unfortunate, contemporary, Cervantes, he was at once the ornament

* *Vid.* Obras del Lope de Vega, Vol. xix. 4to, Madrid, 1778.

and the reproach of Spain; for, if the ſhining proofs he diſplayed of refined wit and profound erudition conduced to the honour of his country, his impriſonment and poverty as effectually redound to its diſgrace.

It was the misfortune of Quevedo to enter into the ſervice of his country when the ſceptre of Spain and the Indies was ſwayed by the feeble ſucceſſor of the deteſtable Philip II. who, after a long reign, diſtinguiſhed by ſplendid military expeditions that deſolated his country, and polluted by crimes that merit the execration of mankind, expired in the Eſcurial, leaving his enemies victorious, and his people impoveriſhed.

> A mighty empire by his crimes undone,
> A people maſſacred, a murder'd ſon*.

The literature of Spain, then arrived at its ultimate period of improvement, gradually declined with the progeny of that ſullen and unnatural prince, and the decline of the country. The manly ſpirit of expiring chivalry, which diffuſed a general inclination for action, and lent a romantic grace to the prevailing taſte, ſunk under the corruption and oppreſſion of the government, and ceaſed to invigorate the attempts of individuals, whether literary, political,

* Hayley's Eſſay on Hiſtory.

or military. The name of Spaniſh glory ſurvived; but the ſpirit of enterpriſe which ſupported the Spaniſh character, and elevated it ſo high in the two preceding reigns, languiſhed under the gloom of Auſtrian deſpotiſm, and expired with the feeble progeny of Charles V. the diſmemberment of his vaſt dominions, and the acceſſion of a race of French princes.

At a period ſo inauſpicious to the cultivation of poetry, and the purſuits of honourable ambition, the virtuous efforts of Quevedo, in oppoſing the progreſs of national degeneracy and corruption of manners, were fruitleſs, as well as his laudable endeavours to ſupport the ſpirit of the Golden Age of Spaniſh poetry, in conjunction with Vicente Eſpinel, Don Luis de Ulloa, Pedro de Eſpinoſa, Don Juan de Jauregui, Antonio de Solis, and others, who, like falling leaves, announced the long winter that was to follow.

He ſpent his youth in the ſervice of his country in Italy, where he conducted himſelf, amidſt the political diſſenſions which then agitated that country, with the utmoſt ſagacity and prudence.

By his reſidence in Italy, at a time when the Tuſcan Muſe had recovered from the drooping ſtate into which ſhe had fallen at the death of Petrarch, and a true taſte was reviving under the

influence of Sannazaro, Bembo, Arioſto, and Taſſo, he reaped the advantages of frequent communication with the moſt celebrated Italian poets, and of directing his attention to their moſt popular productions; which, while they amuſed his fancy and enlarged his ideas, taught him to regulate the wildneſs of his imagination by the precepts of Ariſtotle and Horace, and to improve the metre of his native language by the modulations of the Italian rhyme.

It is remarkable, that the moſt celebrated of his poetical predeceſſors and contemporaries owed, in like manner, their improvement to the Italian ſchool. It was there that Boſcan the Petrarch of Spain, Mendoza, Garcilaſo, Ercilla, Cervantes, and many others formed their taſte, and the loſs of their dominions in Italy, at the death of Charles II. ſeems to have been one of the principal cauſes of the decline of literature among the Spaniards.

But the falſe taſte which infected Europe in the ſeventeenth century had already crept in among the Italians under the influence of Marino and his imitators. The Spaniards, inclined to extravagance, ſoon caught the infection; and the excellent Quevedo, incapable of reſiſting the contagion of forced conceits and alluſions, degraded his ſublime powers, by compoſ-

ing, in his hours of leiſure, a ſeries of *madrigals* and *ſonnets*, eſtimable for fertility of invention, purity of diction, and harmony of verſification, but debaſed by an injudicious aſſociation of the fantaſtic incongruities of Italian imagery, with quaint metaphors, metaphyſical conceits, and extravagant ſentiments, adapted to the taſte of an incorrect age.

When the Duke of Oſſuna was viceroy of Naples, Quevedo was employed by that ambitious and intriguing nobleman, in ſeveral commiſſions of conſequence among the Italian States. On a particular occaſion he had the addreſs to go to Venice, diſguiſed as a mendicant. The viceroy ſent him to court acknowledging his great ſervices, for which he was decorated with the Croſs of the Military Order of St. Jago.

When the Duke's intereſt and favour declined, he had the misfortune to participate in his diſgrace, without ſharing in his criminal intrigues, and was three years in confinement, afflicted with illneſs; but nothing appearing againſt him, he was ſet at liberty. Diſguſted with the fickleneſs of court favour, and attendance on the great, he refuſed ſeveral employments that were offered to him, as well in the miniſtry, as the embaſſy to Genoa, and retired

to his country ſeat, where he gave up himſelf entirely to literary purſuits.

From the ſolitude of his retirement, he gave to the world his *Viſions*, and other works of wit, humour, and morality, the reſult of his knowledge and experience of the depravity and baſe ingratitude of his contemporaries; but abounding with moral and ſatirical reflections, and lively deſcriptions of humorous and vicious characters, admirably adapted to ridicule knavery and folly, and to correct the enormities of vice and immorality, in every age.

The fate of every moral ſatiriſt, who exerts his endeavours, with a manly and virtuous freedom, to correct the fooliſh, and reform the profligate, happened to the unfortunate Quevedo; the cenſure of vice and folly in his writings, though conveyed in the language of pleaſantry, enlivened by the rich colours of imagination, and recommended by the amiable emanations of a good heart, made every private hypocrite, ignorant pedant, lazy eccleſiaſtic, ſelfiſh voluptuary, fawning courtier, and indolent man of quality in the nation, his enemy, and brought him into great troubles.

The courtiers and eccleſiaſtics, as they were the moſt powerful and incorrigible, were, of all others, the bittereſt and moſt implacable of his

enemies; but neither the perſecutions he ſuffered from the one ſet of men, nor the mortifications he endured from the other, could damp his bold maſculine ſpirit, or ſoften the keenneſs of his ſatire.

In 1634, he appeared again at court, at the ſolicitation of the prime miniſter, the Conde d'Olivarez, and was appointed Secretary of State to Philip IV.; an employment which he filled, though but for a ſhort time, with honour and ability, worthy of his high reputation for talents and integrity.

The ſame year, at the age of 54, he entered into the ſtate of matrimony, with Donna Eſperanza de Aragon, an accompliſhed lady of a noble family, whom he ſoon had the misfortune to loſe, finding no other alleviation of a loſs which deeply wounded his affectionate mind, than ſuch as aroſe from his philoſophical diſpoſition, and the conſolations of religion.

Convinced, by the experience of this unexpected domeſtic calamity, of the vanity of his hopes, he again quitted the theatre of ambition, luxury, and intrigue, for the quiet of rural ſolitude, and the tranquil purſuits of literature and poetry. But the envenomed ſhafts of envy ſtill reached him in his ſolitude. On a falſe accuſation of being the author of a virulent libel on the ad-

miniſtration of the prime miniſter, he was arreſted in the night, put in cloſe confinement, and his eſtate ſequeſtrated.

In this ſituation, he laboured under various diſeaſes, with acute pain of body and mind; his patrimony ſeized, and himſelf ſupported by charity!

Under this accumulated diſtreſs, he wrote an elegant and pathetic letter to the prime miniſter, which procured him his enlargement: the caſe was inquired into, and the calumny, as well as its author, diſcovered.

He once more returned to court with honour and triumph, to recover his eſtate, which had ſuffered various depredations; but this ungrateful theatre he ſoon abandoned, and retired to his country ſeat, overwhelmed with illneſs, the conſequence of his cruel impriſonment, which he bore with manly fortitude, and finiſhed his days with exemplary piety and Chriſtian reſignation, in 1645, in the 65th year of his age; honoured by the great, celebrated by the learned, and regretted by the whole nation.

His perſon was manly and engaging, his complexion fair, and his countenance full of expreſſion; but from continual ſtudy, his eyes were ſo weakened, that he conſtantly wore ſpectacles.

Such was Quevedo, the pride and ſhame of the Spaniſh nation, a ſcholar and a poet worthy of univerſal approbation and eſteem, a man of exemplary probity and fortitude, who ſuffered unmerited mortification and diſtreſs from the malevolence of his countrymen, and languiſhed in the ſhade of adverſity and the gloom of a priſon, while his writings afforded delight and entertainment to whole nations.

The character of Quevedo, whether conſidered as a writer or a man, cannot fail to ſecure him the eſteem and admiration of each ſucceeding generation as it riſes. We cannot help venerating that incorruptible integrity which dignified the ſtateſman, and that ſerene piety which adorned the private gentleman, while we applaud that fortitude and courage which neither the rage of malice could diſturb, nor the moſt cruel perſecution ſubdue. His great talents and profound erudition were only exceeded by his innate modeſty and ſimplicity of manners. To him we may juſtly apply the lines of Pope in favour of one of our own poets:

> To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
> And ev'ry author's merit but his own.

Beſides a natural fund of humour and inven-

tion, Quevedo poſſeſſed an extenſive ſtock of acquired knowledge. He underſtood the Hebrew, Arabic, Greek, Latin, Italian, and French languages; was intimately acquainted with the claſſical writers of antiquity; well read in the hiſtory of nations; verſed in the philoſophy, rhetoric, and divinity of the ſchools; ſkilled in mathematics, aſtronomy, and geography; tinctured with aſtrology and alchemy; converſant with the beſt productions of French and Italian literature; and perfectly maſter of his own Caſtilian tongue. His great knowledge of Hebrew is apparent from the report of the hiſtorian Mariana to the king, requeſting that Quevedo might reviſe the new edition of the Bible of Arias Montanus. His tranſlations of Epictetus and Phocylides, with his imitations of Anacreon, and other Greek authors, ſhow how well he was verſed in that language. That he was a Latin ſcholar, his conſtant correſpondence, from the age of twenty, with Lipſius, Chifflet, and Scioppius, will amply illuſtrate. The Spaniſh verſion of the Æneid, by Father Luis de Leon, was publiſhed by Quevedo, at Madrid, in 1631, and is conſidered as an excellent performance. His moral and religious diſcourſes evince the ſtrength and ſoundneſs of his judgment, and the ſincerity and fervency of his

piety, while his literary and hiſtorical pieces, diſplay his profound learning and claſſical taſte. As a poet, he excelled both in the ſerious and burleſque ſtyle; he combined the wild allegory of the Provençal ſchool, with the licentious humour of Arioſto, and the extravagant fancy of Marino; and was ſingularly happy in that peculiar combination of wit and learning we have ſince admired in Butler and Swift: But he has not attained to correctneſs, nor united judgment and imagination, becauſe Spain had not attained to the era of taſte; and the licentious negligence, and puerile extravagance of the moſt popular authors, the decline of the country, and the deſpotiſm of the government, were unfavourable to poetry. Labouring under ſuch diſadvantages, it is rather to be wondered at that he has done ſo much, than that he has not accompliſhed more.

As a moral ſatiriſt he was eminently qualified by his natural powers and commerce with mankind. The broadeſt features as well as the minuteſt peculiarities of character were familiar to his judgment and underſtanding, and the force and fertility of his imagination, enabled him to render the characteriſtic features he exhibits of human life, diverting, by embelliſhing them with all the ornaments of fiction. He has ſur-

paſſed all others in that ſpecies of writing which unites pleaſantry and ſatire with the creative powers of imagination, except Lucian, Rabelais, Cervantes, and Swift, to whom he is in ſome reſpects ſuperior. His ſatire is, in general, more juſt than that of Cervantes and Swift, and his humour more legitimate than that of Lucian and Rabelais; who either deſert nature altogether in their exhibitions, or preſent her in a ſtate of diſtortion; and in ſome of their writings, ſeem to have no moral purpoſe in view; a circumſtance in which Quevedo poſſeſſes a manifeſt ſuperiority.

His library, which conſiſted of about 5000 volumes, was reduced, at his death, to about 2000, and is preſerved in the convent of St. Martin, at Madrid.

His works, in proſe and verſe, which had been printed in his lifetime (for he wrote a great number of pieces which were never printed), were collected, and publiſhed at Madrid, in 1650, in three volumes, quarto; two of which conſiſt of pieces in proſe, a third of poetry. The *Parnaſſo Eſpagnol*, under which general title all his poetry is included, was firſt publiſhed under the feigned name of the Bachelor Franciſco de la Torre, and collected by the care of his learned friend Don Joſeph Gonzales de

Salas, who, beſides ſhort notes interſperſed throughout, prefixed diſſertations to each diſtinct ſeries of *ſonnets* and *madrigals*, addreſſed to the Nine Muſes, which compoſe the *Spaniſh Parnaſſus*.

This collection has ſince been frequently reprinted in Spain and the Low Countries. To the edition printed at Bruſſels in 1660, are prefixed a portrait of the Author without ſpectacles, and a preface and dedication to the Marquis de Caracena, Governor-General of the Low Countries, by Foggens the printer. He excelled in the judgment of the learned Don Nicolas Antonio, in all the different kinds of poetry. "His heroic pieces," he ſays, "have great force "and ſublimity, his lyrics great beauty and "ſweetneſs, and his humourous pieces a cer-"tain eaſy air, pleaſantry, and ingenuity of turn "which is exceedingly taking to a reader *."

The following madrigal may ſerve as a ſpecimen of Quevedo's poetry, and ſhow the prodigality of Spaniſh praiſe. It is not ſelected as the beſt, but becauſe it has been happily rendered into Engliſh by an ingenious modern poet:

"Un famoſo Eſcultor, Liſi Eſquiva!
En una piedra te ha imitado viva,

* Scrpt. Hiſpan. V. I.

Y ha puesto mas cuydado en retatarte
Que la Naturaleza en figurarte:
Pues si le dio blancura, y pecho elado,
El lo mismo te ha dado,
Bellissima en el mundo te hizo ella,
Y el no te ha repetido menos bella:
Mas ella, que te quiso hasser piadosa,
De materia tan blanda, y tan suave
Te labro, que no sabe
De el jazmin distinguirte, y de la rosa;
Y el, que buelta de advierte en piedra ingrata
De loque tu te triciste te retrata."

See, Lisis, where the Sculptor's art
Has form'd thine image of this polish'd stone,
All perfect he perform'd his part,
Which Nature has not done.

Has Nature form'd thy bosom white?
Lo how the marble mocks the mountain snow!
Thy charms unrivall'd meet the sight,
And this is matchless too.

O'er thy fair cheek that hue she spread,
That hue that flies and flushes there so oft;
She made thy lips so roseate red,
Thy lips that seem so soft.

Ah! Lisis! maid of marble heart
Here justly art thou form'd by him alone;
For here thou seemest what thou art,
So cold—so hard—in stone *!

* Southey's Letters from Spain and Portugal, 1797.

His proſe works are of two kinds; *Serious* pieces, conſiſting of *eſſays* and *diſcourſes* on moral, religious, hiſtorical, and literary ſubjects, written with much ability, gravity, and learning, as well as purity and elegance of language; and *Comical* pieces, conſiſting of *Viſions*, *Allegories*, and *Tales*, conceived with admirable felicity of invention, and replete with ſatire, morality, wit, vivacity, and humour, which ſtrongly remind us, by turns, of the Inferno of Dante, the Decameron of Bocaccio, the Pilgrim's Progreſs of Bunyan, and the Le Diable Boiteux of Le Sage. No verſion of his *Serious* pieces has hitherto appeared in our language, and, in the preſent ſtate of Engliſh literature, it appears very doubtful how far ſuch a verſion would intereſt our country. His *Comical* pieces, particularly the *Viſions* of *the Alguazil*, *Death and her Empire*, *the Laſt Judgment*, *Loving Fools*, *the World*, *Hell*, and *Hell Reformed*, have been frequently reprinted, and favourably received in all the civilized countries of Europe.

The *Viſions*, his moſt popular production, were tranſlated into Engliſh by Sir Roger L'Eſtrange, ſoon after the Reſtoration, when the Don Quixote of Cervantes and the Lazarillo de Tormes of Mendoza, were almoſt the only Spaniſh books we had naturalized. L'Eſtrange

was a famous party writer of thoſe times, and having generally the worſt ſide of the argument, had recourſe to ſcurrility, pertneſs, and vulgarity, which gave even his more liberal compoſitions a very illiberal air. "That "which *over-ruled* him," in the tranſlation of Quevedo, he ſays, was pure *ſpite*. "For he "has had hard meaſures among the *phyſicians*, "the *lawyers*, the *women*, &c. and *Don Fran-* "*ciſco de Quevedo*, in *Engliſh*, *revenges* him upon "all his *enemies*. For it is a *ſatire* that taxes "*corruption of manners in all ſorts and degrees* of "people, without reflecting upon *particular* "*ſtates* or *perſons*. It is full of *ſharpneſs* and "*morality*, and has found ſo good entertainment "in the world that it wanted only *Engliſh* of "being baptized into all *Chriſtian languages*." The tranſlation, whatever may be thought of his reaſons for undertaking it, is, upon the whole, ſufficiently lively and perſpicuous, but the ſtyle is extremely coarſe and vulgar, yet, in many inſtances, happily accommodated to the expreſſion of low humour and affected buffoonery; and in the adoption of correſponding idioms, local cuſtoms, proverbial ſayings, and provincial expreſſions, he is ſometimes eminently fortunate. It found ſuch a favourable reception

as to go through ten editions before 1715, when the eleventh edition was printed.

A new tranſlation was undertaken ſome years after, upon the foundation of that of L'Eſtrange; which, as it rejects his quaintneſs and vulgarity, and conveys the ſenſe and humour of the original with equal ſpirit and propriety, and more elegance and ſimplicity of expreſſion, has been followed in the preſent edition.

The remaining *comical* pieces, *The Curious Hiſtory of the Night Adventurer; The Life of Paul the Spaniſh Sharper; Fortune in her Wits; Proclamation by Old Father Time; A Treatiſe of all Things whatſoever, Paſt, Preſent, and to Come;* and *Letters on Several Occaſions;* were tranſlated into Engliſh by Mr. Stevens, and printed at London in one volume octavo, 1707. Mr. Stevens was well qualified for the taſk he undertook, and ſucceeded in rendering the ſenſe and humour of the original into his tranſlation with eaſe and ſpirit, but he is deficient in the characteriſtic qualities of idiom and ſtyle. He ſeems to have thought he could not ſpeak too highly of his author, terming him "The great "Quevedo, his works a rare treaſure, the Spa-"niſh Ovid, from whom wit naturally flowed "without ſtudy, and to whom it was as eaſy to "write in verſe as in proſe!"

A new tranſlation was undertaken, by Mr. Pineda, and printed at London, in one volume octavo, 1734, which being conſidered as an improvement upon that of Mr. Stevens, on account of the tranſlator's perfect knowledge of the language of the original, and his competent acquaintance with the correſponding idiomatic phraſes, has been followed in the preſent edition.

His whole comical works, the different editions of which had become extremely ſcarce, are now, for the firſt time, collected and printed in an elegant and uniform edition in three volumes royal 12mo, which may be the means of recalling the attention of the Engliſh reader to ſome of the moſt inſtructive and amuſing productions of Spaniſh literature.

The reputation of Quevedo, ſurmounting the depreſſion of deſpotiſm and bigotry, yet flouriſhes in his own country; and foreign nations have acknowledged the excellence of his humorous and ſatirical writings, by conſenting to enroll his name with Lucian and Rabelais, the two arch-prieſts of laughter, and Cervantes and Swift, the two great maſters of comic ſatire.

VISION I.

THE

ALGUAZIL:

OR,

CATCHPOLE POSSESSED.

As I was going a few days ſince to a convent in this city to hear maſs, I ſaw a prodigious multitude of people endeavouring to get in, but I was told the gate was locked. A gentleman informed me, upon inquiring the reaſon of it, that a demoniac was to be exorciſed: This made me as curious as the reſt; but I was not more ſucceſsful than they were, and therefore reſolved to go home again. As I went along, an acquaintance met me, who belonged to the ſame convent; and he, perceiving my curioſity, having been told the ſame news that I had, bade me go with him, and he would gain me admittance: Accord-

ingly, going to a little back-door, by ſhowing a ticket he had, we both obtained entrance into the church, and from thence into the veſtry. The firſt thing we beheld, was a terrible looking fellow, all in rags, with a tippet about his neck, his hands tied behind his back, and roaring like a bull. Heaven preſerve us, cried I, at the ſame time croſſing myſelf, what is the matter with the man? Why, anſwered the reverend Father who was to perform the operation, he is poſſeſſed with a devil. That is an execrable falſehood, exclaimed the ſpirit that troubled him; it is not a man poſſeſſed with a devil, but a devil poſſeſſed with a man; therefore you ought to be more careful of what you ſay; for it is very obvious, both by the queſtion and anſwer, that you are a parcel of idiots: For to tell you the truth, we devils never enter into the body of a Catchpole but by compulſion; and therefore you ſhould not ſay a Catchpole be-deviled, but a Devil be-catchpoled: And to give you your due, you men can deal better with us devils than with the catchpoles; for they make uſe of the croſs to cover their villany, whereas we do all in our power to avoid it.

If we are ſo different in our humours, yet we act pretty much alike in our offices; if we

draw men into judgment and condemnation, ſo do catchpoles; we are deſirous of the world's becoming more and more wicked, ſo are they; nay, and much more ſo than us, for they maintain their families by it, whereas we do it only for the ſake of company. And in this, catchpoles are worſe than devils; they prey upon their own ſpecies, and worry one another, which we never do. For our parts, we are angels ſtill, though black ones; and were turned into devils only for aſpiring at an equality with our Creator: Whereas, the corruption of mankind is the generation of a catchpole. So that, my good Father, your labour is to no purpoſe in plying this wretch with reliques; for you may as ſoon redeem a ſoul from hell, as a prey out of his hands.

It very much aſtoniſhed me to find the devil ſo great a ſophiſter; but, notwithſtanding all this, the holy man went on with his exorciſm; and to ſtop the ſpirit's mouth, waſhed his face with holy water; this made the demoniac ten times madder than before, and ſet him a roaring ſo horridly, that it deafened the company, and made the very walls ſhake. And now, ſays he, you may, perchance, imagine this extravagance to be the effect of your holy water; but let me tell you, that mere

water would have done the ſame thing; for your catchpoles hate nothing in the world like water; eſpecially that of a King's Bench pump.

Come, come, ſays the Father, there is no ear nor credit to be given to this raſcal; ſet but his tongue at liberty, and you ſhall have him fall foul upon the government, and the miniſters of juſtice, for keeping the world in order, and ſuppreſſing wickedneſs, becauſe it ſpoils his market. No more chopping of logic, good Mr. Conjurer, ſays the devil, for there is more in it than you are aware of; if you will do a poor devil a good office, give me my diſpatch out of this wretched Alguazil; for I am a devil, you muſt know, of no ſmall note, and ſhall never be able to endure the jeſts and affronts that will be put upon me at my return, for having kept this raſcal company. All in good time, replied the Father, thou ſhalt have thy diſcharge; that is to ſay, in pity to this unhappy wretch, and not for thy own ſake. But tell me firſt, what makes thee torment him thus? Nothing in the world, anſwered the devil, but a conteſt betwixt him and me, which was the greater devil of the two.

The reverend Father did not at all reliſh theſe wild and malicious replies; but to me-

the dialogue was very pleaſant, eſpecially being, by this time, a little familiarized with the demon. My good Father, ſaid I, here are none but friends, and I may ſpeak to you as my confeſſor, and the confident of all the ſecrets of my ſoul; I am very deſirous, with your leave, to aſk the devil a few queſtions; and who knows, but a man may be the better for his anſwers, though, very probably, contrary to his intention? Keep him only, in the mean time, from tormenting this poor creature. The exorciſt granted my requeſt, and the ſpirit went on. Well, ſays he, ſmiling, the devil ſhall never want a friend at court, ſo long as there is a poet within the walls. And, indeed, the poets do us many a good turn, both by pimping and otherwiſe; but if you, ſaid he, ſhould not be kind to us, looking upon me, you will be thought very ungrateful, conſidering the honour of your entertainment now in hell. I aſked him then, what ſtore of poets they had? Prodigious numbers, ſays the devil; ſo many that we have been forced to make more room for them; nor is there any thing in nature ſo pleaſant as a poet in the firſt year of his probation; he comes laden with letters of recommendation to our ſuperiors, and inquires very gravely for Charon,

Cerberus, Rhadamanthus, Eacus, and Minos.

Well, ſaid I, but in what manner are they puniſhed? for I began now to make the poet's caſe my own. Their puniſhments, replied the devil, are many, and ſuited to the trade they drive. Some are condemned to hear other men's works; and this is the plague of the fidlers too. We have others that are in for a thouſand years, and yet ſtill poring upon ſome old ſtanza they have made on their miſtreſs. Some again are beating their foreheads with the palms of their hands, and even boring their very noſes with hot irons, in rage that they cannot come to a reſolution, whether they ſhall ſay face or viſage; whether they ſhall ſay jail or gaol; whether cony or cunny, becauſe it comes from *cuniculus*, a rabbit. Others are biting their nails to the quick, and at their wits end for a rhime or chimney; and dozing up and down in a brown ſtudy, till they drop into ſome hole at laſt, and give us trouble enough to get them out again. But they that ſuffer the moſt, and fare the worſt, are your comic poets, for whoring ſo many queens and princeſſes upon the ſtage, and coupling ladies of honour with footmen, and noblemen with common jilts, in the winding up of their plays;

and for giving the baſtinado to Alexander and Julius Cæſar in their interludes and farces. Now, I muſt tell you, that we do not lodge theſe with other poets, but with petty-foggers and attorneys, as common dealers in the myſtery of ſhifting, ſhuffling, forging, and cheating. And now for the diſcipline of hell: you muſt know we have incomparable harbingers and quarter-maſters; inſomuch, that let them come in whole caravans, as it happened the other day, every man is in his quarter in a moment.

There came to us a great many tradeſmen; the firſt of them a poor rogue, that made profeſſion of drawing the long-bow; and him we were about to put among the armourers, but one of the company moved and carried it, that ſince he was ſo good at draughts, he might be ſent to the clerks and ſcriveners; a ſort of people that will fit you with draughts good and bad, of all ſorts and ſizes, and to all purpoſes. Another called himſelf a cutter: we aſked him, whether in wood or ſtone? Neither, ſaid he, but in cloth and ſtuff, commonly called a tailor; and him we turned over to thoſe that were in for detraction and calumny, and for cutting large thongs out of other mens leather. There was a blind fellow would fain

have been among the poets, but for likelineſs ſake we quartered him among the lovers. After him came a ſexton, or, as he ſtyled himſelf a burier of the dead; and then a cook that was troubled in conſcience for putting off cats for hares: theſe were diſpatched away to the paſtry-men. We diſpoſed of about half a dozen crack-brained fools among the aſtrologers and alchymiſts. In the number, there was one notorious murderer, and him we packed away to the gentlemen of the faculty, the phyſicians. The broken merchants we kennelled with Judas, for making ill bargains. Corrupt miniſters and magiſtrates, with the thief on the left hand. The embroilers of affairs, and the tale-bearers, take up with the vintners; and the brokers with the Jews. In ſhort, the policy of hell is admirable, where every man has his place ſuitable to his rank.

As I remember, ſaid I, you were juſt now ſpeaking of lovers; pray tell me, have ye many of them in your dominions? I aſk, becauſe I am myſelf a little ſubject to the itch of love, as well as poetry. Love, ſays the devil, is like a great ſpot of oil, that diffuſes itſelf every where, and conſequently hell cannot but be ſufficiently ſtocked with that ſort of vermin. But let me tell you, we have many

kinds of lovers; ſome doat upon themſelves; others upon their pelf; theſe upon their own diſcourſes; thoſe upon their own actions; and once in an age, perchance, comes a fellow that doats upon his own wife; but this is a great rarity, for the jades commonly bring their huſbands to repentance, and then the devil may throw his cap at them. But above all, for ſport, if there can be any in hell, commend me to thoſe gawdy coxcombs, who, by the variety of colours and ribbands they wear, favours, as they call them, one would ſwear they were only dreſſed up for a ſample, or kind of inventory of all the gewgaws that are to be had at the mercers. Others you ſhall have ſo overcharged with peruque, that you will not eaſily know the head of a cavilier from the ordinary block of a tire-woman: And ſome again you would take for carriers, by their pacquets and bundles of love-letters; which being made combuſtible by the fire and flame they treat of, we are ſo thrifty of, as to employ upon ſingeing their own tails, for the ſaving of better fuel. But, oh! the pleaſant poſtures of the maiden lover, when he is upon the practice of the gentle leer, and embracing the air for his miſtreſs! Others we have that are condemned for feeling, and yet never come to the touch:

Theſe paſs for a kind of buffoon pretenders; ever at the eve, but never at the feſtival. Some again have ruined themſelves, like Judas, for a kiſs.

One ſtory lower is the abode of contented cuckolds; a poiſonous place, and ſtrewed all over with the horns of rams and bulls. Theſe are ſo well read in women, and know their deſtiny ſo well beforehand, that they never ſo much as trouble their heads for the matter. Ye come next to the admirers of old women; and theſe are wretches of ſo depraved an appetite, that if they were not kept tied up, and in chains, the very devils themſelves could not reſiſt them. The truth is, whatever you may think of a devil, he is regarded by them as a very Adonis.

Thus far I have ſatisfied your curioſity; a word now for your inſtruction. If you would make an intereſt in hell, you muſt give over that roguiſh way you have got of abuſing the devils in your ſhows, pictures, and emblems: at one time, for inſtance, we are painted with claws or talons, like eagles or griffins; at another, we are dreſſed up with tails, like ſo many hackney-jades, with their fly-flaps; and now and then ye ſhall ſee a devil with a coxcomb. Now I will not deny, but ſome of us may, in-

deed, be very well taken for hermits and philoſophers. If you can help us in this point, do; and we ſhall be ready to do you one good turn for another. I was aſking Michael Angelo here a while ago, why he drew the devils in his great piece of the Laſt Judgment, with ſo many monkey-faces, and Merry-Andrew poſtures. His anſwer was, that he followed his fancy, without any malice in the world, for as then, he had never ſeen any devils; nor, indeed, did he believe that there were any; but he hath now learned the contrary to his coſt. There is another thing too, we take extremely ill; which is, that, in your ordinary diſcourſes, you are out with your purſe preſently to every raſcal, and call him devil. As for example: do you ſee how this devil of a tailor has ſpoiled my clothes? How that devil has made me wait? How that devil has cheated me? &c. All this is very ill done, and no ſmall diſparagement to our quality, to be ranked with tailors: a company of ſlaves, that ſerve us in hell only for bruſh-wood; and are obliged to beg hard to be admitted on any condition: though I confeſs they have poſſeſſion on their ſides, and cuſtom, which is another law; being in poſſeſſion of theft, and ſtolen goods, they make much more conſcience of

keeping your ſtuffs than your holidays, grumbling and domineering at every turn, if they have not the ſame reſpect with the children of the family. Ye have another trick too, of giving every thing to the devil that diſpleaſes you, which we cannot but take very unkindly. The devil take thee, ſays one; an excellent preſent, I warrant ye: but the devil has ſomewhat elſe to do, than to take and carry away all that is given him; if they will come of themſelves, let them come, and welcome. Another gives that raſcal of a valet to the devil; but the devil will have none of your valets, he thanks you for your love; a pack of rogues, that are for the moſt part worſe than devils; and, to ſay the truth, they are good neither roaſt nor ſodden. I give that Italian to the devil, cries a third: thank you for nothing: for ye ſhall have an Italian will trick the devil himſelf, and take him by the noſe, like muſtard. Some again will be for giving a Spaniard to the devil; but he has been ſo cruel wherever he has goot footing, that we had rather have his room than his company, and make a preſent to the Grand Signior of his nutmegs.

Here the devil pauſed; and in the ſame inſtant, there happening a ſlight ſcuffle betwixt a

couple of conceited coxcombs, which ſhould go foremoſt, I turned to ſee the matter, and caſt my eye upon a certain tax-gatherer that had ruined a friend of mine: and, in ſome ſort, to revenge myſelf of this aſs in a lion's ſkin, I aſked the devil, whether they had not that ſort of blood-ſuckers among the reſt, in their dominions; an informing, projecting generation of men, and the very bane of a kingdom? You know little, ſays he, if you do not know theſe vermin to be the right heirs of perdition; and that they claim hell for their inheritance; and yet we are now even upon the point of diſcarding them; for they are ſo pragmatical, and ungrateful, that there is no bearing them. They are at this preſent time in conſultation about an impoſt upon the highway to hell; and, indeed, payments run ſo high already, and are ſo likely to increaſe too, that it is much feared in the end, we ſhall quite loſe our trading and commerce. But if ever they come to put this in execution, we ſhall be ſo bold as to treat them next bout, by keeping them on the wrong ſide of the door, which will be worſe than hell to them; for it leaves them no retreat, being expelled Paradiſe and Purgatory already. This race of vipers, ſaid I, will never be quiet, till they tax the

way to Heaven itſelf. Oh, replied the devil, that had been done long ſince, if they had found it worth their trouble; but they have had a factor abroad theſe ten years, that is glad to wipe his noſe on his ſleeve, ſtill for want of a handkerchief. But pray upon what do they deſign to levy theſe new impoſitions? For that, anſwered the devil, there is a gentleman of the trade at your elbow can tell you all; pointing to my old friend the publican. This drew the eyes of the whole company upon him, and put him ſo out of countenance, that he plucked down his hat over his face, clapped his tail between his legs, and went his way, with which we were all of us well enough pleaſed; and then the devil continued. Well, ſaid he, laughing, my voucher is departed, you ſee; but I think I can ſay as much to this point, as himſelf. The impoſitions now to be ſet on foot, are upon bare-necked ladies, patches, moleſkins, Spaniſh paper, and all the unneceſſary part of the effeminate world; upon your capes a-la-mode, exceſs in apparel, collations, rich furniture, your cheating and blaſphemy, your gaming ordinaries, and, in general, upon whatſoever ſerves to advance our empire: So that, without a friend at court, or ſome good magiſtrate to help us out at a dead lift, and ſtick to

us, we may even ſhut up our ſhop, for you will find hell a very deſart. Well, ſaid I, methinks I ſee nothing in all this but what is very reaſonable; for to what purpoſe ſerves it, but to corrupt good manners, ſtir up ill appetites, provoke and encourage all ſorts of debauchery, deſtroy all that is good and honourable in human ſociety, and chalk out, in effect, the ready way to the devil!

I heard you mention ſomething juſt now of magiſtrates; I hope there are no judges in hell? You may as well imagine, cried the ſpirit, that there are no devils there; let me tell you, friend of mine, your corrupt judges are the great ſpawners that ſupply our lake; for what are thoſe millions of catchpoles, proctors, attorneys, clerks, and barriſters, that come ſailing to us every day in ſhoals, but the fry of ſuch judges? Nay, ſometimes, in a lucky year, for cheating, forging, and forſwearing, we can hardly find room to put them in.

Do you mean to infer from hence now, ſaid I, that there is no juſtice upon earth? Very right, quoth the devil, for Aſtræa, which is the ſame thing, is fled, long ſince, to Heaven. Do not you know the ſtory? Indeed, replied I, I do not. Then, quoth the devil, I will tell it you.

" It once happened, that Truth and Juſtice " came together to take up their quarters " upon earth; but the one being naked, and " the other very ſevere and plain-dealing, they " could not meet with any body that would " receive them. At laſt, when they had wan- " dered a long time, like vagabonds, in the " open air, Truth was glad to take up her " lodging with a mute; and Juſtice, perceiv- " ing that though her name was much uſed " as a cloak to knavery, yet that ſhe herſelf " was in no eſteem, took up a reſolution of re- " turning to Heaven. Before ſhe departed, " ſhe bid adieu, in the firſt place, to all courts, " palaces, and great cities, and went into the " country, where ſhe met with ſome few poor " ſimple cottagers; but Malice and Perſecu- " tion at laſt diſcovered her, and ſhe was ba- " niſhed thence too. She next preſented her- " ſelf in many places, and people aſked her " what ſhe was; ſhe anſwered them, Juſtice; " for ſhe would not lie for the world. Juſtice! " cried they, we know nothing of her: tell " her, here is nothing for her, and ſhut the " door. Upon theſe repulſes ſhe took wing, " and away ſhe went to Heaven, hardly leav- " ing ſo much as the bare print of her foot- " ſteps behind. Her name, however, is not yet

" forgotten; and ſhe is pictured with a ſceptre " in her hand, and ſtill called Juſtice." But give her what name you pleaſe, ſhe makes as good a figure in hell as a tailor; and, for ſlight of hand, puts down all the jilts, cheats, pick-locks, and trepanners, in the world: to ſay the truth, avarice is grown to that height, that men employ all the faculties of ſoul and body to rob and deceive. The lecher, does not he ſteal away the honour of his miſtreſs, though with her conſent? The attorney picks your pocket, and ſhows you a law for it. The comedian gets your money and your time, by reciting other mens labours: the lover cozens you with his eyes; the eloquent man, with his tongue; the valiant with his arms; the muſician with his voice and fingers; the aſtrologer with his calculations; the apothecary with ſickneſs and health; the ſurgeon with blood; and the phyſician, with death itſelf. In ſome ſort or other they are all cheats; but the catchpole, in the name of Juſtice, abuſes you with his whole man; he watches you with his eyes, follows you with his feet, ſeizes with his hands, accuſes with his tongue, and, in fine, put it in your Litany, From catchpoles as well as devils, good Lord, deliver us.

What is the reaſon, cried I, that you have

not coupled women with the thieves; for they are both of a trade? Not a word of women, as you love me, replied the devil; for we are ſo tired out with their importunities, ſo deafened with the eternal clack of their tongues, that we ſtart at the very thought of them: And to ſpeak ſincerely, hell were no ill winter quarters, if it were not ſo overſtocked with that ſort of cattle. Since the death of the witch of Endor, it has been all their buſineſs to improve themſelves in ſubtilty and malice, and to ſet us together by the ears among ourſelves. Nay, ſome of them are ſo bold as to tell us, that when we have done our worſt, they give us a Rowland for our Oliver. Only this comfort we have, that they are a cheaper plague to us than they are to you; for we have no public walks, concerts, or play-houſes, in our territories, where they can go aſtray.

However, I perceive you are not ill ſtored with women; but of which have you moſt, ſaid I, handſome or ill-favoured? Oh, of the ill-favoured, ſix to one, anſwered the devil; for your beauties can never want gallants to lay their appetites; and many of them, when they come at laſt to have their bellies full, even give over the ſport, repent, and eſcape: Whereas nobody will touch the ill-favoured, without

a pair of tongs; and, for want of water to quench their fire, they come to us ſuch ſkeletons, that they are enough to terrify the devil himſelf: For they are moſt commonly old, and accompany their laſt groans with a curſe upon the younger that are to ſurvive them. I carried away one the other day of threeſcore and ten, that I took juſt in the nick, as ſhe was upon a certain exerciſe to remove obſtructions: And when I came to land her, alas! the poor woman! what a terrible fit had ſhe got of the tooth-ach! when, upon ſearch, the devil a tooth had ſhe left in her head; only ſhe belied her chops, to ſave her credit.

I am very well ſatisfied, ſaid I, in all your anſwers; but pray, once again, what ſtore of beggars have you in hell? poor people, I mean. Poor, cried the devil, who are they? Thoſe, ſaid I, that have no poſſeſſions in the world. How can that be, quoth he, that thoſe ſhould be damned, that have nothing in the world, when men are only damned for what they poſſeſs? To tell you the truth, I find none of their names in our books, which is no wonder: For he that has nothing to truſt to, ſhall be left by the devil himſelf, in time of need. To deal plainly with you, where have you greater devils than your flatterers, falſe

friends, lewd company, and envious perſons? than a ſon, a brother, or a relation, that lies in wait for your life, to get your fortune; that mourns over you in your ſickneſs, and already wiſhes that the devil had you? Now the poor have nothing of this; they are neither flattered nor envied; nor befriended, nor accompanied: There is no gaping for their poſſeſſions; and, in ſhort, they are a ſort of people that live well, and die better; and there are ſome of them that would not exchange their rags for royalty itſelf: They are at liberty to go and come when they pleaſe, be it war or peace; free from cares, taxes, and public duties. They fear no judgments or executions, but live as inviolable, as if their perſons were ſacred. They take no thought for to-morrow; but ſetting a juſt value on their hours, they are good huſbands of the preſent; conſidering that what is paſt, is as good as dead, and what is to come uncertain. But they ſay, When the devil preaches, the world is near an end.

The divine hand is in this, cried the reverend Father that performed the exorciſm, thou art the Father of lies, and yet deliverеſt truths, able to mollify and convert a heart of ſtone. Do not you miſtake yourſelf, ſaid the devil, to ſuppoſe that your converſion is my buſineſs?

I ſpeak theſe truths to aggravate your guilt, and that you may not plead ignorance another day, when you ſhall be called to anſwer for your tranſgreſſions. It is true, moſt of you ſhed tears at parting; but it is the apprehenſion of death, and not true repentance, that works upon you; for you are all a pack of hypocrites; or, if at any time you entertain thoſe reflections, your trouble is, that your body will not be able to anſwer your appetites; and then you pretend to pick a quarrel with the ſin that forſakes you.

Thou art an impoſtor, replied the exorciſt, for there are many righteous ſouls that draw their ſorrow from another fountain. But I perceive you have a mind to amuſe us, and make us loſe time, and, perchance, your own hour is not yet come, to quit the body of this miſerable creature; however, I conjure thee, in the name of the Moſt High, to leave tormenting him, and to hold thy peace. The devil obeyed; and the good Father, turning to us, My friends, ſays he, though I verily believe that it is the devil who has talked to us all the while, through the organs of this miſerable wretch, yet, he that ſincerely conſiders what has been ſaid, may profit by the diſcourſe. Wherefore, without conſidering whence it came, re-

member that Saul, although a wicked prince, propheſied; and that honey has been extracted from the mouth of a lion. Withdraw then, and I ſhall make it my prayer, as it is my hope, that this terrifying and wonderful ſpectacle may lead you to a true ſight of your errors, and, at laſt, make you forſake them, and turn to the paths of righteouſneſs and equity.

VISION II.

OF DEATH AND HER EMPIRE.

I HAVE made it a common remark, that mean ſouls generally breed ſad thoughts, and in ſolitude, they gather in troops to aſſault the wretched, which is the trial wherein the coward does moſt betray himſelf; and yet I cannot, notwithſtanding my utmoſt efforts, when I am alone, avoid thoſe accidents and ſurpriſes in myſelf, which I condemn in others. I have ſometimes, upon reading the grave and ſevere Lucretius, been ſeized with a ſurpriſing damp; whether from his ſtriking counſels upon my paſſions, or ſome tacit reflection of ſhame upon myſelf, I know not. However, to render this confeſſion of my weakneſs the more excuſable, I will begin my diſcourſe with ſomewhat out of that elegant and inimitable poet.

" Let us imagine," ſays he, " that a voice " from Heaven ſhould thus ſpeak to any of us: " What ails thee, O mortal man! or to what " purpoſe is it to ſpend thy life in groans and

" complaints, under the fear of death? Where " are thy paſt years and pleaſures? Are they " not vaniſhed and loſt in the flux of time, as if " thou hadſt put water into a ſieve? Bethink " thyſelf then of a retreat, and leave the world " with the ſame content and ſatisfaction, as thou " wouldſt do a table genteelly furniſhed, and a " merry company, upon a full ſtomach. Wretch- " ed mortal that thou art! thus to weary and " torment thyſelf, when thou mayeſt live peace- " ably and with content."

This paſſage brought into my mind the words of Job, chap. xiv.; and I was carried on from one meditation to another, till at length I fell faſt aſleep over my book; which I aſcribed rather to a favourable providence, than to my natural diſpoſition. So ſoon as my ſoul felt herſelf at liberty, ſhe entertained me with the following comedy, my fancy ſupplying both the ſtage and the actors.

In the firſt ſcene entered a troop of phyſicians, upon their mules, with deep houſings, marching not very regularly, ſometimes faſt, ſometimes ſlow, and, to ſay the truth, moſt commonly in a groupe. They were all wrinkled and withered about the eyes, I ſuppoſe with caſting ſo many ſour looks upon the urinals and cloſe-ſtools of their patients; bearded

ike goats; and their faces ſo overgrown with air, that their fingers could hardly find the way to their mouths: in the left hand they held the reins, and their glove, rolled up together; and in the right a cane, which they carried rather for ſhow than correction; for they underſtood no other way of managing their animals but by the heels; and all along head and body went together, like a baker upon his panniers. Several of them, I obſerved, had huge gold rings upon their fingers, ſet with ſtones of ſo large a ſize, that they could hardly feel a patient's pulſe, without minding him of his monument. There were a great many of them, with ſeveral puny licentiates at their heels, that came out graduates, by converſing rather with the mules than the doctors. Well, ſaid I to myſelf, if there requires no more than this to make a phyſician, it is no wonder we pay ſo dear for their experience.

Theſe were followed by a vaſt multitude of apothecaries, laden with peſtles and mortars, ſuppoſitories, ſpatulas, gliſter-pipes, and ſyringes, all ready charged, and as mortal as gunſhot; together with ſeveral boxes, intituled, "Remedies without, but poiſons within." You may obſerve, that when a patient comes to die, the apothecary's mortar rings the paſſing bell,

as the prieſt's requiem finiſhes the buſineſs. An apothecary's ſhop is, in effect, no other than the phyſician's armoury, that ſupplies him with weapons; and, to ſay the truth, the inſtruments of the apothecary and the ſoldier are much of a quality; what are their boxes, but pikes; their ſyringes, but piſtols; and their pills, but bullets? Yet after all, conſidering their purgative medicines, we may properly enough call their ſhops Purgatory; and why not their perſons, Hell; their patients, the Damned; and their maſters, the Devils? Theſe apothecaries were in jackets, wrought all over with recipes, ſtruck through like wounded hearts, and in the form of the firſt character of their preſcription; which, as they tell us, ſignifies, "recipe, take thou;" but we find it to ſtand for "recipio, I take:" Next to this figure, they write, "ana;" which is as much as to ſay, "an aſs, an aſs;" and, laſt of all, the ounces and the ſcruples; an incomparable cordial to a dying man; the former to diſpatch the body, and the latter to put the ſoul into the highway to the devil. To hear them call over all their ſimples, would make you ſwear they were raiſing ſo many devils; ſuch as, Opopanex, Buphtalmas, Aſtaphylions, Alectorolophos, Ophioſcorodon, Anemoſphorus, and a great many more.

And by all this formidable bombaſt, is meant nothing in the world but a few ſimple roots, as carrots, turnips, ſkirrets, radiſhes, and the like. But they keep the proverb in remembrance, "He that knows thee will never buy thee;" and, therefore, every thing muſt be made a myſtery, to hold their patients in ignorance, and keep up the price of the market. And were not the very names of their medicines ſufficient to fright away any diſtemper, it is to be feared the remedy would prove worſe than the diſeaſe. Can any pain in nature, think you, have the confidence to look the phyſician in the face, that comes armed with a drug made of man's greaſe, though diſguiſed under the name of mummy, to take off the horror and diſguſt of it? or, to ſtay for a dreſſing with Dr. Whacum's plaſter, that ſhall fetch up a man's leg to the ſize of a mill-poſt? When I ſaw theſe people herded with phyſicians, I thought the old fluttiſh proverb, that ſays, "There is a great diſtance "between the pulſe and the a—e," was wrong, for making ſuch a difference in their dignities, for I find none at all; for the phyſician ſkips, in a trice, from the pulſe to the ſtool and urinal, according to the doctrine of Galen, who ſends all his diſciples to thoſe unſavoury oracles; from whoſe hands the devil himſelf, if he were

ſick, would not receive ſo much as a glifter. Oh! theſe curſed and lawleſs arbitrators and diſpoſers of lives! that, without either conſcience or religion, divide our ſouls and bodies, by their damned poiſonous potions, ſcarrifications, inciſions, exceſſive bleedings, &c. which are but the ſeveral ways of executing their tyranny and injuſtice upon us.

After theſe came the ſurgeons, laden with pincers, crane-bills, catheters, diſquamatories, dilaters, ſciſſars, and ſaws; and with them ſo dreadful an outcry of cut, tear, open, ſaw, flay, burn, that my bones were ready to creep one into another, for fear of an operation.

Then came a ſet of people, whom, by their dreſs, I ſhould have taken for devils in diſguiſe, if I had not ſpied their chains of rotten teeth, which put me in ſome hope they might be tooth-drawers; and ſo they proved. This is one of the lewdeſt trades in the world; for they are good for nothing but to depopulate our mouths, and make us old before our time. Let a man but yawn, and you ſhall have one of theſe rogues examining his grinders; and there is not a ſound tooth in your head, but he had rather ſee it at his girdle, than in the place of its nativity; nay, rather than fail, he will pick a quarrel with your gums. But that which puts me out of all pa-

tience, is to ſee theſe ſcoundrels aſk twice as much for drawing an old tooth, as would have bought me a new one.

I now ſaid to myſelf, we are now paſt the worſt, unleſs the devil himſelf come next: and in that inſtant, I heard the bruſhing of guitars, and the rattling of citterns, raking over certain allegros and ſarabands. Theſe are a kennel of barbers, thought I, or I will be hanged; and any man, that had ever ſeen a barber's ſhop, might have told you as much without a conjuror, both by the muſic, and by the very inſtruments, which are as proper a part of a barber's furniture, as his comb-caſes and waſh-balls. It was droll enough to ſee them lathering of aſſes' heads, of all ſorts and ſizes, and their cuſtomers all the while winking and ſputtering over their baſons. Preſently after theſe, appeared a concert of loud and tedious talkers, that tired and deafened the company with their ſhrill and conſtant babbling. Theſe were of various kinds: ſome they called ſwimmers, from the motion of their arms in all their diſcourſes, which was juſt as if they had been paddling. Others they call apes, or mimics. Theſe were perpetually making faces, and a thouſand antic, fooliſh geſtures, in deriſion and imitation of others. In the third place, were ſowers of diſſenſions;

and theſe were ſtill rolling their eyes like a Bartlemy puppet, without ſo much as moving the head, and leering over their ſhoulders, to ſurpriſe people at unawares in their familiarities and privacies, and gather matter for calumny and detraction. Liars followed next; and theſe ſeemed to be a jolly, contented ſort of people, well fed, and well clothed; and having nothing elſe to truſt to, methought it was a ſtrange trade to live upon. I need not tell you that they always have a full audience, ſince their congregation conſiſts of all the fools and impertinents.

After theſe came a company of medlers; a pragmatical, inſolent generation of men, that will have an oar in every boat, and are, indeed, the bane of honeſt converſation, and the peſt of all companies. Then came the moſt proſtitute of all, I mean flatterers, who were only devoted to their own profit. I thought this had been the laſt ſcene, becauſe no more came upon the ſtage for a conſiderable time; and indeed I wondered that they came ſo late; but one of the babblers told me, unaſked, that this kind of ſerpent, carrying his venom in his tail, it ſeemed reaſonable, that being the moſt poiſonous of the whole gang, they ſhould bring up the rear.

I then began to conſider what might be the meaning of this olio of people, of ſeveral condi-

tions and humours met together; but I was preſently diverted from that conſideration, by the apparition of a creature, which looked as if it were of the feminine gender. It was a perſon of a thin and ſlender make, laden with crowns, garlands, ſceptres, ſcythes, ſheep-hooks, pattins, hob-nailed ſhoes, tiaras, ſtraw hats, mitres, caps, embroideries, ſkins, ſilks, wool, gold, lead, diamonds, ſhells, pearl, and pebbles: She was dreſſed up in all the colours of the rainbow; ſhe had one eye ſhut, the other open; young on the one ſide, and old on the other. I thought at firſt ſhe had been at a great diſtance, when indeed ſhe was very near me; and when I took her to be at my chamber-door, ſhe was at my bed's head. How to unriddle this myſtery I knew not; nor was it poſſible for me to underſtand the meaning of an equipage ſo extravagant, and ſo fantaſtically put together. It gave me no fright, however; but, on the contrary, I could not forbear laughing; for it came juſt into my mind, that I had formerly ſeen, in Italy, a farce where the mimic, pretending to come from the infernal regions, was juſt thus accoutred; and never was any thing more nonſenſically pleaſant. I held as long as I could, and at laſt I aſked what ſhe was? She anſwered, "I am Death." Death! the very word made me tremble: I beſeech you,

Madam, ſaid I, with great humility and reſpect, whither is your honour going? No farther, ſaid ſhe, for now I have found you, I am at my journey's end. Alas! and muſt I die then? ſaid I. No, no, replied Death, but I will take thee alive along with me: For ſince ſo many of the dead have been to viſit the living, it is but equal, for once, that one of the living ſhould return a viſit to the dead. Get up, then, and come along, without reluctance; for what you will not do willingly, you ſhall do in ſpite of your teeth. This put me in a cold fit; but, without more delay, up I ſtarted, and deſired leave to put on my breeches. No, no, ſaid ſhe, no matter for clothes, no body wears them upon this road: Come away, naked as you are, and you will travel the better. So up I got, without ſaying any more, and followed her, in ſuch a terror and amazement, that I was in an ill condition to take a ſtrict account of my paſſage; yet I remember, upon the way, that I told her that under correction, ſhe was no more like the Deaths I had ſeen, than a horſe is like a cat: Our Death, I ſaid, was repreſented with a ſcythe in her hand, and a carcaſs of bones, as clean as if the crows had picked it. Yes, yes, ſaid ſhe, turning ſhort upon me, I know that very well; but, in the mean time, your deſigners and painters are

But a parcel of blockheads. The bones you talk of, are the dead, or, otherwiſe, the miſerable remainders of the living; but let me tell you, that you yourſelves make your own death; and that which you call death, is but the period of your life, as the firſt moment of your birth is the beginning of your exiſtence: And, actually, you die living, and your bones are no more than what Death has left, and committed to the grave. If this were rightly underſtood, every man would find a *memento mori*, or a Death's head, in his own looking-glaſs; and conſider every houſe with a family in it, but as a ſepulchre filled with dead bodies; a truth which you little dream of, though within your daily view and experience. Can you imagine a Death elſewhere, and not in yourſelves? Believe it, you are greatly miſtaken; for you youtſelves are ſkeletons before you know any thing of the matter.

But pray, Madam, cried I, what may all theſe people be that keep your ladyſhip company? And ſince you are Death, as you ſay, what is the reaſon that the babblers and ſlanderers are nearer your perſon, and more in your graces than the phyſicians? Why, replied ſhe, there are more people talked to death, and diſpatched by babblers, than by all the peſtilential diſeaſes in the world. And then, your ſlanderers and

medlers kill more than your phyſicians; though (to give the gentlemen of the faculty their due) they labour perpetually for the enlargement of our empire: For you muſt underſtand, that though diſtempered humours make a man ſick, it is the phyſician kills him; and he expects to be well paid for it too; and it is fit that every man ſhould live by his trade. So that, when a man is aſked what ſuch and ſuch a one died of, he is not preſently to make anſwer, that he died of a fever, a plurieſy, the plague, or the palſy; but that he died of the doctor. In one point, however, I muſt needs acquit the phyſician: You know that the ſtyle honourable and worſhipful, which was heretofore appropriated only to perſons of eminent degree and quality, is, now-a-days, uſed by all degrees of people; nay, the very bare-foot friars, that live under vows of humility and mortification, are ſtung with this itch of title and vain glory. Your ordinary tradeſmen, as vintners, tailors, and maſons, muſt be all dreſs'd up, forſooth, in the worſhipful; whereas, your phyſician does not ſo much court honour: Even if it ſhould rain dignities, he would ſcarce be perſuaded to venture the wetting; but ſits down contented with the honour of diſpoſing of your lives and money, without troubling himſelf about any other reputation.

The entertainment of theſe lectures and diſcourſes, made the way ſeem ſhort and agreeable; and we were juſt now entering into a place, but barely illuminated, and of horror enough, if Death and I had not, by this time, been very well acquainted. Upon one ſide of the paſſage, I ſaw three moving ſpectres, armed, and of human ſhape, and ſo like each other, that I could not ſay which was which. Juſt oppoſite, on the other ſide, was a dreadful monſter, in a fierce and obſtinate combat with theſe. Here Death made a ſtop, and facing about, aſked me if I knew theſe people? Alas! no, ſaid I; Heaven be praiſed I do not; and I ſhall put it in my Litany, that I never may. How ignorant thou art! cried Death; theſe are thy old acquaintance, and thou haſt hardly ever kept any other company ſince thou wert born. Thoſe three are the World, the Fleſh, and the Devil, the capital enemies of thy ſoul: And they ſo much reſemble each other, as well in quality as appearance, that effectually, whoever has one, has all. The proud and ambitious man thinks he has got the World, but it proves the Devil. The lecher and the epicure perſuade themſelves that they have gotten the Fleſh, but that is the Devil too; and, in a word, thus it fares with all other kinds of extravagants. But what is here, ſaid I, that

appears in ſuch various ſhapes, and fights againſt the other three? That, replied Death, is the Devil of Money, who maintains, that he himſelf alone is equivalent to the three, and that whenever he comes, there is no need of them. Againſt the World, he urges from its own confeſſion: For it paſſes for an oracle, that there is no world but money. He that is out of money, is out of the world. Take away a man's money, and take away his life. Money anſwers all things. Againſt the ſecond enemy, he pleads that money is the fleſh too; witneſs the girls and Ganymedes it procures and maintains. And againſt the third he urges, that there is nothing to be done without money. Love does much, but money does every thing: And money will make the pot to boil, though the devil piſs in the fire. So that, for ought I ſee, ſaid I, the Devil of Money has the better end of the ſtaff.

After this, advancing a little farther, I beheld on the one hand Judgment, and Hell on the other, for ſo Death called them. Making a ſtop, upon the ſight of Hell, to view it more narrowly, Death aſked me what it was I looked at. I told her it was Hell; and I was the more intent upon it, becauſe I thought I had ſeen it ſomewhere elſe before. She aſked me, where? I told her that I had ſeen it in the corruption

and avarice of wicked magiſtrates; in the pride and haughtineſs of courtiers; in the appetites of the voluptuous; in the lewd deſigns of Ruin and Revenge; in the ſouls of oppreſſors; and in the vanity of princes. But he that would ſee it whole and entire, in one ſubject, muſt examine the hypocrite, who is a kind of a religious broker, and puts out at five-and-forty per cent. the very ſacraments and the ten commandments.

I am very well pleaſed too, ſaid I, that I have ſeen Judgment, as I find it here, in its purity; for that which we call judgment in the world, is a mere mockery: If it were like this, men would live in another manner than they do. If it be expected that our judges ſhould govern themſelves and us by this Judgment, the world is in an ill caſe, for there is but little of it there: And, to deal plainly, as matters are, I have no great inclination to go home again; for it is better being with the dead, where there is juſtice, than with the living, where there is none.

We next went into a fair and ſpacious plain, environed with a high wall, where he that is once in, muſt never expect to get out again. Stop here, cried Death, for we are now come to my judgment-ſeat, and here it is that I give audience.

The walls were hung with ſighs and groans, ill-news, fears, doubts, and ſurpriſes. Tears did not there avail either the lover or the beggar; but grief and care were without both meaſure and comfort; and ſerved as vermin, to gnaw the hearts of emperors and princes, feeding upon the inſolent and ambitious, as their proper food. I ſaw Envy there, dreſſed up in a widow's vail, and the very picture of the governante of one of our noblemen's houſes. She kept a continual faſt as to the ſhambles, preying only upon herſelf, and could not but be very thin upon ſo mean a diet. Nothing came amiſs to her teeth, good or bad, which made them yellow and rotten; and the reaſon was, that though ſhe bit, and ſet her mark upon the good and ſound, ſhe could never ſwallow it. Under her ſat her daughter Diſcord. She had formerly converſed with married people; but, finding no need of her aſſiſtance there, away ſhe went to colleges and corporations, where, it ſeems, they had more already than they knew what to do with. Then ſhe took herſelf to courts and palaces, and officiated there as the Devil's vicegerent. Next to her was Ingratitude; and ſhe, out of a certain paſte, made up of pride and malice, was moulding of new devils. I was very much de-

lighted at this diſcovery, being of opinion, till now, that the ungrateful had been the devils themſelves; becauſe I read, that the angels which fell, were made devils for their ingratitude. In ſhort, the whole place echoed with rage and curſes. What a devil have we here to do, ſaid I; does it rain curſes in this country? Upon which, a devil at my elbow aſked me what a devil could I expect elſe, in a place where there were ſo many match-makers, attorneys, and common barreters, who were a pack of the moſt villainous wretches in nature? Is there any thing more common in the world, than theſe exclamations of huſbands and wives? Oh! that damned devil of a pander: A curſe upon that bitch of a bawd that ever brought us together. The pillory and ten thouſand gibbets take that pick-pocket attorney, that adviſed me to this law-ſuit; he has undone me for ever? But pray, ſaid I, what do all theſe match-makers and attorneys do here together? Do they come for audience? Death was here a little quick upon me, and called me a block-head for ſo impertinent a queſtion. If there were no match-makers, ſaid ſhe, we ſhould not have the tenth part of theſe ſkeletons and deſperadoes. Am not I here, the fifth huſband of a woman yet living in the world, that hopes to

ſend twice as many more after me, and drink to be drunk at the fifteenth's funeral? You ſay well, ſaid I, as to the buſineſs of match-makers; but pr'ythee, why ſo many petty-foggers? Nay, then I ſee, cried Death, now you have a mind to ſeize me; for that deviliſh kind of caterpillars have been my undoing. Had not a man better die by the common hangman, than by the hand of an attorney; to be killed by falſities, quirks, cavils, delays, exceptions, cheats, and circumventions? Yes, yes, and it muſt not be denied, that theſe makers of matches, and ſpditters of cauſes, are the principal ſupport of this imperial throne,

At theſe words I raiſed my eyes, and ſaw Death ſeated in her chair of ſtate, with a multitude of little Deaths crowding about her; as the Death of Love, of Cold, Hunger, Fear and Laughter; all with their ſeveral enſigns and devices. The Death of Love, I perceived, had very little brain, and, to keep herſelf in countenance, kept company with Pyramus and Thiſbe, Hero and Leander, and Amadis and Palmerin, d'Oliva; all embalmed, ſteeped in good vinegar, and well dried. I ſaw ſeveral other kinds of lovers too, that were brought, in all appearance, to their laſt agonies; but, by

the ſingular miracle of ſelf-intereſt, recovered to the tune of

> Will, if looking well won't move her,
> Looking ill prevail?

The Death of Cold was attended by ſeveral prelates, biſhops, abbots, and other eccleſiaſtics, who had neither wives nor children, nor indeed any body elſe that cared for them, farther than for their fortunes. Theſe, when they came to a fit of ſickneſs, were ſtripped even to their ſheets and bedding, before they could ſay Pater Noſter: Nay, frequently they were pillaged, ere they were laid; and deſtroyed, for want of clothes to keep them warm.

The Death of Hunger was ſurrounded with a vaſt number of avaricious miſers, that were cording up trunks, bolting doors and windows, locking up cellars and garrets, nailing down trap-doors, burying pots of money, and ſtarting at every breath of wind they heard. Their eyes were ready to drop out of their heads, for want of ſleep; their mouths and bellies complained of their hands; and their ſouls turned into gold and ſilver, the idols they adored.

The Death of Fear had the moſt magnificent train and attendance of all the reſt, being accompanied with a great multitude of uſurpers

and tyrants, who commonly do juſtice upon themſelves, for the injuries they have done to others: Their own conſciences doing the office of tormentors, and avenging their public crimes, by their private ſufferings; for they live in a continual anguiſh of thought, with fears and jealouſies.

The Death of Laughter was the laſt of all, and ſurrounded with a vaſt concourſe of people, haſty to believe, and ſlow to repent; living without hope of mercy. Theſe are they that pay all their debts and duties with a jeſt. Bid any of them give every man his due, and return what he has either borrowed or wrongfully taken, and his anſwer is, You'd make a man burſt his ſides with laughing. Tell him, my friend, you are now in years, your dancing days are done, and your body is worn out, what ſhould ſuch a ſcare-crow as you are, do with a bed-fellow? Give over your baudy haunts, for ſhame, nor make a glory of ſin, when you are paſt the pleaſures of it. This fellow, ſays he, would make a man die with laughing. Come, come, ſay your prayers, and bethink yourſelf of eternity; you have one foot in the grave already, and it is high time to fit yourſelf for the other world. Thou wilt abſolutely kill me with laughing. I tell thee, I am as

ſound as a roach, and I do not remember that ever I was better in my life. Others there are, that, let a man adviſe them upon their death-beds, and even at their laſt gaſp, to ſend for a divine, or to make ſome handſome ſettlement of their eſtates; Alas! alas! they will cry, I have frequently been as bad before, and I hope, in the Lord, there is no need to think of him yet. Theſe men are loſt for ever, before they can be brought to underſtand their danger. This viſion wrought ſtrangely upon me, and gave me all the pains and marks imaginable of a true repentance. Well, ſaid I, ſince it is ſo, that man has but one life allotted him, and ſo many deaths; but one way into the world, and ſo many millions out of it; I will, certainly, at my return, make it more my care than it has been, to live with a good conſcience, that I may die with comfort.

I had hardly done with ſpeaking, before the crier of the court, with a loud voice, called out, The dead, the dead; let the dead appear. Immediately I ſaw the earth begin to move, and gently opening itſelf, to make way, firſt for heads and arms, and then by degrees for the whole bodies of men and women, that came out, half muffled in their night-caps, and ranged themſelves in excellent order, and profound ſi-

lence. Now, ſays Death, let every one ſpeak in his turn; and, in the inſtant, up comes one of the dead to my very beard, with ſo much fury and boldneſs in his face and action, that I would have given him half the teeth in my head for a compoſition. Theſe devils of the world, cried he, what would they be at? My maſters, cannot a poor wretch be quiet in his grave for ye, but ye muſt be railing at him, and charging him with things that, upon my ſoul, he is as innocent of as the child that is unborn? What hurt has he done any of you, ye raſcals, to be thus abuſed? I beſeech you, Sir, ſaid I, under your favour, who may you be, as I confeſs I have not the honour either to know or underſtand you? I am, replied he, the unfortunate buffoon that has been dead now this many a fair year, and yet your wiſe worſhips, forſooth, have not wit enough to make yourſelves and your company merry, but I muſt ſtill be one half of the entertainment. When any man plays the fool or the extravagant, preſently he is a buffoon. Who drew this or that ridiculous piece? The buffoon. Such or ſuch a one was never well taught: No, he had a buffoon to his maſter. But let me tell you, he that ſhall call your wiſdoms to taſk, and take a ſtrict account of

your words and actions, will, upon the upſhot, find you are all nothing but buffoons; and, in effect, even greater impertinents. For inſtance, did I ever make ridiculous wills, as you do, to oblige others to pray for a man in his grave, that never prayed in his life? Did I ever rebel againſt my ſuperiors? Or, was I ever ſo errant a coxcomb, as, by colouring my cheeks and hair, to imagine I could reform nature, and make myſelf young again? Can you ſay that ever I put an oath to a lie, or broke a ſolemn promiſe, as you do daily! Did I ever enſlave myſelf to money; or, on the other hand, ſquander it away? Did my wife ever wear the breeches? Or, did I ever marry at all, to be revenged of a falſe miſtreſs? Was I ever ſo very an idiot, as to believe any man would be true to me, who had betrayed his friend? or, to venture all my hopes upon the wheel of Fortune? Did I ever envy the happineſs of a court-life, that ſells and ſpends all for a glance? What pleaſure did I ever take in the profane diſcourſes of heretics and libertines? or, did I ever liſt myſelf in the party of enthuſiaſts, to get the name of a gifted brother? Whoever ſaw me inſolent to my inferiors, or baſely ſervile to my betters? Did I ever go to a conjurer, or to your dealers of na-

tivities and horoſcopes, upon any occaſion of loſs or death? Now, if yourſelves be guilty of all theſe fopperies, and I innocent, I beſeech you where is the fool? So that you ſee the buffoon is not the buffoon you imagine he is: But to crown his other virtues, he is alſo endued with ſo large a ſtock of patience, that whoſoever needed it, had it for the aſking; unleſs it were ſuch as came to borrow money; or, in caſes of women that claimed marriage of him; or valets that would be making ſport of his bauble; and to theſe he was as reſolute as John Florio.

During this diſcourſe, another of the dead came marching up to me, with a Spaniſh face and gravity; and giving me a touch with his elbow, Look in my face, cried he, with a ſtern countenance, and know, Sir, that you are not to have to do with a fool. I beſeech your Lordſhip, replied I, let me know your honour, that I may pay my reſpects accordingly; for I muſt own I thought all people here had been, Hail fellow, well met. Mortals, anſwered he, call me queen Beſs; and whether you know me or not, I am ſure you think and talk of me often enough; and if the devil did not poſſeſs you, you would let the dead alone, and content yourſelves to proſecute one another.

You cannot ſee a high-crowned hat, a thread-bare cloak, a baſket-hilt ſword, or a dudgeon dagger, nay, not ſo much as a reverend matron well advanced in years, but preſently you cry, this or that is in the mode, or date of Queen Beſs. If you were not, every mother's child of you, ſtark mad, you would confeſs that Queen Beſs's were golden days, to thoſe you have had ſince; and it is an eaſy matter to prove what I ſay. Will you ſee a mother now teaching her daughter a leſſon of good government? Child, ſays ſhe, you know that modeſty is the chief ornament of your ſex; wherefore, be ſure, when you come into company, that you do not ſtand ſtaring the men in the face, as if you were looking babies in their eyes; but rather look a little downwards, as a faſhion of behaviour more ſuitable to the obligations of your ſex. Downward! ſays the girl, I muſt beg to be excuſed, Madam. This was well enough in the days of Queen Beſs, when the poor creatures knew no better. Let the men look downward towards the clay of which they were made; but man was our original, and it becomes us to keep our eyes upon the matter from whence we came. If a father charges his ſon to worſhip his Creator; to ſay his prayers morning and evening; to give thanks be-

fore and after meat; to avoid gaming and ſwearing, you ſhall have the ſon make anſwer, that it is true this was practiſed in the time of Queen Beſs, but it is now quite out of mode; and, in a word, that men are better known now-a-days, by their atheiſm and blaſphemy, than by their beards.

Thus ſaying, Queen Beſs withdrew, and then appeared a large glaſs bottle, wherein was encloſed, as I heard, a famous necromancer, hacked and minced, according to his own order, to render him immortal. It was boiling upon a quick fire; and the fleſh, by little and little, began to piece again, and made, firſt an arm, then a thigh, after that a leg, and, at laſt, there was an entire body, that raiſed itſelf upright in the bottle. Bleſs me, thought I, what is here! a man made out of pottage, and brought into the world out of the belly of a bottle. This viſion greatly terrified me; and, while I was yet panting and trembling, a voice was heard out of the glaſs: In what year of our Lord are we? One thouſand ſix hundred and thirty-ſix, replied I: Then be it welcome, ſaid he, for it is the happy year I have ſo much wiſhed for. And who is he, I pray, quoth I, that I now ſee, and hear in the belly of the bottle? I am, ſaid he, the great necromancer of Europe; and cer-

tainly you cannot but have heard both of my operations in general, and of this particular deſign. I have heard talk of you from a child, ſaid I; but all thoſe ſtories I only took for old wives' fables. You are the man then, it ſeems: I muſt confeſs, that, at firſt, at a diſtance, I took this bottle for the veſſel that the ingenious Rabelais makes mention of; but coming near enough to ſee what was in it, I then did imagine it might be ſome philoſopher by fire, or ſome apothecary doing penance for his errors. To tell you the truth, it has coſt me many a heavy ſtep to come hither; and yet, to ſee ſo great a curioſity, I cannot but think my time and pains very well beſtowed. The necromancer called to me then to unſtop the bottle; and, as I was breaking the clay to open it, Hold, hold a little, cried he, pr'ythee tell me firſt, how go affairs in Spain? What money, force, credit? The Plate-fleets go and come, ſaid I, reaſonably well; but foreigners that come in for their ſhares, have half-ſpoiled the trade. The Genoeſe run out as far as the mountain of Potoſi, and have almoſt drained them dry. My child, cried he, that trade can never be ſecure and open, ſo long as Spain has an enemy that is potent at ſea. And for the Genoeſe, they will tell you this is no injuſtice

at all, but, on the contrary, a new way of quitting old ſcores, and juſtifying his Catholic Majeſty for a good paymaſter. I am no enemy to that nation, but upon the account of their vices and encroachments; and, I confeſs, rather than ſee thoſe villians proſper, I would turn myſelf into a jelly again, as you ſaw me juſt now; nay, I did not care if it were into a powder, though I ended my days in a tobacco-box. Good Sir, replied I, comfort yourſelf, for theſe people are as miſerable as you could wiſh them. You know they are cavaliers and ſigniors already; and now, they have an itch upon them to be princes: a vanity that gnaws them like a cancer; and, by drawing on great expences, breeds a worm in their traffic; ſo that you will find little but debt and extravagance at the foot of the account. And then the devil is in them for a wench; inſomuch, that it is well if they make both ends meet; for what is gotten upon the 'Change, is ſpent in the Stews.

This is well, cried the necromancer, and I am glad to hear it. Pray tell me now what price bears honour and honeſty in the world? There is much to be ſaid, anſwered I, upon that point; but, in brief, there was never more of it in talk, nor leſs in effect. Upon my ho-

neſty, cries the tradeſman; upon my honour, ſays his lordſhip: and, in a word, every man has it, and every thing is it, in ſome diſguiſe or other; but, duly conſidered, there is no ſuch thing upon earth. The thief ſays it is more honourable to take than beg. He that aſks an alms, pleads that it is honeſter to beg than ſteal. Nay, falſe witneſſes and murderers themſelves ſtand upon their punctilios as well as their neighbours, and will tell you, that a man of honour will rather be buried alive than ſubmit; though they will not always do as they ſay. In a word, every man ſets up a court of honour within himſelf; pronounces every thing honourable that ſerves his purpoſe, and laughs at them who are of a different opinion. To ſay the truth, all things are now topſy-turvy. A good faculty in lying is a fair ſtep to preferment; and, to pack a game at cards, or cog a die, is become the mark and glory of a cavalier. The Spaniards formerly were, I confeſs, a very courageous and well-governed people; but they have evil tongues among them now-a-days, that they might even go to ſchool to the Indians, to learn ſobriety and virtue. They are not really ſober, but at their own tables; which, indeed, is rather avarice than moderation; for, when they eat or drink at another

man's coſt, there are no greater gluttons in the world; and, for fuddling, they will outdo the beſt pot-companion in Switzerland.

The necromancer went on with his diſcourſe, and aſked me what number of lawyers and attorneys were in Spain at preſent? I told him that the whole world ſwarmed with them, and that there were abundance of all ſorts; ſome by profeſſion, others by intruſion and preſumption, and ſome again by ſtudy, but not many of the laſt; though, indeed, ſufficient of every kind, to make the people pray for the Egyptian locuſts and caterpillars, in exchange for ſuch vermin. Why then, replied the necromancer, if there be ſuch plagues abroad, I think I had beſt e'en keep where I am. It is with juſtice, ſaid I, as with ſick men; in times paſt, when we had fewer doctors, as well of law as of phyſic, we had more right, and more health; but we are now deſtroyed by multitudes and conſultations, which ſerve to no other end than to inflame both the diſtemper and the reckoning. Juſtice, as well as Truth, went naked in ancient times; one ſingle book of laws and ordinances was enough for the beſt ordered government in the univerſe; but the juſtice of our age is tricked up with bills, parchments, writs, and labels; and furniſhed

with abundance of codes, digeſts, pandects, pleadings, and reports; and what is their uſe, but to make wrangling a ſcience, and to embroil us in ſeditions, ſuits, and endleſs trouble and confuſion? We have had more books publiſhed this laſt twenty years, than in a thouſand before; and there hardly paſſes a term without a new author, in four or five volumes at leaſt, under the titles of gloſſes, commentaries, caſes, or judgments. The great ſtrife is now, who writes moſt, not beſt; ſo that the whole bulk is but a body without a ſoul, and fitter for a church-yard than a ſtudy. In a word, theſe lawyers and ſolicitors are but ſo many ſmoke-merchants, ſellers of wind, and troublers of the public peace. If there were no attorneys, there would be no ſuits; if no ſuits, no cheats; no ſerjeants, no catchpoles, no priſons; if no priſons, no judges; no judges, no paſſion; no paſſion, no bribery or ſubordination.

See now what prodigious multitudes of miſchiefs one wretched petty-fogger draws after him! If you go to him for counſel, he hears your ſtory, reads your caſe, and tells you very gravely, Sir, this is a nice point, and ſhould be well handled; we will ſee what the law ſays. And then he runs over with his eye and finger a matter of a hundred volumes, grumbling all

the while like a cat, that claws in her play, betwixt jeſt and earneſt. At laſt, down comes the book; he ſhows the law, bids you leave your papers, and he will ſtudy the queſtion. But your caſe is very good, by what I ſee already; and if you will come again in the evening, or to-morrow morning, I will tell you more. But pardon me, Sir, now I think on it, I am retained upon another buſineſs, it cannot be till Monday next, and then I am at your ſervice. When you are to part, and that you are to come to the giving him his fee, the beſt thing in the world both for the wit and memory, Good lord, Sir, ſays he, what do you mean? I beſeech you, Sir; nay, pray Sir; and if he ſpies you drawing back, the paw opens, ſeizes the gold, and good-morrow dupe. Sayeſt thou ſo? cried the good fellow in the glaſs; ſtop me up cloſe again, as thou loveſt me; for the very air of theſe raſcals will poiſon me, if ever I put my head out of this bottle till the whole race of them be extinct. In the interim, take this for a rule, He that would thrive by law, muſt fee his enemy's counſel as well as his own.

But now you talk of great cheats, what news of the Venetians? Is Venice ſtill in the world or no? In the world, do you ſay, replied I? yes, indeed, it is, and ſtands juſt where it did.

Why then, ſaid he, pr'ythee give it to the devil, from me, as a token of my love; for it is a preſent equal to the ſevereſt revenge. Nothing can ever deſtroy that republic but conſcience; and then you will ſay, it is like to be long-lived; for if every man had his own, it would not be left worth a groat. In ſhort, it is an odd kind of commonwealth; it is the very anus, the drain and ſink of monarchies, both in war and peace. It helps the Turks to vex the Chriſtians, and the Chriſtians to gall the Turks; and maintains itſelf to torment both. The inhabitants are neither Moors nor Chriſtians, as appears by a Venetian captain, in a combat againſt a Chriſtian enemy. Stand to it, my ſoldiers, ſays he to his men; you were Venetians before you were Chriſtians.

Enough, enough of this, cried the necromancer, and tell me how ſtand the people affected? what malcontents and mutineers? Mutiny, ſaid I, is ſo univerſal a diſeaſe, that every kingdom is but, in effect, a great hoſpital, or rather a bedlam; for all men are mad, to entertain the diſaffected. There is no ſtirring for me, then, cried the necromancer; but pray commend me, however, to thoſe buſy fools, and tell them that, carry what face they will, there is vanity and ambition in the bottom.

Kings and princes very much reſemble quick-ſilver; they are in perpetual agitation, and without any repoſe. Preſs them too hard, that is to ſay, beyond the bounds of duty and reaſon, and they are loſt. You may obſerve, that your gilders, and great dealers in quick-ſilver, are generally troubled with the palſy; and ſo ſhould all ſubjects tremble, that have to do with majeſty; and better to do it at firſt out of reſpect, than afterwards by force and neceſſity.

But, before I fall to pieces again, as you ſaw me juſt now, for better ſo than worſe, I beſeech you, one word more, and then I am done: Who is king of Spain at preſent? You know, ſaid I, that Philip the Third is dead: Right, replied he; a prince of incomparable piety and virtue, or my ſtars deceive me. After him, ſaid I, came Philip the Fourth. If it be ſo, cried he, break, break my bottle immediately, and help me out; for I am reſolved to try my fortune in the world once again, under the reign of that ineſtimable prince. And with that word, he daſhed the glaſs in pieces againſt a rock, crept out of his caſe, and away he ran. I had a good mind to have kept him company; but as I was juſt about to ſtart, Let him go, let him go, cried one of the dead, and laid

hold of my arm, he has deviliſh heels, and you will never come up with him.

Upon this I ſtaid; and what ſhould I ſee next, but a wondrous old man, whoſe name might have been Bucephalus, by his head, and the hair on his face might very well have ſtuffed a couple of cuſhions; take him together, and you will find his picture in the map among the ſavages. I need not tell you that I ſtared upon him ſufficiently; which he taking notice of, came to me, and ſaid, Friend, my ſpirit tells me that you are now in pain to know who I am; know, therefore, that my name is Noſtrodamus. Are you the author then, ſaid I, of that medley of prophecies that is publiſhed in your name? Medley, doſt thou ſay? replied he: Impudent and cruel raſcal, to deſpiſe myſteries that are above thy reach, and to revile the ſecretary of the ſtars, and the interpreter of the deſtinies. Who is ſo brutal as to doubt the meaning of thoſe lines which I compoſed?

From ſecond cauſes this I gather,
Nought ſhall befal us, good or ill,
Either upon the land or water,
But what the Great Diſpoſer will.

Wretched and fooliſh raſcals that ye are, what greater bleſſing could betide the world,

than the accompliſhment of this prophecy? Would it not eſtabliſh juſtice and holineſs, and ſuppreſs all the abſurd ſuggeſtions and motions of the devil? Men would not then any longer ſet their hearts upon avarice, fraud, and extortion, and make money their god; that vagabond, Money, that is trotting up and down like a wandering whore, and takes up moſt commonly with the unworthy, leaving the philoſophers and prophets, who are the very oracles of the heavens, ſuch as Noſtrodamus, to go barefoot. But let us go on with our prophecies, and ſee if they be ſo frivolous and dark as they are ſaid to be.

When the marry'd ſhall marry,
Then the jealous will be ſorry;
And though fools will be talking,
To keep their tongues walking,
No man runs well I find,
But with's elbows behind.

I could not refrain from laughing when he ſaid this, which put him out of all patience. Buffoon and dog-whelp, as you are, cried he, there is a bone for you to pick; you muſt be ſnarling and ſnapping at every thing. Will your teeth ſerve you now to fetch out the marrow of this prophecy? Hear then, in the devil's name, and be mannerly; hear, and

learn, I ſay; and let us have no more of that grinning, unleſs you have a mind to leave your beard behind you. Do you imagine that all that are married, marry? No, not the one half of them. When you are married, the prieſt has done his part; but, after that, to marry is to do the duty of a huſband. Alas! how many married men live as if they were ſingle! and how many bachelors, on the other ſide, as if they were married! after the mode of the times. And wedlock, to many couples, is no other than a moſt ſociable ſtate of virginity. Here is one half of my prophecy expounded already; now for the reſt. Let me ſee you run a little for experiment, and try if you can carry your elbows before or behind. You will tell me, perhaps, that this is ſpeaking fooliſhly, becauſe every body knows it. A pleaſant ſhift; as if truth were the worſe for being plain. The things, indeed, that you deliver for truths, are generally mere fooleries and miſtakes; and it were a hard matter to put truth in ſuch a dreſs as would pleaſe you. What have you to ſay now, either againſt my prophecy or my argument? Not a ſyllable, I warrant you, and yet ſomewhat there is to be ſaid; for there is no rule without an exception. Does not the phyſician carry his elbow before him, when he

puts back his hand to take his patient's money? and away he is gone in a trice, as ſoon as he has made his purchaſe. But, to proceed; I ſhall tell you another of my prophecies:

Many women ſhall be mothers,
And their babbies
Their own daddies.

What ſay you to this now? Are there not many huſbands, do you think, if the truth were known, that father more children than their own? Believe me, friend, a man had need have good ſecurity upon a woman's belly; for children are commonly got in the dark, and it is no eaſy matter to know the workman, eſpecially having nothing but the woman's bare word for it. This is meant of the Court of Aſſiſtance; and, whoever interprets my prophecies, to the prejudice of any perſon of honour, does me injuſtice. You little think what a world of our gay folks, in their coaches and ſix, with their valets at their heels, by the dozens, will be found, at the laſt day, to be only the baſtards of pages, gentlemen uſhers, or valet-de-chambres of the family; nay, perhaps, the phyſician may have his hand in the wrong box; and, in-caſe of a neceſſity, good uſe has been made of a luſty coachman. Little do you

think, I ſay, how many noble families, upon that grand diſcovery, will be found extinct for want of iſſue.

I am now fully convinced, ſaid I to the mathematician, of the excellency of your predictions; and I perceive, ſince you have been pleaſed to be your own interpreter, that they have more weight in them than we imagined. You ſhall have one more, ſaid he, and I have done.

> This year, if I've any ſkill i' th' weather,
> Shall many a one take wing with a feather.

You will undoubtedly now imagine that I am talking of rooks and jackdaws; but I ſay, no; I ſpeak of lawyers, attorneys, clerks, ſcriveners, and their fellows; that with the daſh of a pen can rob their clients of their eſtates, and fly away with them when they have done.

Thus ſaying, Noſtrodamus vaniſhed; and, ſomebody plucking me behind, I turned my face upon the moſt meagre, melancholic wretch, that ever was ſeen, and clothed in white. For pity's ſake, ſays he, and as you are a good Chriſtian, do but deliver me from the perſecution of theſe impertinents and babblers, that are now tormenting me, and I will be eternally obliged to you; caſting himſelf at my feet, at the ſame

moment, and crying like a child. And what art thou, ſaid I? for a miſerable creature I am ſure thou art! I am, ſays he, an ancient and an honeſt man, although defamed with a thouſand reproaches. Some call me another, and others, ſomebody; and, doubtleſs, you cannot but have heard of me; as ſomebody ſays, cries one, that has nothing to ſay for himſelf; and yet I never ſo much as opened my mouth before. The Latins call me *quidam;* and make good uſe of me, to fill up lines, and ſtop gaps. When you go back again into the world, I pray do me the favour to own that you have ſeen me; and to juſtify me for one that never did, and never will, either ſpeak or write any thing, whatever ſome tattling idiots may pretend. When they bring me into quarrels and brawls, I am called, forſooth, a certain perſon; in their intrigues, I know not who; and, in the pulpit, a certain author. And all this to make a myſtery of my name, and lay all their fooleries at my door. Wherefore, I beſeech you, lend me all the aſſiſtance in your power; which I promiſed to do; and ſo this phantom withdrew, to make place for another.

This was the moſt dreadful piece of antiquity that ever eye beheld, in the ſhape of an old woman. She came nodding towards me; and

in a hollow rattling tone (for ſhe ſpoke more with her chops than her tongue), pray, ſays ſhe, is there not ſomebody come lately here from the other world? This apparition, thought I, muſt certainly be one of the devil's ſcare-crows. Her eyes were ſo ſunk in their ſockets, that they looked like a pair of dice in the bottom of a couple of red boxes. Her cheeks, and the ſoles of her feet, were of the ſame complection. Her mouth was pale and open, the better to receive the diſtillations of her noſe. Her chin was covered with a kind of gooſe-down; and the flaps of her cheeks were like an ape's bags. Her head danced; and her voice at every word kept time to it. Her body was vailed, or rather wrapped up in a ſhroud of crape. She had a crutch in one hand, which ſerved her for a ſupporter; and a roſary in the other, of ſuch a length, that as ſhe was ſtepping over it, a man would have thought ſhe had been fiſhing for death's heads. When I had done gaping upon this epitome of paſt ages, Ho! grannum, ſhouted I in her ear, imagining that ſhe was deaf, what is your pleaſure with me? With that ſhe gave a groan, and being very angry at being called grannum, clapt a pair of ſpectacles upon her noſe, and prying through them, I am, cried ſhe, neither

deaf nor grannum, but may be called by my name, as well as my neighbours; giving to underſtand, that women do not love to be called old, even in their very graves. As ſhe ſpoke, ſhe came ſtill nearer me, with her eyes dropping, and with a cadaveron ſmell. I begged her pardon for what was paſt, and aſked her name, that I might be ſure to keep myſelf within the bounds of reſpect. I am called, ſays ſhe, Douegna, or Madam la Gouvernante. What, cried I, in great amazement, have you any of thoſe cattle in this country? Let the inhabitants pray heartily for peace then; and all little enough to keep them quiet. But ſee how much I have been miſtaken; I thought the women had not died when they came to be gouvernantes; and that for the puniſhment of a wicked world, the gouvernantes had been immortal: But I am now better informed, and very glad, truly, to meet with a perſon I have heard ſo much talk of: For with us, who but Madam la Gouvernante is conſtantly in our mouths? Do you ſee that mumping hag, cries one? Come here, you vile jade, cries another. That old bawd, ſays a third, has forgotten, I warrant you, that ever ſhe was a whore. And now ſee if we do not remember you? You do ſo, and I am in your debt for your remem-

brance; the great devil be your paymaſter, you ſon of a whore, you; are there no more gouvernantes than myſelf? Sure there are; and you may have your choice, without affronting me. Well, well, ſaid I, have a little patience, and at my return I will endeavour to put things in better order; but, in the mean time, what buſineſs have you here? Her reverence, upon this, was a little mollified, and told me that ſhe had now been eight hundred years in hell, upon a deſign to erect an order of gouvernantes; but the right worſhipful the devil-commiſſioners were not, as yet, come to any reſolution upon the point. For, ſay they, if your gouvernantes ſhould ſettle here, there would need no other tormentors; and we ſhould have nothing to do. And beſides, we ſhould be perpetually at daggers-drawing, about the faggots and candle-ends; which they would ſtill be filching, and laying out of the way; and for us to have our fuel to ſeek, would be very inconvenient. I have been in Purgatory too, ſaid ſhe, upon the ſame project; but there, as ſoon as ever they beheld me, all the ſouls cried out unanimouſly, What a monſter! As for Heaven, that is no place for quarrels, ſlanders, diſquiets, heart-burnings; and conſequently none for me. The dead are none of

my friends neither; for they grumble, and bid me let them alone, and order me to be gone into the world again if I pleaſe; and there, they tell me, I may play the gouvernante from one generation to another. But truly I had rather be here at my eaſe, than ſpend my life crumpling and brooding over a carpet, at a bed-ſide, like a ſtick dreſſed up with clouts, to ſecure the poultry of the family from ſtrange cocks, which would now and then have a bruſh with a virgin pullet, but for the care of the gouvernante. And yet it is ſhe, good woman, that bears all the blame; in caſe of any miſcarriage, the gouvernante was preſently of the plot; ſhe had a feeling in the cauſe, a finger in the pye: And, in ſhort, ſhe muſt be anſwerable for all. Let but a ſock, an old handkerchief, the greaſy lining of a maſk, or any ſuch frippery piece of buſineſs be miſſing; aſk the gouvernante for it. In ſhort, they take us certainly for ſo many ſtorks and ducks, to gather up all the filth about the houſe. The ſervants look upon us as ſpies and tell-tales; this one's couſin, forſooth, and that's aunt dare not come to the houſe for fear of the gouvernante. And indeed I have made many of them croſs themſelves, that took me for a ghoſt. We are curſed by our maſters too, for embroiling the fa-

mily. So that I have rather choſen to take up here betwixt the dead and the living, than to return again to my charge of a douegna, the very ſound of the name being more terrible than a gibbet; as appears by one that was lately travelling from Madrid to Valadolid, and aſking where he might lodge that night, anſwer was made, at a ſmall village called Douegnas. But is there no other place, cried he, within ſome reaſonable diſtance, not ſo far, or beyond it? They told him, no; unleſs it were under the gibbet. That ſhall be my quarters, then, replied he; for a thouſand gibbets are not ſo bad to me as one douegna. Now you ſee how we are abuſed, ſaid the gouvernante; I hope you will do us ſome right when it lies in your power.

She would have talked me to death, if I had not fled from her, upon removing of her ſpectacles: But I could not eſcape ſo neither; for looking about me for a guide to carry me home again, I was arreſted by one of the dead: A good proper fellow, only he had a pair of ram's horns on his head; and I was about to ſalute him for Aries in the Zodiack, when I ſaw him plant himſelf juſt before me, with his beſt leg forward, ſtretching out his arms, clutching his fiſts, and looking as ſour as if he would have

ſwallowed me: Doubtleſs, ſaid I, the devil is dead, and this is he. No, no, cried a by-ſtander, this is a man. Why then, ſaid I, I perceive he is drunk, and quarrelſome in his liquor, for there is nobody has touched him. With that, as he was juſt ready to fall on, I ſtood to my guard, and we were armed at all points alike, only he had the odds of the head-piece. Now, ſirrah, ſays he, have at you; ſlave that you are, to make a trade of defaming perſons of honour. By the Death that reigns here, I will have my revenge, and turn your ſkin over your ears. This inſolent language, I muſt own, enraged me, and ſo I called to him, Come on, ſirrah; a little nearer yet; and, if you have a mind to be twice killed, I will do your buſineſs; who the devil brought this cuckold hither to trouble me? No ſooner had I ſaid this, than we were immediately at it, tooth and nail; and if his horns had not been flatted to his head, I might have had the worſt of it. But the whole ring preſently came in to part us, and did me a ſingular kindneſs in it, for my adverſary had a fork, and I had none. As they were running about us, You might have had more manners, cried one, than to give ſuch language to your betters, and to call Don Diego Moreno cuckold. And is this that

Diego Moreno, then, ſaid I? raſcal that he is, to charge me with abuſing perſons of honour. A ſcoundrel, ſaid I, that it is a ſhame for Death to be ſeen in his company, and who was never fit for any thing in his whole life, but to furniſh matter for a farce. That is my grievance, gentlemen, replied Don Diego, for which, with your leave, he ſhall give me ſatisfaction. I do not ſtand upon the matter of being a cuckold, for there is many a brave fellow lives in Cuckold's Row: But why does he not name others as well as me? As if the horn grew upon nobody's head but mine: I am ſure there are others that a thouſand times better deſerve it. I hope he cannot ſay that ever I gored any of my ſuperiors; or that my being cornuted, has raiſed the price of poſthorns, lanthorns, or pocket-inkhorns. Are not ſhoeing-horns and knife-handles as cheap now as ever? Why muſt I walk the ſtage, then, more than my neighbours? I can faithfully ſay that there never lived a more peaceable wretch upon the face of the earth, all things conſidered, than myſelf. Never was man more free from jealouſy, or more careful to ſtep aſide at the time of a viſit; for I hated to ſpoil ſport, when I could make none myſelf. I confeſs I was not ſo charitable to the poor as I might have been;

the truth of it is, I watched them as a cat would do a mouſe, for I did not love them: But then in requital, I could have out-ſnorted the ſeven ſleepers, when any of the better ſort came to have a private *téte à téte* with my wife. In a word, we agreed bleſſedly well together, ſhe and I; for I did whatever ſhe thought proper; and ſhe would often ſay, Long live my poor Diego, the beſt conditioned, the moſt complaiſant huſband in the world; whatever I do is well done, and he never ſo much as finds fault with it. But, by her leave, that was little to my credit; and the jade, when ſhe ſaid it, was beſide the point; for many a time have I ſaid, this is well, and that is ill. When there came any poets to our houſe, fidlers, or morrice-dancers, I would ſay, This is not well: But when rich merchants came, Oh! very good, would I ſay, this is as well as can be. Sometimes we had the luck to be viſited by ſome pennyleſs courtier, or low country officer; then would I take her aſide, and rattle her to ſome purpoſe: Sweet heart, would I ſay, pray what have we to do with theſe frippery fellows? Shake them off, I would adviſe you, and take this for a warning: But when any came that had to do with the mint or exchequer, and ſpent freely, for lightly come, lightly go, ay

marry, my dear, would I ſay, there is nothing to be loſt by keeping ſuch company. And where is the hurt of all this? Nay, on the contrary, my poor wife enjoyed herſelf happily under the protection of my ſhadow, ſo that not an officer durſt come near her. Why ſhould this buffoon of a poetaſter, then, make me ſtill the ridiculous entertainment of his interludes and farces, and the fool in the play? By your favour, cried I, we are not yet upon even terms; and before we part, you ſhall know what it is to ſtir up the reſentment of a poet. If thou wert but now alive, I would write thee to death, as Archilocus did Lycambes: And I am determined to put the hiſtory of thy life in one of the keeneſt ſatires I can write, and call it, The Life and Death of Don Diego Moreno. It ſhall go hard, cried he, but I will prevent that, and ſo we fell bloodily to it again, till, at length, the very fancy of a ſcuffle waked me, and I found myſelf as weary as if I had been really engaged. I began then to reflect upon the particulars of my dream; and to conſider what advantage I might draw from it; for the dead are paſt jeſting, and thoſe are the ſoundeſt counſels which we receive from people who can neither be affected by intereſt nor paſſion.

VISION III.

OF THE LAST JUDGMENT.

DREAMS, eſpecially thoſe of ſovereigns and princes, are, by Homer, ſaid to proceed from Jove, if the matter of them be pious and important: And it is likewiſe the judgment of the celebrated Propertius, that good dreams coming from above, have their weight, and ought to be credited. And truly I agree with him in the caſe of a dream I had laſt night. As I was reading a diſcourſe concerning the end of the world, I fell aſleep over the book, and dreamed of the Laſt Judgment: A thing which, in the houſe of a poet, is ſcarce admitted, ſo much as in a dream. This fancy brought into my mind a paſſage in Claudian; That all creatures dream at night of what they have heard and ſeen in the day, as the hound dreams of hunting the hare.

I thought I ſaw a very beautiful youth towering in the air, and ſounding a trumpet; but the forcing of his breath did indeed take much

from his beauty. The very marbles, I perceived, and the dead were obedient to his call; for, in the ſame moment the earth began to open, and ſet the bones at liberty, to ſeek their fellows. The firſt that appeared were ſwordmen; as generals of armies, captains, lieutenants, and common ſoldiers; who, ſuppoſing that it had ſounded a charge, ſprung from their graves with ſuch briſkneſs and reſolution, as if they had been going to an aſſault, or a combat. The miſers peeped out, pale and trembling, for fear of being robbed; the cavaliers and good fellows imagined they had been going to a horſe-race, or a hunting-match: And, in a word, though they all heard the trumpet, there was not any creature underſtood the meaning of it; for I could read their thoughts by their looks and geſtures. After this, there appeared ſeveral ſouls, whereof ſome came up to their bodies, with much difficulty and horror; others ſtood wondering at a diſtance, not daring to approach ſo horrid a ſpectacle: This wanted an arm, that an eye, and t'other a head. Upon the whole, though I could not but ſmile at the proſpect of ſo ſtrange an olio of figures, yet was it not without juſt matter of admiration at the All-powerful Providence, to ſee order drawn out of confuſion, and every part re-

ſtored to the right owner. I then imagined myſelf in a church-yard, and there, methought, ſeveral that were unwilling to appear, were changing of heads; and an attorney would have demurred, upon pretence that he had got a ſoul which was none of his own, and that his body and ſoul were not fellows.

At length, when the whole aſſembly came to underſtand that this was the Day of Judgment, it was worth while to obſerve what ſhifting and ſhuffling there was among the wicked. The epicure and whoremaſter would not own their eyes, nor the ſlanderer his tongue; becauſe they would be ſure to appear in evidence againſt them. The pick-pockets ran away as hard as they could drive from their own fingers. There was one that had been embalmed in Egypt; and ſtaying for his guts, an old uſurer aſked him if the bags were to riſe with the bodies? I could have laughed at this queſtion, but I was preſently taken up with a crowd of cutpurſes, running full ſpeed from their own ears, that were offered them again, for fear of the ſad ſtories they expected to hear. I ſaw all this from a convenient ſtanding; and, in the inſtant, there was an outcry at my feet, of, Withdraw, Withdraw. As ſoon as I heard this, down I came, and immediately a great

many beautiful ladies put forth their heads, and called me clown, for not paying them that reſpect and ceremony which is due to their quality. You muſt know that the women ſtand upon punctilios, even in hell itſelf. They ſeemed at firſt very gay and frolickſome; and well enough pleaſed to be ſeen naked, for they were clean ſkinned, and well made. But when they came to underſtand that this was the Great Day of Account, their conſciences took check, and all their jollity was daſhed in a moment: Whereupon they retired to a valley, very much out of humour. There was one amongſt the reſt, that had had ſeven huſbands, and promiſed every one of them never to marry again, for ſhe was certain ſhe could never love any body elſe: This lady was caſting about for excuſes, and what anſwer ſhe ſhould make to that point. Another, that had been as common as Ratcliff Highway, would neither lead nor drive; and ſtood humming and hawing a good while, pretending ſhe had forgot her night-clothes, and ſuch fooleries; but, notwithſtanding all her excuſes, ſhe was brought at laſt within ſight of the throne; where ſhe found all her old acquaintance, that ſhe had carried part of their way to hell; who no ſooner beheld her, but they fell to pointing or

hooting, ſo that ſhe took to her heels, and herded herſelf in a troop of ſerjeants. After this, I ſaw ſeveral people driving a phyſician along the bank of the river; and theſe were only ſuch as he had unneceſſarily diſpatched before their time. They followed him with the cries of, Juſtice, Juſtice, and forced him on toward the Judgment Seat, where they arrived, in the end, with much ado. While this paſſed, I heard, methought, on my left hand, a paddling in the water, as if one had been ſwimming: And what ſhould this be, but a judge, in the midſt of a river, waſhing his hands. I aſked him the meaning of it; and he told me, that in his lifetime he had been often dawbed in the fiſt, to make the buſineſs ſlip the better; and he would willingly get out the greaſe before he came to hold up his hand at the bar. There followed next a multitude of vintners and tailors, under the guard of a legion of devils, armed with rods, whips, cudgels, and other inſtruments of correction: And theſe counted themſelves deaf, and were very unwilling to leave their graves, for fear of a worſe lodging. As they were paſſing on, up ſtarted a little lawyer, and aſked whither they were going? They replied, that they were going to give an account of their works. With

that the lawyer threw himſelf flat upon his belly, in his hole again: If I am to go downward at laſt, ſays he, I am thus much onward on my way. The vintner ſweated as he walked, till one drop followed another: That is well done, cried a devil at his elbow, to purge out thy water, that we may have none in our wine. There was a tailor wrapt up in ſarcenets, crook-fingered, and baker-legged, who was quite ſilent all the way he went, but, Alas! alas! how can any man be a thief that dies for want of bread? But his companions gave him a rebuke for diſcrediting his trade. The next that appeared, were a band of highwaymen, following upon the heels of one another, in great diſtruſt and jealouſy of thieves among themſelves. Theſe were fetched up by a party of devils, in the turning of a hand, and lodged with the tailors: For, ſaid one of the company, your highwayman is but a wild tailor. They were a little quarrelſome at firſt, but in the concluſion, they went down into the valley, and kennelled quietly together. After theſe came Folly, with her gang of poets, fiddlers, lovers, and fencers; the people of all the world that dream the leaſt of a day of reckoning: Theſe were diſpoſed of among the hangmen, Jews, ſcribes, and philoſophers

There were likewiſe ſeveral ſolicitors, wondering among themſelves that they ſhould have ſo much conſcience when they were dead, and none at all while living.

At length, ſilence being proclaimed, the throne erected, and the great day come; a day of comfort to the good, and of terror to the wicked: the ſun and the ſtars waited at the footſtool; the winds were ſtill; the waters quiet; the earth in ſuſpenſe and anguiſh for fear of her children; and, in a word, the whole creation in anxiety and diſorder. The righteous were employed in prayers and thankſgivings, and the ungodly in framing ſhifts and evaſions to extenuate their crimes. The guardian angels were near, on the one ſide, to acquit themſelves of their duties and commiſſions; and, on the other ſide, were the devils, hunting for more matters of aggravation and charge againſt offenders. The Ten Commandments had the guard of a narrow gate; which was ſo ſtrait, that the moſt mortified body could not paſs it, without leaving a good part of his ſkin behind him.

On one hand, were multitudes of diſgraces, misfortunes, plagues, griefs and troubles, all in a clamour againſt the phyſicians. The Plague confeſſed, indeed, that ſhe had ſtruck many;

but it was the doctor did their buſineſs. Melancholy and Diſgrace ſaid the ſame; and Miſfortunes of all kinds made open proteſtation, that they never brought any man to his grave, without the aſſiſtance and advice of a doctor: ſo that the gentlemen of the faculty were called to account for thoſe they had killed. They took their places upon a ſcaffold, with pen, ink, and paper about them; and ſtill, as the dead were called, ſome or other of them anſwered to the name, and declared the year and day when ſuch a patient paſſed through his preſcriptions.

They began the inquiry at Adam, who, methought, was ſeverely handled about an apple. Alas! cried Judas, who was by, if that were ſuch a fault, what will become of me, that ſold and betrayed my Lord and Maſter?

Next came the Patriarchs, and then the Apoſtles, who took their places by St. Peter. It was worth remarking, that at this day there was no diſtinction between kings and beggars before the Judgment-ſeat. Herod and Pilate, as ſoon as they put out their heads, found it was like to go hard with them. My judgment is juſt, ſaid Pilate. Alack! cried Herod, what have I to truſt to? Heaven is no place for me; and in limbo I ſhould fall among the

innocents I have murdered; ſo that, without more ado, I muſt take up my lodging in hell, the common receptacle of cruel offenders.

There came in immediately upon this a kind of a grim looking fellow; who, ſtretching out his arm, cried out, Here are my letters. The company wondered at his humour, and aſked the porter what he was? which he himſelf overhearing, ſaid, I am a maſter of the noble ſcience of defence; and plucking out ſeveral ſealed parchments, theſe, ſaid he, are the atteſtations of my achievments. At this, all his teſtimonials dropped out of his hand, and a couple of devils would fain have taken them up, to have brought them in evidence againſt him at his trial; but the fencer was too nimble for them, and took them up himſelf. At which, an angel offered to lend him his hand, to help him in; but he, for fear of an attack, leaped a ſtep backward, and, with great agility, making a bow, Now, ſays he, if you think fit, I will give you a taſte of my ſkill. The company fell a laughing, and this ſentence was paſſed upon him: That ſince, by his rules of art, he had occaſioned ſo many duels and murders, he ſhould himſelf go to the devil by a perpendicular line. He pleaded for himſelf, that he was no mathematician, and knew no ſuch line;

But while the word was in his mouth, a devil came up to him, turned him round about, and down he tumbled.

After him came the treaſurers, and ſuch a cry following them for cheating and ſtealing, that ſome ſaid thieves were coming, others ſaid no; and the company was divided upon it. They were much troubled at the word Thieves, and deſired the benefit of counſel to plead their cauſe. And very good reaſon, ſaid one of the devils, here is a diſcarded apoſtle that has executed both offices, let them take him; where is Judas? When the treaſurers heard that, they turned aſide, and, by chance, ſpied in a devil's hand a huge roll of accuſations, ready drawn into a formal charge againſt them. With that, one of the boldeſt amongſt them cried out, Away with theſe informations; we will rather come to a fine, and compound, though it were for ten or twenty thouſand years in Purgatory. Ha! ha! replied the devil, a cunning ſnap that drew up the charge, if you are upon theſe terms, you are hard put to it. Whereupon the treaſurers being brought to a forced put, were even glad to make the beſt of a bad game, and follow the fencer.

Theſe were no ſooner gone, but in came an unlucky paſtry-man, whom they aſked if he

would be tried. That is even as it hits, ſaid he. Upon this, the devil that managed the cauſe againſt him, preſſed his charge, and laid it home to him, that he had put off cats for hares, and filled his pies with bones inſtead of fleſh; and not only ſo, but that he had ſold horſe-fleſh, dogs, and foxes, for beef and mutton: in ſhort, it was proved againſt him, that Noah never had ſo many animals in his ark, as this poor fellow had put into his pies; for we read of no rats and mice there; ſo that he even gave up his cauſe, and went away to ſee if his oven was hot.

After him came the philoſophers, with their ſyllogiſms; and it was no ill entertainment to hear them chop logic, and put all their expoſtulations in mood and figure. But the pleaſanteſt people of all were the poets, who inſiſted upon it that they were to be tried by Jupiter: and to the charge of worſhipping falſe gods, their anſwer was, that through them they worſhipped the true one, and were rather miſtaken in the name than the worſhip. Virgil had much to ſay for himſelf for his *Sicelides Muſæ;* but Orpheus interrupted him, who, being the father of the poets, deſired to be heard for them all. What he! cried one of the devils; yes, for teaching that boys were better

bedfellows than wenches; but the women would have combed his coxcomb, if they could have caught him. Away with him to hell once again, was then the general cry, and let him get out now if he can. So with him all the poets marched off, he ſhowing the way, becauſe he had been there once before.

As ſoon as the poets were gone, there knocked at the gate a rich penurious chuff; but it was told him that the Ten Commandments kept it, and that he had not kept them. It is impoſſible, ſaid he, under favour, to prove that ever I broke any of them. And ſo he went to juſtify himſelf from point to point: he had done this and that; and had never done that nor the other; but, in the end, he was delivered over to be rewarded according to his works. And then advanced a company of houſe-breakers and robbers; ſo dextrous, ſome of them, that they ſaved themſelves from the very ladder. The ſcriveners and attorneys obſerving that, ah! thought they, if we could but paſs for thieves now! and yet they ſet a good face enough upon the buſineſs too; which made Judas and Mahomet hope well of themſelves; for, ſaid they, if any of theſe fellows comes off, there is no fear of us; whereupon they advanced reſolutely, with a reſolution to take their

trial, which ſet the devils all a laughing. The guardian angels of the ſcriveners and attorneys moved that the Evangeliſts might be their counſel, which the devils oppoſed; for, ſaid they, we ſhall inſiſt only upon the matter of fact, and leave them without any poſſibility of reply or excuſe. We might, indeed, content ourſelves with the bare proof of what they are; for it is crime enough that they are ſcriveners and attorneys. With that the ſcriveners denied their trade, alleging that they were ſecretaries; and the attorneys called themſelves ſolicitors. All was ſaid, in effect, that the caſe would bear; but the beſt part of the plea was their doing their duty. In ſhort, after ſeveral replications and rejoinders, they were all ſent to the devil, ſave only two or three that found mercy. Well, cried one of the ſcriveners, thus it is to keep lewd company! The devils called out then to clear the bar, and ſaid they ſhould have occaſion for the ſcriveners themſelves, to enter proteſtation, in the quality of public notaries, againſt lawleſs and diſorderly people; but the poor wretches, it ſeems, could not hear on that ear. To ſay the truth, the Chriſtians were much more troubleſome than the Pagans, which the Devil took exceeding ill; but they had this to ſay for themſelves, that they were

ſhriſtened when they were children, ſo that it was none of their fault, and their parents muſt anſwer for it. Judas and Mahomet took ſuch courage, when they ſaw two or three of the ſcriveners and attorneys ſaved, that they were juſt upon the point of challenging their clergy; but they were prevented by the doctor I told you of, who was firſt ſet to the bar, in company with an apothecary and a barber, when a certain devil, with a great bundle of evidences in his hand, told the court, that the greateſt part of the dead there preſent were ſent thither by the doctor then at the bar, in confederacy with the apothecary and barber, to whom they were to acknowledge their obligation. An angel then interpoſing for the defendant, recommended the apothecary for a charitable perſon, and one that had phyſicked the poor for nothing: That ſignifies nothing, cried the Devil, for I have him in my books, and am able to prove that he has killed more people with two little boxes, than the King of Spain has done with two thouſand barrels of powder in the Low Country wars. All his medicines are corrupted, and his compoſitions hold perfect intelligence with the plague: he has entirely depopulated a couple of his neighbouring villages, in a matter of three weeks

time. The doctor, he let fly upon the apothecary too, and ſaid, he would maintain, againſt the whole college, that his own preſcriptions were according to the Diſpenſatory; and, if any apothecary would play the knave or fool, and put in this for that, he was not to blame. So that, without any more words, the apothecary was brought in guilty, and the doctor and barber were brought off, at the interceſſion of St. Coſmus and St. Damian.

A dapper lawyer came next, with his tongue ſteeped in oil, and a great maſter of his words and actions; an excellent flatterer, and no man better ſkilled in the art of moving the paſſions than himſelf, or more ready at bolting a lucky precedent, at a dead lift, or at making the beſt of a bad cauſe; for he had all the ſhifts and ſtarting-holes in the law at his fingers ends. But all this would not ſerve; for the verdict went againſt him, and he was ordered to pay coſts. In that inſtant, there was a diſcovery made of a fellow that hid himſelf in a corner, and looked like a ſpy: they aſked him what he was? he made anſwer, an empiric: What, ſaid a devil, my old friend Pontæus: alas! alas! thou hadſt ten thouſand times better be in Covent-Garden now, or at Charing-croſs; for, upon my word, thou wilt have nothing to do here,

unleſs, perhaps, for an ointment for a burn, or ſo: Pontæus therefore retired.

After him came a company of vintners, who were accuſed for adulterating, and mingling water with their wines. Their plea was, that in compenſation, they had furniſhed the hoſpitals with communion-wine that was right, upon free coſt; but this excuſe ſignified as little as that of the tailors there preſent, who ſuggeſted that they had clothed many friars *gratis*; they were therefore diſpatched away together.

Then followed a number of bankers that had turned bankrupts, to cheat their creditors; who, finding there ſeveral of their old correſpondents, that they had reduced to a morſel of bread, began to treat of compoſition. But one of the devils preſently cried out, All the reſt have had enough to do to anſwer for themſelves; but theſe people are to reckon for other mens ſcores as well as their own. And hereupon they were forthwith ſent away to Pluto with letters of exchange; but, as it happened at that time, the devil was out of caſh.

After this entered a Spaniſh cavalier, as upright as Juſtice itſelf. He was a full quarter of an hour making bows and reverences to the company. We could ſee no head he had, for

his prodigious ſtarched ruff, that ſtood ſtaring up like a Turkey-cock's tail, and covered it. In a word, it was ſo fantaſtic a figure, that the porter was gaping at it a good while, and aſked if it were a man or no? It is a man, cried the Spaniard, upon the honour of a cavalier, and his name is Don Pedro Rhodomontodoſo. He was ſo long telling his name and titles, that one of the devils burſt out a-laughing in the middle of his pedigree, and demanded what he would be at? Glory, replied he; which they taking in the worſt ſenſe, for pride, immediately diſpatched him to Lucifer. He was a little ſevere upon his guides, for diſordering his muſtachoes; but they helped him preſently to a pair of beard-irons, and all was well again.

In the next place came a fellow weeping and lamenting; But my maſters, ſays he, my cauſe is never the worſe for my crying; for, if I would ſtand upon my merits, I could tell you that I have kept as good company, and had as much to do with the ſaints, as any other body. What have we here, cried one; Diocleſian or Nero; for they had enough to do with the ſaints, though it were but to perſecute them. But upon the upſhot, what was the poor creature, but a ſmall officer, that ſwept the church,

and duſted the images and pictures. His charge was for ſtealing the oil out of the lamps, and leaving all in the dark, pretending that the owls and jackdaws had drank it up. He had a trick too of clothing himſelf out of the church-habits, which he got dyed another colour; and of thickening his ſoup with conſecrated bread, that he ſtole every Sunday. What he ſaid for himſelf, I know not; but he had his mittimus, and took the left hand way at parting.

No ſooner was he gone, than a voice was heard, Make way there, clear the paſſage. This was for a flock of handſome, buxom courteſans, in their caps and feathers, that came dancing, laughing, and ſinging of ballads and lampoons, and as merry as any body could be. They preſently changed their note, however; for as ſoon as they ever beheld the terrible looks of the devils, they fell into violent fits, beating their breaſts, and tearing their hair, with all the horror and fury imaginable. An angel pleaded in their favour, that they had been great frequenters of our Lady's chapel: Yes, yes, cried a devil, leſs of her chapel, and more of her virtue, would have done well. There was a notable whipſter among the reſt, that confeſſed the devil

had reaſon: and then her trial came on, for making a cloak of the ſacrament; and only marrying, that ſhe might play the whore with privilege, and never want a father for her baſtards. It was her fortune alone to be condemned; and going along, Well, cried ſhe, if I had imagined it would have come to this, I ſhould never have troubled myſelf with ſo many maſſes.

At laſt, after long waiting, came Judas and Mahomet upon the ſtage, and to them Jack of Leyden: up comes an officer, and aſked which of the three was Judas? I am he, ſaid Jack of Leyden: Nay, but I am Judas, cried Mahomet. They are a couple of lying raſcals, ſays Judas himſelf, for I am the man, only the rogues make uſe of my name to ſave their credit. It is true, I ſold my Maſter once, and the world has been ever ſince the better for it; but theſe villains ſell him and themſelves too every hour of the day; and there follows nothing but miſery and confuſion. So they were all three packed away to their diſciples.

The angel that kept the book, found that the ſerjeants and remembrancers were to come on next; whereupon they were called, and appeared; but the court was not much troubled with them; for they confeſſed guilty at the

firſt word, and were condemned without more ado.

After them came an aſtrologer, loaden with almanacks, globes, aſtrolabes, &c. making proclamation, as loud as he could bawl, that there muſt needs be a groſs miſtake in the reckoning; for Saturn had not finiſhed his courſe, and the world could not yet be at an end. One of the devils, that ſaw how he came provided, looked upon him as his own already: A provident ſlave, cried he, I warrant him, to bring his firing along with him. But this I muſt needs tell you, ſays he to the mathematician, it is a ſtrange thing you ſhould create ſo many heavens in your life, and go to the devil for want of one after your death. Nay, for going, cried the aſtrologer, you ſhall excuſe me; if you will carry me, you are very welcome: and immediately order was given to carry him away, and pay the porter.

As he diſappeared, methought the court roſe; the throne vaniſhed; the ſhadows and darkneſs withdrew; the air ſweetened; the earth was covered with flowers; and the heavens were clear. I waked, very well pleaſed to find that, after all this, I was ſtill in my bed, and among the living. The uſe I made of my dream was this: I betook myſelf pre-

ſently to my prayers, firmly reſolved to forſake my former ways, and, putting my ſoul into a frame of piety and obedience, peaceably, and with heart-felt ſatisfaction, wait the coming of that day, when the Almighty Judge of heaven and earth ſhall be ſeated on his throne, to reward every one according to the deeds done in the body.

VISION IV.

OF LOVING FOOLS.

EARLY one cold winter's morning, when it was better being in a warm bed with a good bedfellow, than wandering about the ſtreets, as I lay adviſing with my pillow, tumbling and toſſing a thouſand love-toys in my head, I paſſed from one fancy to another, till at laſt I fell aſleep; and there appeared to me the genius of Conviction, diſplaying to me all the follies and vanities of love, and ſupporting her opinions with great authorities and reaſons. I was tranſported, methought, I know not how, into a beautiful meadow, infinitely ſuperior to the fictions of half-witted poets, with all their far-fetched gilding enamel; a paper of verſes is worth nothing with them, unleſs they force nature for it, and rifle both the Indies. This delicious field was watered with two rivulets; the one bitter, the other ſweet; and yet they mingled their ſtreams with a ſweet kind of murmur, equal, perhaps, to the beſt muſic in

the world. Love made uſe of theſe waters to temper his darts; for, while I was upon the proſpect of the place, I ſaw ſeveral of Cupid's little officers and ſubjects dipping of arrows there, for their amuſement and eaſe. Upon this, I fancied myſelf in one of the gardens of Cyprus, and that I ſaw the very hive where the bee lived that ſtung my young maſter, and occaſioned that excellent ode which Anacreon has written upon the ſubject. The next thing I beheld was a palace in the midſt of the meadow; a beautiful fabric, as well for ſtructure as deſign. The porches were of the Doric order, excellently wrought; and the pedeſtals, baſes, columns, corniſhes, capitals, architraves, freezes, and, in ſhort, the whole front of the fabric was ornamented with imaginary trophies, and triumphs of love, in *bas relievo*; which, as they were intermixed with other fantaſtical conceits, carried the face of ſeveral little hiſtories, and greatly beautified the building. Over the porch there was, in golden letters, upon black marble, the following inſcription:

This is called Fool's Paradiſe,
From the loving fools that dwell in't:
Where fools command the wiſe,
And all live ſafe and well in't.

It was admirably well finiſhed; the portal ſpacious; the doors always open, and the houſe free to all comers, which were not very few; the porter's place was ſupplied by a woman, very beautiful, both for face and perſon; tall, delicately ſhaped, and ſet off with the advantages of dreſs and jewels. In a word, ſhe was altogether charming; and her name, as I underſtood, was Beauty. She would let a man in to ſee the houſe for a look; and that was all I paid for my paſſage. In the firſt court, I found ſeveral of both ſexes, but ſo altered in habit and countenance, that they could ſcarce know one another. They were ſad and penſive, and their complexions tainted with a yellow paleneſs, which Ovid calls Cupid's livery. There was no talk of being true to friends, loyal to ſuperiors, and dutiful to parents; but kindred did the office of procurers; and procurers were called couſins. Wives loved their huſband's ſhe friends; and huſbands did as much for them, in loving their gallants.

While I was contemplating theſe encouragers of affection, there appeared a ſtrange extravagant figure, but in the likeneſs of a human creature. It was neither perfectly man nor perfectly woman, but had, indeed, a reſemblance of both. This perſon I perceived

was very buſy up and down, going and coming; beſet all over with eyes and ears; had one of the craftieſt diſtruſtful looks I ever beheld; and, as I obſerved, no ſmall authority in the place; which made me inquire after its name and office: My name, ſaid ſhe, for now it proved to be a woman, is Jealouſy, and methinks you and I ſhould be better acquainted; for how came you here elſe? However, for your ſatisfaction, you are to underſtand, that the generality of the diſtempered people you ſee here are of my collecting; and yet I am not their phyſician, but their tormentor; and ſerve only to aggravate and embitter their miſfortunes. If you would know any thing farther of the houſe, never aſk me, for it is forty to one but I tell you a lie; I have not told you half the truth, even of myſelf; and, to deal plainly with you, I am made up of invention, artifice, and impoſture; but the good old man that walks there, who is the maſter of this abode, will tell you all, if you will but bear with his ſlow way of delivery.

No ſooner had ſhe ſaid this, than I went to the reverend gentleman, whom I knew preſently to be Time; and deſired him to let me look into the ſeveral quarters and lodgings of the houſe, for there were ſome fools of my ac-

quaintance I would gladly viſit. He informed me that he was at preſent ſo buſy about making caudles, cock-broths, and jellies, for his patients, that he could not ſtir; but yet he directed me where I might find all thoſe I inquired for, and gave me the freedom of the houſe, to walk where I chooſed.

I paſſed out of the firſt court, into the maid's quarter, which was the very ſtrongeſt part of the building; and ſo it had need, for many of the young wenches were ſo extravagant and furious, that no other place would have held them. The wives and widows were in another room apart. Here might be obſerved one ſobbing and raging with the jealouſy of a rival; there another ſtark mad for a huſband, and inwardly bleeding, becauſe ſhe durſt not diſcover it: A third writing letters, all riddle and myſtery, mending and marring, till at laſt the paper had more blots than words in it; ſome were practiſing in the glaſs the gracious ſmiles, the roll of the eye, and the velvet lip; others, again, were in a diet of oatmeal, clay, chalk, coal, hard wax, and the like; and ſome were conditioning with their ſervants for a ball or ſeranade, that the whole town might ring of their addreſs. Yes, ſome cried, you can go to the park with this lady, and to a play with that lady, and to Ban-

ſtead with t'other lady, and ſpend whole nights at quadrille with Lady Pen-tweezle; but you are aſhamed to be ſeen in my company. Some I ſaw upon the very point of ſealing and delivering. I am thine, cries one, and thine alone: But be ſure you be conſtant. In one corner might be ſeen maids praying for huſbands, that they might the better love at random; in another, nothing would pleaſe them but to be married mens wives, and this diſeaſe was looked upon as a little deſperate: Some again ſtood ready furniſhed with love-letters and tickets, to be caſt out at the window, or thruſt under the door; and theſe were looked upon not only as fools, but beaſts.

I had ſeen as much already as I deſired; for I had learned of old, that he that keeps ſuch company, ſeldom comes off without a ſcratched face; but if he miſſes a miſtreſs, he gets a wife, and ſtands condemned to a repentance, without redemption, unleſs one of the two dies. Women, in this caſe, are worſe than pirates; a galley-ſlave may compound for his freedom, but there is no thought of ranſom, in caſe of matrimony. I had a good mind to have a little chat with ſome of them, but, thought I, they will fancy I am in love with them: And ſo I even marched off into the married quarter.

Here there was ſuch ranting, damning, and tearing, as if hell had been broke looſe. This proceeded from ſeveral women who had been locked up and ſhackled by their huſbands, to keep them in obedience, and who had now broken their priſons and their chains, and were grown ten times madder than before. Some I ſaw careſſing and coxing their huſbands, in the very moment they deſigned to betray them; others were picking their huſbands pockets, to maintain now and then a bye blow. Some again were upon a religious point, and all in the humour of promoting pilgrimages and lectures; when, alas! they had no other buſineſs with the altars and churches, than a ſacrifice to Venus, or a love-meeting. Many there were that went to the Bath; but bathing was the leaſt part of the errand; others to confeſſion, that miſtook their gallant for their confeſſor. Some, to be revenged of jealous huſbands, were reſolving to do the thing they feared, and pay them in their own coin; others were for making ſure afore-hand, by way of advance; for that revenge, they ſay, is as ſweet as muſcadine and eggs. One was melancholy for a delay; another for a defeat; and a third preparing to make her market at a play. There was one amongſt the reſt never out of her coach; and aſking her the

reaſon, ſhe told me, ſhe loved to be jolted. In this crowd of women, you muſt know there were no wives of ambaſſadors, ſoldiers, or merchants, that were abroad upon commiſſion; for ſuch were conſidered, in effect, as ſingle women, and not allowed as members of this commonwealth.

The next quarter was that of the grave and wiſe; the right reverend widows; women, in appearance, of ſurpriſing ſeverity and reſerve, and yet every one of them with her weak ſide; and you might read her folly and diſtemper through her diſguiſe. One of them I ſaw crying with one eye, for the loſs of one huſband, and leering with the other upon him that was to come next. Another, with the Epheſian matron, was ſolacing herſelf with her gallant, before her huſband was cold in the grave; conſidering, that he that died half an hour ago, was as dead as Harry the Eighth. There were ſeveral paſſing to and again, quite out of their mourning, that looked as demurely as if butter would not have melted in their mouths; and yet apoſtate widows, as I was told, though kept as ſtrictly as if they had been in the inquiſition. Some were laying wagers whoſe mourning was moſt faſhionable, and beſt made; or whoſe peak or vail became her beſt, and ſetting themſelves

off with a thouſand tricks of ornament and dreſs. The widows, I obſerved, that were marching off with the mark out of their mouths, were hugely concerned to be thought young, and ſtill talking of maſques, balls, drums, and treats; chanting and jigging to every tune they heard; and all upon the hoity-toity, like mad wenches of fifteen. The younger, on the other ſide, made uſe of their time, and took pleaſure while it was to be had. There were two of the religious ſtrain; a people much at their beads, and in private. Theſe were there in the quality of Platoniſts, and under the penance of perpetual abſtinence from the fleſh they loved beſt, which is the moſt mortifying Lent of all other. Some that had ſkill in perſpective, were before the glaſs with their boxes of paint about them; ſhadowing, drawing out, refreſhing, and, in ſhort, covering and palliating all the imperfections of feature and complexion, every one after her own fancy. Now theſe women were abſolutely inſufferable; for they were moſt of them old and headſtrong, having got the better of their huſbands, ſo that they would be taking upon them to domineer here as they had done at home; and, indeed, they found the maſter of the college enough to do.

After taking a proper view of this variety of

folly and madneſs, I went to the devotees; where I found ſeveral women and girls that had cloiſtered themſelves up from the converſation of the world, and yet were as giddy as their fellows. Theſe, one would have thought, might have been eaſily remedied, but many of them were in for their lives, in deſpite of either counſel or phyſic. The room where they were was barricadoed with ſtrong bars of iron; and yet, when the fancy took them, they would make now and then a ſally: For when the fit was upon them, they would own no ſuperior but love, come what would of it in the event. The greater part of theſe good people were writing tickets and diſpatches, which had ſtill the ſign of the croſs at the top, and Satan at the bottom; concluding with this, or ſome ſuch poſtſcript, I commend this paper to your diſcretion. The fools of this province were continually prating; and, if it happened that any one of them had talked herſelf weary, which very ſeldom happened, ſhe would preſently take upon her very gravely to admoniſh the reſt, and read a lecture of ſilence to the company. There were ſome that, for want of better entertainment, fell in love with one another; but theſe were looked upon as a ſort of fops, and therefore the more favourably uſed; but they would

have been of another mind, if they had known the cauſe of their diſtemper.

All theſe various extravagancies proceeded from idleneſs, which, according to Petrarch's obſervation, never fails to make way for wantonneſs. There was one among the reſt that had more letters of exchange upon the credit of her inſatiable deſires, than a whole company of bankers. Some of them were ſick of their old viſitor, and called for a freſh man; others, by intervals, I perceived had their wits about them, and contented themſelves diſcreetly with the phyſician of the houſe. In ſhort, it even pitied my heart to ſee ſo many poor people ſo much diſtreſſed, and without any hope of relief, as I learned from him that had them in care; for they were ſtill fidgetting and rolling their bodies; and, if they got a little eaſe for the preſent, they would be down again, as ſoon as they had taken their medicine.

Next I went to the ſingle women, ſuch as made profeſſion never to marry, which were the leaſt outrageous and diſcompoſed of all; for they had numberleſs ways to lay the devil as well as to raiſe him. Some of them lived like common highwaymen, by robbing Peter to pay Paul, and ſtripping honeſt men to clothe raſcals; which is, under favour, but a lewd kind

of charity. Others there were, that were abſolutely out of their ſenſes, and as mad as March hares, for this wit, and the other poet, that failed to pay them again in rhymes and madrigals, with ruby lips, and pearly teeth; ſo that to read their verſes, one would imagine the whole women to be directly turned into ſtone.

> Of ſapphire fair, or cryſtal clear,
> Is the forehead of my dear.

I ſaw one entreating a cunning old man to tell her her fortune; another dealing with a conjurer for a philtre or drink to make her beloved: a third was daubing and patching up an old ruined face to make it freſh and young again; but ſhe might have as well waſhed a black-a-moor white. In fine, numbers there were, that, with their borrowed hair, teeth, eyes, and eye-brows, looked like fine folks at a diſtance; but would have been left as ridiculous as Æſop's crow, if every bird had plucked off his own feather. Deliver me, thought I, ſmiling, and ſhaking my head, if this be woman.

From theſe I went to the men's quarter, which was but next door, and only divided by a thick wall. Their great miſery was, that they were dead to good advice, obſtinately hating and deſpiſing both phyſic and phyſician; for if they would have either quitted or

changed, they might have been cured: but they choſe rather to die; and, though they ſaw their error, would not mend it; which brought the following old rhyme into my head:

The doctor's a blockhead,
When love's in the head.

Theſe fools-male were all in the ſame chamber; and one might perfectly read their humour and diſtemper in their looks and geſtures. Oh! how many a gay lad did I ſee there, in his point cravat, and embroidered veſt, that had not a whole ſhirt to his back! How many bullies, that had nothing elſe in their mouths, but the lives and fortunes they would ſpend in their ſweet ladies' ſervice! that would yet have run five miles on your errand, to have been treated but to a threepenny ordinary! How many a poor devil that was juſt ſtarving, and was yet troubled with the rebellion of the fleſh! Some there were that ſpent much time in ſetting their perukes, ordering the muſtaches, and dreſſing up the very face of Lucifer himſelf for a beauty; the woman's privilege, and in truth an encroachment to their prejudice. There were others that made it their glory to paſs for Hectors; ſons of Priam; brothers of the blade; and talked of no-

thing but attacks, combats, reverſes, and ſtoccadoes; not conſidering that a naked weapon is preſent death to a timorous woman. Some were taking the rounds of their ladies lodgings at midnight, and went to bed again as wiſe as they roſe; others fell in love by contagion, and merely converſing with the infected. Some, again, went poſt from church to chapel, every holiday, to ſeek for a miſtreſs; and ſo turned a day of reſt into a day of labour. There might be ſeen others, ſkipping continually from houſe to houſe, like the knight upon a cheſs-board, without ever catching the queen they ſought after. Some, like crafty beggars, made their caſe worſe than it was; and others, though it were never ſo bad, durſt not ſo much as open their mouths. Really I was ſorry for the poor mutes, and I wiſhed with all my heart their miſtreſſes had been witches, that they might have known their meaning by their mumping; but they were loſt to all counſel, ſo that there was no adviſing them. There was another ſpecies of elevated and conceited lovers. Theſe, it ſeems, were not to be ſatisfied without the ſeven liberal ſciences, and the four cardinal virtues, in the ſhape of a woman; but their caſe was deſperate. The next I ſaw were a generation of modeſt fools, that paſt

under the notion of people diffident of themſelves. They were generally men of good underſtanding, but, for the moſt part, younger brothers of low fortunes, and ſuch as, for want of money to go to the price of higher amours, were obliged to take up with ordinary ſtuff, that brought them nothing in the end but beggary and repentance. The huſbands, I perceived, were horribly furious, although in manacles and ſhackles. Some of them left their own wives, and fell upon their neighbours: others, to keep the good woman in awe and obedience, would bluſter and play the tyrant; but upon the upſhot found their miſtake; for, though they came on as fierce as lions, they went off as tame as lambs. Some were making friendſhips with their wife's ſhe-couſins, and agreeing upon a croſs-goſſiping, whoever ſhould have the firſt child.

The widowers that had bit of the bridle, paſſed from place to place, where they ſtaid more or leſs, according to their entertainment; and ſo were in effect as good as married for as long or as ſhort as they themſelves thought proper. Theſe lived ſingle, and ſpent their time in viſiting, firſt one friend, then another. Here they fell in love, there they kindled a

jealouſy; they themſelves were jealous in one place, and cured in another: but the miracle was, that they all knew, and confeſſed themſelves a company of fools, and yet continued ſo. Thoſe that had ſkill in muſic, and could either ſing or play, made uſe of their gifts, to put the ſilly wenches that were but half-moped before, directly out of their wits. They that were poetical, were continually hammering upon the ſubjects of cruelty and diſappointment. One tells his good fortune to another, that requites him with the ſtory of his bad luck. They that had ſet their hearts upon girls, were beating the ſtreets all day, to find the avenues to a lady's lodgings at night. Some were tampering and careſſing the chambermaid, as the eaſieſt way to obtain the miſtreſs; others choſe rather to put it to the puſh, and attempt the lady herſelf. Some were examining their pockets, and viewing their furniture; which conſiſted much in love-letters, delicately ſealed up with perfumed wax, upon raw ſilk; and numberleſs pretty devices within, all wrapt up in riddle and cypher, together with abundance of hair bracelets, lockets, knots of ribband, and the like. There were others that were called the huſ-

band's friends, who were ready upon every occaſion to do this and that kindneſs for the huſband. Their purſe, credit, coach and horſes, were all at his ſervice; and, in the mean time, who but they to gallant the wife to the park, the garden, a treat, or a comedy; and to bear them company—Forty to one but they ſtumble upon an aunt, an old houſe-keeper of the family, or ſome ſuch reverend go-between, that is a well-wiſher to the mathematics; ſhe takes the hint, performs the good office, and the work is done.

Now there were two ſorts of fools for the widows; the one was beloved, and the other not: the latter were content to be a kind of voluntary ſlaves, for the compaſſing their ends: but the other were the happier; for they were at perfect liberty to do what they thought proper, unleſs ſome friend or child of the houſe perchance came in, in the miſchievous nick; and then, in caſe of a little colour more than ordinary, or a tumbled handkerchief, it was but turning the ſcene, and ſtruggling for a paper of verſes, or ſome ſuch buſineſs, to keep all in countenance. Some made their aſſaults both with love and money, and they ſeldom failed, for they came doubly armed; and your

Spaniſh piſtoles are an irreſiſtible kind of battery.

I came now to reflect upon every thing I had beheld; and, as I was walking in that meditation toward another lodging, I found myſelf, before I was aware, in the firſt court again where I entered; and in it I obſerved new wonders: I ſaw that the number of fools increaſed every moment; although Time, I perceived, did every thing in his power to recover them. There was Jealouſy tormenting even thoſe that were moſt confident of the faith of what they loved. There was Memory rubbing off old ſcores. There was Underſtanding locked up in a dark cellar; and Reaſon with both her eyes out. I ſtopped a little, the better to obſerve theſe varieties; and when I had looked till I was tired, I turned about and ſpied a door, but ſo narrow, that it was almoſt impoſſible to go through it; yea, ſtrait as it was, many there were that Ingratitude and Infidelity had ſet at liberty; and who made a ſhift to get through. Upon this opportunity of returning, I made as much haſte as poſſible to be one of the firſt at the door, and in that inſtant my man drew my curtains, and informed me breakfaſt waited me. I waked, and, re-

collecting myſelf, found it was nothing but a dream. The very fancy, however, of having ſpent ſo much time in the company of fools and madmen, troubled me a little; but with this comfort, that I had found Paſſionate Love to be nothing but folly, as well when aſleep as when waking.

VISION V.

OF THE WORLD.

How greatly are we deceived in the quality and value of the things we covet, ſince it is quite impoſſible for any thing in this world to fix our appetites and deſires, which are ſtill wavering and changing like pilgrims, delighted with, and nouriſhed by variety! What we purſue with the greateſt delight and paſſion imaginable, yields us nothing but ſatiety and repentance in the poſſeſſion: yet, ſuch is the power of theſe appetites of ours, that, when they call and command, we follow and obey; though we find in the end, that what we took for a beauty in the purſuit, proves but a carcaſe in the quarry, and we are ſick of it as ſoon as we have it. Now the world, that knows our palate and inclination, never fails to feed the humour, and to flatter and entertain us with every kind of change and novelty, as the moſt certain means of gaining upon our affections.

Such reflections as theſe, one would imagine, might have put ſober thoughts and reſolutions into my head; but it was my fate to be taken off in the very middle of my moral ſpeculation, and carried away from myſelf, by vanity and weakneſs, into the wide world, where I was ſoon not much unſatisfied with my condition. As I paſſed from one place to another, ſeveral that ſaw me, I obſerved, did but make ſport with me; for the farther I went, the more I was at a loſs in a labyrinth of deluſions. One while, I was in with the ſword-men and bravoes; up to the ears in challenges and quarrels, and never without my arm in a ſcarf, or a broken head: another time, I was never well but at ſome celebrated tavern feaſting ſumptuouſly: beſides twenty other entertainments, that I found every jot as extravagant as theſe; which, to my great trouble and admiration, left me not ſo much as one moment's repoſe.

As I was in one of my unquiet and penſive moods, ſomebody called after me, and plucked me by the cloak; which proved to be a perſon of a venerable age, his clothes very poor and tattered, and his face as if it had been trampled upon in the ſtreets; notwithſtanding which, he had ſtill the air and appearance of one that

deſerved much honour and reſpect. Good Father, ſaid I to him, why ſhould you envy me my enjoyments? Pray let me alone, and do not trouble yourſelf with me or my doings. You are paſt the pleaſure of life yourſelf, and cannot endure to ſee other people merry that have the world before them. Conſider of it; you are now upon the point of leaving the world, and I am but newly come into it. But it is the trick of all old men to be carping at the actions of their juniors. Son, ſaid the old man, ſmiling, I ſhall neither hinder nor envy thy delights, but in pure pity I would fain reclaim thee. Doſt thou know the price of a day, an hour, or a minute? Didſt thou ever examine the value of time? If thou hadſt, thou wouldſt employ it better, and not ſpend ſo many bleſſed opportunities upon trifles, and ſo eaſily and inſenſibly part with ſo ineſtimable a treaſure. What is become of thy paſt hours? Have they made thee a promiſe to come again when thou calleſt for them? or canſt thou ſhow me which way they went? No, no; they are gone without recovery; and in their flight, methinks, Time ſeems to turn his head, and laugh over his ſhoulder in deriſion at thoſe that made no better uſe of him when they had him. Doſt thou know, that all the minutes

of our life are but as ſo many links of a chain that has death at the extremity; and every moment brings thee nearer thy expected diſſolution? Perchance, while the word is ſpeaking, it may be at thy very door: doubtleſs, at thy rate of living, it will be upon thee before thou art ſenſible of it. How ſtupid is he who dies while he lives, for fear of dying! How wicked is he that lives as if he ſhould never die, and only fears death when he comes to feel it! He is certainly none of the wiſeſt that ſpends all his days in lewdneſs and debauchery, without conſidering, that, of his whole life, any minute might have been his laſt.

My good Father, ſaid I, I am very much obliged to you for your excellent diſcourſes, for they have delivered me out of the power of numberleſs frivolous and vain affections, that had taken poſſeſſion of me. But who are you, I pray? and what is your buſineſs here? My poverty, and theſe rags, replied he, are enough to tell you that I am an honeſt man; a friend to truth, and one that will not flatter, when he may ſpeak it to the purpoſe. Some call me the Plain-Dealer; others, the Undeceiver-General. You ſee me all in tatters, wounds, ſcars, and bruiſes. And what is all this, but the requital the world gives me for

my good counſel and kind viſits? Yet, after all this endeavour to drive me from them, they call themſelves my friends, though they curſe me as ſoon as ever I come near them, and had rather be hanged, than ſpend one quarter of an hour in my company. If thou haſt a mind to ſee the world I talk of, follow me, and I will carry thee into a place where thou ſhalt have a full proſpect of it; and, without any inconvenience, ſhall ſee all that is in it, or the people that dwell in it, and look it through and through. What do you call this place? cried I. The Hypocrites' Walk, ſaid he, which croſſes the world from one pole to the other. It is extenſive and populous; for I believe there is not any man alive but has either an houſe or a chamber in it. Some live in it altogether; others take it only in paſſage: for there are hypocrites of all ſorts; but all mortals have, more or leſs, a love for its pleaſures. That fellow there in the corner, came but t' other day from the plough-tail, and would now fain be a gentleman; but had not he better pay his debts and walk alone, than break his promiſes to keep a footman? There is another raſcal that would fain be a lord, and would venture a voyage to Venice for the title, but that he is better at building caſtles in the

air than upon the water. In the mean time, he puts on a nobleman's face and garb; he ſwears and drinks like a lord, and keeps his hounds and whores, which it is feared, in the end, will devour their maſter. Mark now that piece of gravity and form; he walks, you ſee, as if he moved by clock-work; his words are few and low; he makes all his anſwers by a ſhrug or a nod This is the hypocrite of a miniſter of ſtate, who, with all his counterfeit of wiſdom, is one of the greateſt blockheads that ever exiſted.

Turn about now, and mind thoſe decrepid ſots there, that can ſcarce lift a leg over a threſhold, and yet muſt be dyeing their hair, colouring their beards, and playing over the follies of youth again, with a thouſand hobby-horſe tricks and antic dreſſes. On the other ſide, you have a company of ſilly boys taking upon them to rule the world under a vizor of wiſdom and experience. What lord is that, ſaid I, ſo magnificently dreſſed? That lord, ſaid he, is a tailor, in his holiday-clothes; and if he were upon his ſhop-board, his own ſciſſars and needles would hardly know him. You muſt underſtand, that hypocriſy is ſo epidemical a diſeaſe, that it has laid hold of the trades themſelves, as well as the maſters. The cobler

muſt be ſaluted, Mr. Tranſlator; the groom names himſelf gentleman of the horſe; the fellow that carries guts to the bears, writes, one of his majeſty's officers. The hangman calls himſelf a miniſter of juſtice; the mountebank, an able man; and a common whore paſſes for a courtezan. The bawd acts the Puritan; gaming-ordinaries are called academies, and bawdy-houſes places of entertainment. The page ſtyles himſelf the child of honour; and the lacquey calls himſelf my lady's page; and every pickthank names himſelf a courtier. The cuckold-maker paſſes for a fine gentleman; and the cuckold himſelf for the beſt-natured huſband in the world; and a very aſs commences maſter-dòctor. Hocus-pocus tricks are called ſlight of hand; luſt, friendſhip; uſury, thrift; cheating is but gallantry; lying wears the name of invention; cowardice, meekneſs of nature; and raſhneſs carries the countenance of valour. In a word, this is all hypocriſy and knavery in diſguiſe; every thing is miſcalled. Now there are, beſides theſe, certain general applications taken up, which by long uſage are almoſt grown into preſcription. Every little whore takes upon her to be a great lady; every gownman to be a counſellor; every bully to be a ſoldier;

every gay thing a cavalier; every pariſh-clerk a doctor; and every writing-clerk in the office muſt be called Mr. Secretary. So that the whole world, take it where you will, is but a mere juggle; and you will find that wrath, gluttony, pride, avarice, luxury, murder, and numberleſs other heinous ſins, have all of them hypocriſy for their ſource, and thither will they return again. It would be well, ſaid I, if you could prove what you ſay; but I can hardly ſee how ſo great a diverſity of waters ſhould proceed from one and the ſame fountain. I am not ſurpriſed, replied he, at your diſtruſt; for you are miſtaken, in very good company, to fancy contrarlety in many things, which are, in effect, ſo much alike. It is agreed upon, both by philoſophers and divines, that all ſins are evil; and you muſt allow that the will embraces or purſues no evil, but under the reſemblance of good; nor does the ſin lie in the repreſentation or knowledge of what is evil, but in the conſent to it; which conſent itſelf is ſinful, although without any ſubſequent act. It is true, the execution ſerves afterwards for an aggravation, and ought to be conſidered under many differences and diſtinctions; but in ſhort, evident it is, that the will entertains no ill, but under the ſhape of ſome

good. What do you think now of the hypocrite that cuts your throat in his arms, and murders you under pretence of kindneſs? What is the hope of an hypocrite? ſays Job. He neither has, nor can have any; for he is wicked as he is an hypocrite; and even his beſt actions are worth nothing, becauſe they are not what they ſeem to be; ſo that of all ſinners he has the moſt to anſwer for. Other offenders ſin only againſt God; but the hypocrite ſins with him, as well as againſt him, making uſe of his holy name as a cloak and countenance for his wickedneſs. For which reaſon, our bleſſed Redeemer, after many affirmative precepts delivered to his diſciples, for their inſtruction, gave only this negative, "Be not ſad "as the hypocrites;" which lays them open in few words; and he might as well have ſaid, Be not hypocrites, and ye ſhall not be wicked.

We were now come to the place the old man told me of; where I found every thing according to my expectation, and took the higher ground, that I might have the better proſpect of what paſſed. The firſt remarkable thing I beheld was a long funeral train of kindred and gueſts, following the corpſe of a deceaſed lady, in company with the diſconſolate widower; who marched with his chin upon

his breaſt, at a ſad and heavy pace; muffled up in a mourning cloak, with at leaſt ten yards of cloth upon his body, and no leſs in his train. Alas! cried I, that ever I ſhould live to ſee ſo ſad a ſpectacle! Oh, bleſſed woman! how did this huſband love thee in thy lifetime, that follows thee with this infinite faith and affection even to thy grave! And happy the huſband, doubtleſs, in a wife worthy of this kindneſs! and in ſo many tender friends and relations, to take part with him in his ſorrows. My good father, let me entreat you to obſerve this doleful encounter. With that, ſhaking his head, and ſmiling, My ſon, ſays he, thou ſhalt preſently ſee, that all this is nothing in the world but vanity, impoſture, and conſtraint; and I will ſhow thee the difference between things themſelves and their appearances. To ſee this vaſt number of torches, with the magnificence of the ceremony and attendance, one would imagine there ſhould be ſome mighty matter in the buſineſs; but let me aſſure thee, that this parade comes to no more than Much ado about Nothing. The woman was nothing effectually, even while ſhe lived; the body now in the coffin is ſomewhat leſs than nothing; and the funeral honours which are now paid to her, come to juſt nothing too. But the

dead, it ſeems, muſt have their vanities, and their holidays, as well as the living. Alas! what is a carcaſe, but the moſt odious ſort of putrefaction? a corrupted earth, fit neither for fruit nor tillage. And then for the melancholy countenances of the mourners; they are only troubled at the invitation, and would not care a pin if the inviter and body too were both at the devil. All this you might ſee by their behaviour and diſcourſes; for, when they ſhould have been praying for the dead, they were prating of her pedigree, and her laſt will and teſtament. I am not ſo near a-kin, ſays one, but I might have been ſpared, and I had twenty other things to do; another ſhould have met company at a tavern; a third at a play; a fourth mutters that he is not placed according to his quality; another cries out, A pox on your meetings, where there is nothing ſtirring but worm's meat. Let me tell you farther, that the widower himſelf is not ſo ſorry as you think for the dead wife, but for the deviliſh expence in blacks and eſcutcheons, tapers and mourners; and that ſhe was not fairly laid to reſt without all this ado; for he perſuades himſelf, that ſhe might have found her way to her grave without a candle. And ſince ſhe was to die, it is his opinion, that ſhe ſhould have made

quicker work of it: for a good wife is like a good Chriſtian, to put her conſcience in order betimes, and get her gone, without lingering in the hands of doctors, apothecaries, and ſurgeons, which muſt murder her huſband too: or, to ſave charges, ſhe might have had the diſcretion to have died of the plague, which would have prevented company. This is the ſecond wife he has already turned over; and, to give the man his due, he has had the wit to ſecure himſelf a third, while this was lying on her death-bed. So that his caſe is no more than changing a cold wife for a warm one; and he will ſoon recover this affliction.

The good man, methought, ſpoke wonders; and being thoroughly convinced of the danger of truſting to appearances, I took up a reſolution never to conclude upon any thing, though never ſo plauſible, without thoroughly inquiring into it. With that the funeral diſappeared, leaving us behind; and, for a farewell, this ſentence: I am gone before, you are, in the mean time, to accompany others to their graves, as you have done me; and as I, when time was, have attended others, with as little care and devotion as yourſelves.

We were taken off from this meditation by a noiſe we heard in a houſe behind us; where

we had no ſooner ſet foot over the threſhold, but we were entertained with a concert of ſix voices, that were ſet and tuned to the ſighs and groans of a woman newly become a widow. The paſſion was acted to the life; but the dead was little the better for it. Sometimes they were ſeen clapping and wringing their hands; at others, groaning and ſighing as if their hearts would break. The hangings, pictures, and furniture, were all taken down and removed, the rooms hung with black, and in one of them lay the poor diſconſolate upon a couch, with her condoling friends about her. It was quite dark, to correſpond with the parts they had to play; for there was thus no diſcovering the horrid faces and ſtrains they made, to fetch up their artificial tears and lamentations. Madam, ſaid one, tears are but thrown away; and really the grief to ſee your ladyſhip in this condition, has made me as loſt to all thought of comfort as yourſelf. I beſeech you, Madam, cheer up, cried another, with almoſt as many ſighs as words, your huſband is happy that he is out of this miſerable world. He was a good man, and now he finds the ſweets of it. Patience, dear Madam, cries a third, it is the will of Heaven, and there is no contending. Doſt thou talk of patience, in-

terrupted ſhe, and no contending? Wretched creature that I am! to outlive that dear man! Oh that dear huſband of mine! Oh that I ſhould ever live to ſee this day! And then ſhe fell to blubbering, ſobbing, and raving far worſe than before. Alas! alas! who will trouble himſelf with a poor widow now; I have never a friend left to look after me; what ſhall become of me now?

As ſoon as ſhe had done, there came in the chorus, with their noſe-inſtruments. There was ſuch blowing, ſobbing, and ſnivelling, that there was no enduring the houſe; and all this, you muſt know, ſerved them to a double purpoſe; that is to ſay, for phyſic and compliment; for it paſt for condolence, and purged their heads of ill humours both at once. I could not avoid being ſorry for the poor widow; a creature forſaken of all the world; and I told my guide as much, and that a charity, as I thought, would be well beſtowed upon her. The Scriptures call them Mutes, according to the import of the Hebrew, in regard that they have no body to ſpeak for them. And if at any time they take heart to ſpeak for themſelves, they had juſt as well hold their tongues, for no body minds them. Is there any thing more frequently given in charge throughout the whole

Bible, than to protect the fatherleſs, and defend the cauſe of the widow? as the higheſt and moſt neceſſary point of Chriſtian charity, as having neither power nor right to defend themſelves. Does not Job, in the depth of his miſery and diſgraces, make choice to clear himſelf toward the widow, in his expoſtulations with the Almighty? "If I have cauſed "the eyes of the widow to fail;" or, "conſumed the eyes of the widow," after the Hebrew. So that it ſeems to me, beſide the general duty of charity, that we are alſo bound, by the laws of honour and generoſity, to do all in our power to help them; for the poor ſouls are forced to plead with their eyes, for want of either hands or tongues to aſſiſt them. Indeed you muſt pardon me, my good father, ſaid I, if I cannot hold any longer from bearing a part in this mournful concert, upon this melancholy occaſion. And is this, cried the old man, the fruit of your boaſted divinity; to ſink into weakneſs and tears, when you have the greateſt need of your reſolution and prudence? Stop a little, and I will unfold this myſtery; though, let me tell you, it is one of the hardeſt things in nature to make any man as wiſe as he ſhould be, who imagines himſelf wiſe enough already. If this accident of the

widow had not happened, we had had none of the fine things that have been ſtarted upon it: for it is occaſion that awakens both our virtue and philoſophy; and it is not enough to know the mine where the treaſure lies, unleſs a man has the ſkill of drawing it out, and making the beſt of what he has in his poſſeſſion. What are you the better for all the advantages of wit and learning, unleſs you have the faculty of reducing what you know into apt and proper application?

Be attentive, and I will ſhow you that this widow, who looks as if ſhe had nothing in her mouth but the ſervice of the dead, and only hallelujahs in her ſoul; that this mortified piece of formality has green thoughts under her black vail, and briſk imaginations about her, in ſpite of her calamity and misfortune. The chamber you ſee is dark, and the attendants faces are muffled up in funeral dreſſes. And what of all this, when the whole courſe of their mourning is but a thorough cheat? Their weeping ſignifies nothing more than crying at ſo much an hour; for their tears are hackneyed out; and when they have weeped out their ſtage, they take up and are quiet. If you would relieve them, leave them to themſelves; and as ſoon as your back is turned, you

ſhall find them ſinging and dancing, and as merry as crickets. Take away the ſpectators, their hypocriſy is at an end, and the play is done; but now the confidants game begins: Come, come, Madam, faith we muſt be merry, cries one; we are to live by the living, and not by the dead. It becomes not a handſome young widow to lie whimpering away your opportunity, and loſe ſo many excellent matches: there is you know who, I dare ſwear, is very much in love with you: by my troth, I wiſh you were in bed together, and I would be hanged if you did not find one warm bedfellow worth twenty cold ones. Really, Madam, cries a ſecond, ſhe gives you good counſel, and if I were in your place I would follow it, and make uſe of my time. It is but one loſt, and ten found. Pray tell me, Madam, if I may be ſo bold, what is your opinion of that cavalier who was here yeſterday? Certainly he has a great deal of wit; and methinks he is a very genteel ſmart gentleman. Well, if that man has not a ſtrange paſſion for ſomebody, I will never believe my eyes again; and, in good faith, if all parties were agreed, I would you were even well in his arms the night before to-morrow. Were it not a great ſhame to let ſuch a beauty lie fallow? This ſets the widow

ſimpering; and at length ſhe makes up her pretty little mouth, It is ſomewhat of the ſooneſt to talk of theſe affairs; but Heaven's will be done. However, Madam, I am much obliged to you for your friendly advice. You have here the very bottom of her ſorrow: ſhe has taken a ſecond huſband into her heart, before her firſt was buried. I ſhould have told you, that your right widow eats and drinks more the firſt day of her widowhood, than in any other of her whole life; for there appears not a viſitant, but preſently out comes the groaning cake, cold baked meat, or ſome reſtorative morſel or other to comfort the affliction; and the cordial bottle muſt not be forgotten neither, for ſorrow is dry. So to it they fall, and at every bit the new widow fetches up a heavy ſigh, pretends to chew falſe, and make proteſtation, that for her part ſhe can taſte nothing; ſhe has quite loſt her digeſtion, and has ſuch an oppreſſion at her ſtomach, that ſhe dares not eat any more, for fear of overcharging nature. And in truth, ſays ſhe, how can it be otherwiſe, ſince, unhappy creature that I am! he is gone that gave the reliſh to all my enjoyments! but there is no recalling him from the grave, and ſo no remedy but patience. By this time you ſee, cried the old

man, whether your exclamations were reaſonable or not.

She had hardly done ſpeaking, when, hearing an uproar in the crowd, we looked out to ſee what was the matter; and there we ſaw a catchpole, without either hat or cravat, out of breath, and his face all bloody, crying out, Help, help, in the king's name; ſtop thief, ſtop thief; and all the while running as hard as he could drive after a thief that made away from him, as if the devil had been at his heels. After him came an attorney, all dirty, a vaſt quantity of papers in his hand, an inkhorn at his girdle, and ſeveral naſty people about him; and down he ſat himſelf juſt before us, to write ſomewhat upon his knee. Bleſs me, thought I, how a cauſe proſpers in the hand of one of thoſe fellows; for he had filled his paper in a trice. Theſe catchpoles, ſaid I, had need to be well paid for the hazards they run to ſecure us in our lives and fortunes; and indeed they deſerve it. Look how the poor unfortunate wretch is torn, bruiſed, and battered, and all this for the good and benefit of the public. Not ſo faſt, cried the old man; I think thou wouldſt never leave talking, if I did not ſtop thy mouth ſometimes. You muſt know that he that made the eſcape, and the catchpole, are a couple of

ancient friends and pot-companions. Now the catchpole with the thief, for not giving him a ſhare in the laſt booty, and the thief, after a great ſtruggle, and a good many blows, has made a ſhift to ſave himſelf. You will ſay the rogue had need of good heels to outrun this gallows beagle; for there is hardly any beaſt can outſtrip a bailiff in purſuit. So there is not the leaſt thought of public good in the catchpole's action, but merely a proſecution of his own profit, and a ſpite to ſee himſelf chouſed. Now if the catchpole, I confeſs, without any private intereſt, had made this attempt upon the thief, being his friend, to bring him to juſtice, it had been well; yet ſtill conſider, that it is as natural to let ſlip a ſerjeant at a pick-pocket, as a greyhound at a hare. The whip, the pillory, the axe, and the halter, make up the beſt part of the catchpole's revenue. Theſe people are of all ſorts the moſt odious to the world; and if men in revenge would reſolve to be virtuous, though but for a year or two, they might ſtarve them all. It is, in fine, an unlucky employment; and catchpoles, like devils, have the wages of tormentors.

I hope, ſaid I to my guide, that the attorneys ſhall have your good word too. Yes, yes, you need not doubt of it, ſaid the old man, for

your attorneys and your catchpoles always act in concert. The attorney draws the information, and has all his forms ready, ſo that it is no more but to fill up the blanks, and away to the gaol with the delinquent: if there be any thing to be gotten, it is not a halfpenny matter whether the party be guilty or innocent: give but an attorney pen, ink, and paper, and let him alone for witneſſes. In caſe of an examination, he has the grace not to inſiſt too much upon plain and naked truth, but to ſet down only what makes for his purpoſe; and then, when they come to ſigning, to read over in the deponent's ſenſe, for his memory is good, what he has written in his own: and by this means, the cauſe goes on as he pleaſes. To prevent this villany, it were well if the examiners were as well ſworn to write the truth, as the witneſſes are to ſpeak it; and yet there are ſome honeſt men of all ſorts but among the attorneys: the very calling does by the honeſt attorneys as the ſea does by the dead; it may entertain them for a while, but it preſently caſts them up again.

My good old friend would have proceeded, if he had not been taken off by the rattling of a gilt coach, and a courtier in it, that was blown up as big as pride and vanity could

make him. He ſat ſtiff and upright, as if he had ſwallowed a ſtake, and made it his glory to ſhow himſelf in that poſture: it would have hurt his eyes to have exchanged a glance with any thing that was vulgar, and therefore he was not too profuſe of his looks. He had a deep laced ruff on, that was right Spaniſh, which he wore erect, and ſo ſtiff ſtarched, that a man would have thought he had carried his head in a paper lanthorn. He was a great ſtudier of ſet faces, and much affected with looking politic and big; but for his arms and body he had entirely loſt or forgotten the uſe of them: he could neither bow nor move his hat to any man that ſaluted him; nor ſo much as turn from one ſide to the other, but ſat as if he had been boxed up like a Bartholomew baby. After this magnificent ſtatue followed a ſwarm of gaudy footmen, while his lordſhip's company in the coach were a buffoon and a paraſite. O bleſſed prince! ſaid I, to live at this rate in eaſe and ſplendour, and to have the world at will? What a glorious train is this! Undoubtedly there never was a great fortune better beſtowed. With that the old man took me up, and told me, that the judgment I had made upon this occaſion was all dotage and miſtake, except only when I ſaid,

he had the world at will. In that, ſaid he, you have reaſon; for what is the world but labour, vanity, and folly; which is likewiſe the compoſition and entertainment of this gentleman?

As for his attendants, let them be examined, and my life for your's you ſhall find more creditors among them than ſervants: theſe are bankers, jewellers, ſcriveners, brokers, mercers, drapers, tailors, vintners; and are properly the ſtays, the ſupporters of this animated machine. His money, meat, drink, robes, liveries, wages, all come out of their pockets; they have his honour for their ſecurity, and muſt content themſelves with promiſes and fair words for full ſatisfaction, unleſs they chooſe a footman with a cudgel for their paymaſter. After all this, if this gallant were examined, or a man could enter into the ſecrets of his conſcience, I dare ſwear it would appear, that he that digs the mine for his bread, lives ten thouſand times more at eaſe than he; with beating of his brains night and day for new ſhifts, tricks, and projects, to ſupport his character.

Now, view his companions, his fool and his flatterer. They are too hard for him you ſee, and eat, drink, and make merry at his expence. What greater miſery or ſhame in the world,

than for a man to make a friendſhip with ſuch raſcals, and to ſpend his time and eſtate in ſo brutal and inſipid a ſociety! it coſts him more, beſides his credit, to maintain that couple of coxcombs, than would have brought him the converſation of a dozen grave and learned philoſophers. But will you now ſee the bottom of this ſcandalous and diſhonourable kindneſs: my lord, ſays the buffoon, you were moſt infallibly wrapt up in your mother's ſmock: for let me hanged if you have not ſet all the ladies about our court agog. The very truth is, cries the paraſite, all the reſt of the nobility look like corn-cutters to you; and indeed, wherever you come, you have ſtill the eyes of the whole company upon you. Go, go, gentlemen, ſays my lord, you muſt not flatter your friends. This is your kindneſs, not my deſert, and I have an obligation to you for your generoſity. After this manner, theſe aſſes ſcrub and curry one another, and play the fool by turns.

Juſt as the old man was ſpeaking, there paſſed by us a lady of pleaſure, of ſo excellent a ſhape and garb, that it was impoſſible to ſee her without a paſſion for her, and no leſs impoſſible to look upon any thing elſe as long as ſhe was in ſight: but they that had ſeen

her once, were to ſee her no more; for ſhe turned her face ſtill to new comers. Her motion was graceful and free; one while ſhe ſtared you full in the face, under pretence of opening her hood, to ſet it in better order: by and by ſhe ſtole a look at you with one eye, and a ſide-face from the corner of her vizor; like a witch afraid to be known when ſhe comes from a caterwaul; and then out came the delicate hand, and diſcovered the moſt delicious neck and breaſt. Her hair was more artificially diſpoſed into careleſs rings, and the beſt red and white in nature was in her cheeks, if that of her lips and teeth did not exceed it. In ſhort, all ſhe looked upon were her own; and this was the viſion that pleaſed me above all the reſt. As ſhe was marching off, I could not chooſe but take up a reſolution to follow her; but my old man laid a block in the way, and ſtopped me at the very ſtarting, which was an affront to a man that was both in love and in haſte, that might very well ſtir his reſentment. My officious friend,' ſaid I, he that does not love a woman ſucked a ſow; and, queſtionleſs, he muſt be either blind or barbarous, that is proof againſt the charms of ſo divine a beauty: nor would any but a ſot let ſlip the bleſſed opportunity of ſo fair an encounter.

A handſome woman! Why, what was ſhe made for, but to be loved? and he that has her, has all that is lovely or deſirable in nature. For my own part, I would renounce the world for ſuch an one as her, and never deſire any thing either beyond her or beſide her. What lightning does ſhe carry in her eyes! What charms and chains in her looks and motions, for the very ſouls of her beholders! Was ever any thing ſo clear as her forehead? or ſo black as her eye-brows? One would ſwear that her complexion had taken a tincture of vermilion and milk; and that nature had brought her into the world with pearls and rubies in her mouth. In a word, ſhe is the maſterpiece of the creation, worthy of infinite praiſe, and equal to our largeſt deſires and imaginations.

Here the old man interrupted me, and bade me make an end of my diſcourſe; for thou art, ſaid he, a man of much wonder, ſmall experience, and delivered over to the ſpirit of folly and blindneſs: thou haſt eyes in thy head, and yet not brains enough to know either why they were given thee, or how to uſe them. Underſtand then that the office of the eye is to ſee, but it is the privilege of the ſoul to diſtinguiſh and chooſe; whereas you either do the contrary, or elſe nothing, which

is worſe. He that truſts his eyes, expoſes his mind to numberleſs torments and confuſions: he ſhall take clouds for mountains, ſtraight for crooked, one colour for another, or an indiſpoſed medium for a reality. We are not able ſometimes to ſay which way a river runs, till we throw in a twig or ſtraw to diſcover the current. And what will you ſay now if this beautiful lady, your new miſtreſs, prove as groſs a cheat and impoſtor as any of the reſt? She went to bed laſt night as ugly as a witch, and yet this morning ſhe comes forth in your opinion a perfect angel. The truth is, ſhe hires all her beauty by the day; and if you did but ſee this puppet taken to pieces, you would find her little elſe but paint and plaſter. To begin her anatomy at the head: you muſt know that the hair ſhe wears is borrowed of a tire-woman, for her own was blown off by an unlucky wind from the coaſt of Naples: or, if ſhe has any left, ſhe keeps it private, as a memorial of her antiquity. She is beholden to the pencil for her eye-brows and complexion; and, upon the whole is but an old picture refreſhed. But the wonder is, to ſee a picture with life and motion; unleſs, perhaps, ſhe has got the necromaner's receipt, that made himſelf young again in his glaſs bottle: for all

that you ſee of her that is good, comes from diſtilled waters, eſſences, powders, and the like; and to ſee the waſhing of her face would fright the very devil. She abounds in pomatums, ſweet-waters, Spaniſh pockets, perfumed drawers; and all little enough to qualify the poiſonous whiffs ſhe ſends from her toes and arm-pits, which would otherwiſe out-ſtink ten thouſand pole-cats. She cannot chooſe but kiſs well, for her lips are always bathed in oil and greaſe; and he that embraces her, ſhall find the better half of her the tailor's, and only a ſtuffing of cotton and canvaſs to ſupply the defects of her body. When ſhe goes to bed, ſhe puts off one half of her perſon with her ſhoes. What do you think of your adored beauty now? or have your eyes deceived you? Well, well, confeſs your error and mend it: and know, that, without more deſcant upon this woman, it is the deſign and glory of moſt of the ſex to lead ſilly men captive: nay, take the beſt of them, and what with the trouble of getting them, and the difficulty of pleaſing them, he that comes off beſt, will find himſelf no great gainer at the bottom of the account. I could recommend you here to other remedies of love, inſeparable from the very ſex, but I hope I need tell you no more, as you have heard enough already.

VISION VI.

OF HELL.

ONE pleaſant night in autumn, when the moon ſhone very bright, being at a friend's houſe in the country, which was moſt delightfully ſituated, I took a walk into the park, where all my paſt viſions came freſh into my head again, and I was well enough pleaſed with the meditation. At length the humour took me to leave the path, and go farther into the wood. What impulſe carried me to this I cannot tell; whether I was moved by my good angel, or ſome higher power; but ſo it was, that in a few minutes I found myſelf a great diſtance from home, and in a place where it was no longer night, with the pleaſanteſt proſpect round about me that I ever beheld. The air was mild and temperate; and it was no ſmall advantage to the beauty of the place, that it was both ſerene and ſilent.

On the one hand, I was entertained with the murmurs of cryſtal ſtreams; on the other, with the whiſpering of the trees: the birds ſinging

all the while, either in emulation or requital of the other harmonies. And now, to ſhow the inſtability of our affections and deſires, I was grown weary even of tranquillity itſelf, and in this moſt agreeable ſolitude began to wiſh for company.

Methought, at that very inſtant, I perceived two paths iſſuing from one and the ſame beginning, but dividing themſelves forwards, more and more, by degrees, as if they liked not one another's company. That on the right hand was narrow almoſt beyond imagination; and, being very little frequented, was ſo overgrown with thorns and brambles, and ſo ſtony, that it was almoſt impoſſible to get into it. One might ſee, however, the prints and marks of ſeveral paſſengers that had rubbed through, though with exceeding difficulty; for they had left pieces of heads, arms, legs, feet, and many of them their whole ſkins behind them. Some were yet upon the way, preſſing forward, without ever ſo much as looking back; and theſe were all of them pale-faced, lean, thin, and miſerably mortified. There was no paſſage that way for horſemen; and I was told that St. Paul himſelf left his horſe when he went into it: and indeed there was not the footing of any beaſt to be ſeen, neither horſe.

nor mule, nor the track of any coach or chariot; nor could I learn that any had ever paſſed that way. While I was thinking of what I had ſeen, I ſpied at length a beggar that was reſting him a little to take breath; and I aſked him what inns or lodgings they had upon that road? His anſwer was, that there was no ſtopping there, till they came to their journey's end: for this, ſaid he, is the way to Paradiſe; and what ſhould they do with inns or taverns where there are ſo few paſſengers? Do not you know that, in the courſe of nature, to die is to be born; to live is to travel; and the world is but a great inn, after which it is but one ſtage either to pain or glory? Thus ſaying, he marched forward, and bade me adieu; telling me withal, that it was time loſt to linger in the way of virtue, and not ſafe to entertain ſuch dialogues as tend rather to curioſity than inſtruction. He purſued his journey, ſtumbling, tearing his fleſh, ſighing, and groaning at every ſtep, and weeping, as if he thought to ſoften the ſtones with his tears. This is no way for me, thought I to myſelf, and no company neither; for they are a ſort of beggarly moroſe people, and will never agree with my humour; ſo I drew back, and ſtruck off into the left-hand road.

I found abundance of company in this way, and room for more. What a world of brave cavaliers! gilt coaches, rich liveries, and handſome lively laſſes, as glorious as the ſun! Some were ſinging and laughing, others tickling one another and toying; ſome again at their ſweatmeats and deſerts, or appointing a ſet at cards: ſo that taking all together, I durſt have ſworn I had been at the Park. This minded me of an old ſaying, Tell me thy company and I will tell thee thy manners? and to ſave the credit of my education, I put myſelf into the faſhion, and jogged on. There in an inſtant I found myſelf up to the ears in balls, plays, maſquerades, collations, dalliances, amours, and as full of joy as my heart could contain.

It was not here, as upon the other road, where folks were barefoot and naked, for want of ſhoemakers and tailors; for here were enough, and to ſpare; beſides mercers, drapers, jewellers, bodice-makers, peruke-makers, milliners, and a French ordinary at every other door. You cannot imagine the pleaſure I took in my new acquaintance; and yet there was now and then ſome juſtling and diſorder upon the way; chiefly between the phyſicians upon their mules, and the infantry of the lawyers, that marched in great bodies before the judges, and conteſt-

ed for place. But the phyſicians carried it in favour of their charter, which gives them privilege to ſtudy, practiſe, and teach the art of poiſoning, and to read lectures upon it in the univerſities. While this point of honour was in diſpute, I perceived ſeveral croſſing from one way to the other, and changing parties; ſome of them ſtumbled and recovered; others fell downright: but the drolleſt gambol of all was that of the vintners; a whole litter of them tumbled into a pit together one over another; but finding they were out of their element, they got up again as faſt as they could. Thoſe that were in the right-hand way, which was the way to Paradiſe or Virtue, advanced very heavily, and made us excellent ſport. Pr'ythee look what a Friday-face that fellow makes, cries one; hang him, prick-eared cur, ſays another; dam'me, cries a third, if the rogue be not drunk with holy water; if the devil had raked hell, he could not have found ſuch a pack of ill-looked raſcals, ſays another. Some of them ſtopped their ears, and went on without minding us; others we put out of countenance, and they came over to us; and a third ſort came out of pure love to our company.

After this, I ſaw a great many people afar

off in a bye path, with as much contrition and devotion in their looks and geſtures as ever I had ſeen in men: they walked ſhaking their heads, and lifting up their hands to heaven, and they had moſt of them large ears, and to my thinking Geneva Bibles. Theſe, thought I, are a people of ſingular integrity and ſtrictneſs of life above their fellows; but coming nearer, we found them to be hypocrites; and though they had none of our company upon the road, they would not fail to meet us at our journey's end. Faſting, repentance, prayer, mortification, and other holy duties, which are the exerciſe of good Chriſtians, in order to their ſalvation, were but a kind of probation to theſe men, to fit them for the devil. They were followed by ſeveral devotees, and holy ſiſters, that kiſſed the ſkirts of their garments all the way they went; but whether out of zeal ſpiritual or natural, is hard to ſay; and undoubtedly ſome women's kiſſes are worſe than that of Judas; for though his kiſs was treacherous in the intention, it was yet right in the application: but this was one Judas kiſſing another; which makes me think there was more of the fleſh than of the ſpirit in the caſe. Some were drawing a thread now and then out of the holy man's garment, to make

a relic of; others would cut out large ſnips, as if they had a mind to ſee them naked. Some again deſired they would remember them in their prayers; which was juſt as much as if they had commended themſelves to the devil by proxy. Some prayed for good matches for their daughters; others begged children for themſelves: and ſure the huſband that allows his wife to aſk children abroad, will be ſo civil as to take them home when they are given him. In ſhort, theſe hypocrites may for a while perhaps, impoſe upon all the world, and delude the multitude; but no maſk or diſguiſe is proof againſt the all-piercing eye of the Almighty. There are, I muſt own, many religious and godly men, for whoſe perſons and prayers I have a great eſteem: but theſe are not of the hypocrite's humour, to build their hopes and ambition upon popular applauſe; and, with a counterfeit humility, to proclaim their weakneſs and unworthineſs, their failings, yea, and their tranſgreſſions, in the market-place; all which, indeed, is but a truth, as they are really what they ſay, though they would not be thought ſo.

Theſe went apart, and were looked upon to be neither fiſh nor fleſh, nor good red-herring. They wore the name of Chriſtians; but

had neither the wit nor the honeſty of Pagans; for they contented themſelves with the pleaſures of this life, becauſe they knew no better; but the hypocrite that is inſtructed both in life temporal and eternal, lives without any comfort in the one, or hope in the other, and takes more pains to be damned, than a good Chriſtian does to compaſs his ſalvation. In ſhort, we went on our way in diſcourſe. The rich followed their wealth, and the poor the rich, begging what Providence had denied them. The ſtubborn and obſtinate went away by themſelves; for they would hear no body that was wiſer than themſelves, but ruſsled on, and preſſed ſtill to be foremoſt. The magiſtrates drew after them all the ſolicitors and attorneys. Corrupt judges were carried away by paſſion and avarice; and vain and ambitious princes trailed along by principalities and commonwealths. There was a vaſt multitude of prieſts upon this road too; and I ſaw one full regiment of ſoldiers there, which would have been brave fellows indeed, if they had been but half ſo good at praying and fighting as they were at ſwearing. Their whole diſcourſe was of their adventures; how narrowly they came off at ſuch an aſſault; what wounds they received upon another breach;

and then what deſtruction they made at ſuch a time of ſheep and poultry. But all they ſaid, came in at one ear, and went out at the other. Do not you remember, ſirrah, ſays one, how we clawed it away at ſuch a place? Yes, you rogue you, cries the other, when you were ſo drunk you took your aunt for the bawd. Theſe, and ſuch as theſe, were the only exploits they could truly boaſt of.

While they were upon theſe glorious rhodomontades, certain generous ſpirits from the right-hand way, that knew what they were, by the boxes of paſſports, teſtimonials, and recommendations they wore at their girdles, cried out to them as if it had been to an attack, Fall on, fall on, my lads, and follow me; this, this is the path of honour; and, if you were not cowards, you would not quit it for fear of a fatiguing march, or an ill lodging. Courage, comrades, and be aſſured, that this combat, well fought, makes all your fortunes, and crowns you for ever. Here you ſhall be ſure both of pay and reward, without caſting the iſſue of all your hazards and hopes upon the empty promiſes of princes. How long will you purſue this trade of blood and rapine, and accuſtom your ears and tongues to the tragical exclamations of burn, no quarter, kill or die?

It is not pay, or pillage, but Virtue, that is a brave man's recompenſe: truſt to her, and ſhe will not deceive you. If it be war you love, come to us; bear arms on the right ſide, and we will find you work. Do not you know that man's life is a warfare? that the world, the fleſh, and the devil, are three vigilant enemies? and that it is as much as his ſoul is worth to put himſelf, but for one minute, out of his guard? Princes tell you that your blood and your lives are theirs; and that to ſhed the one and loſe the other, in their ſervice, is no obligation, but a duty: you are ſtill, however, to look to the cauſe; wherefore turn head, and come along with us, and be happy. The ſoldiers heard all this with exceeding patience and attention; but the brand of cowardice had ſuch an effect upon them, that without any more ado, like men of honour, they preſently wheeled about, drew, and, as bold as lions, charged headlong into a tavern.

After this we ſaw a troop of women upon the high way to hell, with their bags, and their fellows at their heels, ever and anon joſtling one another. On the other ſide, a number of good people, that were almoſt at the end of their journey, came over into the wrong road; for the right-hand way growing eaſier and

wider towards the end, and that on the left-hand, on the contrary, narrower, they thought they had been out of the way, and ſo came into us: but as many of ours went over to them upon the ſame miſtake. Among the reſt, I ſaw a great lady, without either coach, ſedan, or any living creature with her, foot it all the way to hell, which was to me ſo great a wonder, conſidering how ſhe had lived in the world, that I preſently looked for a public notary to make an entry of it. The woman was in a moſt miſerable pickle; and I did not know what deſign ſhe might drive on under that diſguiſe; but finding never a notary or regiſter at hand, though I miſſed my particular aim, yet I was well enough pleaſed, as I took it for granted that I was in my ready way to heaven: but when I came afterward to reflect upon the croſſes, afflictions, and mortifications, that lie in the way to Paradiſe; and to conſider, that there was nothing of that upon this road; but on the contrary, laughing, ſinging, frolicking, and all manner of jollity; this, I muſt own, gave me a qualm, and made me a little doubtful whither I was going.

I was quickly, however, delivered of that doubt, by a gang of married men that we overtook, with their wives in their hands in

evidence of their mortifications. My wife is my witneſs, cries one, that every day ſince I married her has been a faſting-day to me, to pamper her with broths and jellies; and my wife knows how I have humbled my body by nakedneſs; for I have hardly allowed myſelf a rag to my back, or a ſhoe to my foot, to maintain her in her coach, pages, gowns, petticoats, and jewels: ſo that, upon the whole, I perceive an unlucky hit with a wife gives a man as much right to the catalogue of martyrs, as if he had ended his days at the ſtake.

The miſery theſe poor wretches endured, made me think myſelf in the right again, until I heard a cry behind me, Make way there, make way for the apothecaries. Bleſs me, thought I, if they be here, we are certainly going to the devil: and ſo it proved; for we were juſt then come to a little door, that was made like a mouſe-trap, where it was eaſy to get in, but there was no getting out again.

It was very odd, that ſcarce any body ſo much as dreamed of hell all the way we went; and yet every body knew where they were as ſoon as they came there, and cried out with one voice, Miſerable creatures! we are all damned, we are all damned. That word made my heart ache: And is it come to that, ſaid I!

Then did I begin, with tears in my eyes, to reflect upon what I had left in the world, as my relations, friends, ladies, miſtreſſes, and, in a word, all my old acquaintance; when, with a heavy ſigh, looking behind me, I ſaw a great part of them poſting after me. It gave me, methought, ſome comfort, that I ſhould have ſo good company, vainly imagining that even hell itſelf might be capable of ſome relief.

Proceeding farther on, I was gotten into a crowd of tailors, that ſtood up ſneaking in a corner for fear of the Devil. At the firſt door, there were ſeven devils taking the names of thoſe that entered; and aſking mine and my quality, they let me paſs. But examining the tailors, Theſe fellows, cried one of the devils, come in ſuch crowds, as if hell was only made for tailors. How many are they? ſaid another: anſwer was made, About a hundred. There muſt me more than a hundred, ſays the other, if they be tailors; for they never come under a thouſand or twelve hundred ſtrong; and we have ſo many of them here already, I know not where we ſhall ſtow them. Say the word, my maſters, ſhall we let them in or no? The poor tailors were all trembling at that, for fear they ſhould not get in; but in the end, they had the favour to be admitted. Certain-

ly, ſaid I, theſe folks are but in an ill condition, when it is a menace for the devils themſelves to refuſe to receive them. Thereupon a huge, overgrown, club-footed, crump-ſhouldered devil, threw them into a deep hole. Seeing ſuch a monſter of a devil, I aſked him how he came to be ſo deformed; he told me he had ſpoiled his back with carrying tailors: for, ſaid he, I have been made uſe of as a ſumpter to fetch them; but now of late they ſave me that labour, and come ſo faſt of themſelves, that it is one devil's work to diſpoſe of them. While he was yet ſpeaking, there came another glut of them; and I was obliged to make way, that the devil might have room to get in, who piled them up, and told me, they made the beſt fuel in hell.

I paſſed forward then into a little dark alley, where it made me ſtart to hear one call me by my name, and, with much ado, I perceived a fellow there all wrapt up in ſmoke and flame.

Alas! Sir, ſays he, have you forgot your old bookſeller in the Strand? I cry thee mercy, good Livewell, ſaid I: what! art thou here? Yes, yes, Sir, ſays he, it is even too true; I never dreamt it would have come to this. He thought I muſt needs pity him, when I knew him; but truly I reflected rather upon the

juſtice of his puniſhment; for, in a word, his ſhop was the very mint of hereſy, ſchiſm, and ſedition. I put on a face of compaſſion, however, to give him a little eaſe, which he took hold of, and thus vented his complaint: Well, Sir, ſays he, I would rather my father had made me a hangman when he made me a bookſeller; for we are called to account for other mens works as well as for our own; and one thing caſt in our diſh is, the ſelling of tranſlations ſo dog cheap, that every ſot knows now as much as would formerly have made a paſſable doctor; nay, every groom and valet is grown as familiar with Homer, Virgil, and Ovid, as with the ſeven Champions, or Robinſon Cruſoe. He would have talked on, if a devil had not ſtopped his mouth with a whiff from a roll of his own papers, and choked him with the ſmoke of it. The peſtilent fume would have diſpatched me too, if I had not got preſently out of reach. But I went my way, ſaying this to myſelf: If the bookſeller be thus criminal, how guilty muſt the author be.

I was delivered from this meditation by the rueful groans of ſeveral ſouls that were under the laſh, and the devils tyrannizing over them with whips and ſcourges. I inquired what they

were? And it was told me, that there was a plot among the hackney-coachmen to exhibit an information againſt the devils, for taking the whip out of their hands, and ſetting up a trade they had never ſerved their time to, which is directly contrary to the ſtatute. Well, ſaid I, but what are theſe tormented here? With that an old ſour-looking coachman took the anſwer out of the devil's mouth, and told me, That it was becauſe they came to hell on horſeback, which they pretended was a privilege that did not belong to rogues of their quality. Speak truth, and be hanged, cried the devil, and make an honeſt confeſſion here. Say, ſirrah, how many bawdy journeys have you made to Hackney? How many nights have you ſtood pimping at Vauxhall? How many whores and knaves have you brought together? And how many lies have you told to keep all private, ſince you firſt ſet up this ſcandalous trade? There was a coachman near who had ſerved a judge, and thought it was no more for his old maſter to fetch a raſcal out of hell than out of Newgate; which made this fellow ſtand upon his points, and aſk the devil how he durſt give that language to ſo honourable a profeſſion; for, ſays he, who is better dreſſed than your coachmen? Are we

not in our velvets, embroideries, and laces? and as glorious as ſo many Phætons? Have not our maſters reaſon to be good to us, when their necks are at ſtake, and their lives at our mercy? Nay, we govern thoſe many times that govern kingdoms: a prince is in almoſt as much danger of his coachman as of his phyſician; and there are thoſe who underſtand it too, and themſelves, and us; and who will not ſtick to truſt their coachmen as far as they would do their confeſſors. There is no abſurdity in the compariſon; for if they know ſome of their privacies, we know more: yes, and perhaps more than we will ſpeak of. What have we here to do? cried a devil that was ready to ſplit his ſides with laughing; A coachman in his tropes and figures; an orator inſtead of a waggoner? The ſlave has broke his bridle, and got his head at liberty, and now he will never have done. No, why ſhould he? ſays another that had ſerved a lady more ways than one, is this the beſt entertainment you can afford your ſervants, your daily drudges? I am ſure we bring you a good commodity, well packed, well conditioned, well perfumed, right, neat, and clean; not like your city-ware, that comes dirty to you, up to the knees; and yet every draggle-tailed wench

and ſkip-kennel ſhall be better uſed than we. Ah! the ingratitude of this place! If we had done as much for ſomebody elſe as we have done for you, we ſhould not have been now to ſeek for our wages. When you have nothing elſe to ſay, you tell me that I am puniſhed for carrying the ſick, the gouty, the lame, to church, to maſs; or ſome ſtraggling virgins back again to their cloiſter; which is a great falſehood; for I am able to prove, that all my trading lies at the play-houſes, bawdy-houſes, taverns, balls, collations; or elſe at the tour a-la-mode, where there was ſtill appointed ſome after-meeting, to treat of certain affairs, that highly import the intereſt and welfare of your dominions. I have indeed carried my miſtreſs ſometimes to the church door, but it ſignified no more than if I had carried her to a conventicle; for all her buſineſs there was to meet her gallant, and to agree when they ſhould meet next, according to the way of devotion now in faſhion. In a word, it is moſt certain, that I never took any creature, knowingly, into my coach, that had ſo much as a good thought; and this was ſo well known, that it was all one to aſk if a lady were a maid, or if ſhe had ever been in my coach. If it appeared ſhe had, he that married her

knew before-hand what he had to truſt to. And, after all this, how excellently have you rewarded us! With that the devil fell a-laughing; and, with five or ſix twinging jerks, half-flayed the poor coachman; ſo that I was very glad to retire; in pity partly to the coachman, and partly to myſelf; for the currying of a coachman is little better than the turning up of a dunghill.

I next went into a deep vault, where I began immediately to ſhudder, and my teeth chattered in my head. I aſked the meaning of it; and there came up to me a devil, with kibed heels, and his toes all mortified, who told me that that quarter was allotted to buffoons and drolls, which are a people, ſays he, of ſo ſtarved a conceit, and ſo cold a diſcourſe, that we are obliged to chain, and lock them up, for fear they ſhould ſpoil the temper of our fire. I aſked if a man might ſee them. The devil told me, yes; and ſhowed me one of the lewdeſt kennels in hell. There were they at it, pecking at one another, and playing the ſame fooleries over and over again that they had practiſed upon earth. Among the buffoons, I ſaw ſeveral that paſſed here in the world for men of honeſty and honour; which were in, as the devil told me, for flattery; and

were a ſpecies of buffoons that goes betwixt the bark and the tree. But why are they condemned? ſaid I. The other buffoons are condemned, replied the devil, for want of favour, and theſe for having too much, and abuſing it. You muſt know, they come upon us ſtill at unawares; and yet they find all things in readineſs; the cloth laid, and the bed made, as if they were at home. To ſay the truth, we have ſome art of kindneſs for them; for they ſave us a great deal of trouble in tormenting one another.

Do you ſee him there? That was a wicked and a partial judge; and all he has to ſay for himſelf, is, That he remembers the time when he could have broke the neck of two honeſt cauſes, though he put them only out of joint. That good fellow there was a careleſs huſband, and him we lodge too with the buffoons. He ſold his wife's portion, wife and all, to pleaſe his companions, and turned both into an annuity. That lady there, though a great one, is obliged to take up with the buffoons, for they are both of a humour: what they do with their talk, ſhe does with her body, and ſeaſons it to all appetites. In ſhort, you ſhall find buffoons in all conditions; and, in effect, there are nigh as many as there are men and

women; for the whole world is given to jeering, ſlandering, backbiting; and there are more natural buffoons than artificial.

At my leaving the vault, I ſaw near a thouſand devils following a drove of paſtry cooks, and breaking their heads as they paſſed along with iron peels. Alas! cried one of them, that was yet in whole ſkin, it is hard the ſin of the fleſh ſhould be laid to our charge, that never had to do with women. Impudent raſcals, cried the devil, who has deſerved hell, if you have not? how many thouſand men have ſuch ſlovens poiſoned with the greaſe of their heads, and tallow, inſtead of mutton ſewet? With kitchen-ſtuff pies for marrow? and flies for currants? How many ſtomachs have they turned into layſtals with dogs-fleſh, horſe-fleſh, and other carrion, that they have put into them? and yet do theſe rogues complain, in the devil's name, of their ſufferings! Leave your bawling, ye raganuffins, continues he, and know, that the pain you endure is nothing to that of your tormentors. And for your part, ſays he to me, with a ſour look, becauſe you are a ſtranger, you may go about your buſineſs; but we have a crow to pluck with theſe fellows before we have done.

I deſcended next a pair of ſtairs which lead

to a huge cellar, where I ſaw men burning in unquenchable fire; and one of them roaring, cried out, I never over-ſold, I never ſold but at conſcionable rates; why am I puniſhed thus? I durſt have ſworn it had been Judas; but going nearer to him, to ſee if he had a red head, I found him to be a merchant of my acquaintance, that died not long ſince. How now, old Martin, ſaid I, art thou here? He was dogged, becauſe I did not call him Sir, and made no anſwer. I ſaw his grief, and told him how much he was to blame to cheriſh that vanity, even in hell, which had brought him thither. And what do you think of it now? ſaid I; had not you better have traded in blacks than Chriſtians? Had not you better have contented yourſelf with a little honeſtly got, than run the hazard of your ſoul for an eſtate; and have gone to heaven on foot, rather than to the devil on horſeback? My friend was as mute as a fiſh; whether out of anger, ſhame, or grief, I know not. And then a devil in office took up the diſcourſe: Theſe cheating raſcals, ſays he, did they think to govern the world with their own weights and meaſures, in *ſecula ſeculorum?* Methinks the blinking and falſe lights of their ſhops ſhould have minded them of their quarter in this

world beforehand; and it is all a caſe with jewellers, goldſmiths, and other trades, that ſerve only to flatter and bolſter up the world in luxury and folly. But if people would be wiſe, theſe youths ſhould have little enough to do. For what is their cloth of gold and ſilver, their ſilks, their diamonds, and pearls, which they ſell at their own price, but mere wantonneſs and ſuperfluity? Theſe are they that inveigle men into all manner of extravagant expences, and ſo ruin them inſenſibly, under pretence of kindneſs and credit, for they ſet every thing at double the rate; and if their creditors keep not touch at a day, their perſons are impriſoned, their goods ſeized, and their eſtates extended; and they that helped to make a prince before, are now the forwardeſt to put the wretch into the condition of a beggar.

The Devil would have talked on if I had given him the hearing; but there was ſuch a laugh ſet up on one ſide of me as if they would all have ſplit, and I went to ſee what the matter was; for it was a ſtrange thing, methought, to hear them ſo merry in hell. The buſineſs was, there were two men upon a ſcaffold, in genteel habits, hallooing with all their might. One of them had a great parchment in his

hand diſplayed, with divers labels hanging at it, and ſeveral ſeals. I thought at firſt it might have been execution-day, and took the writing for a pardon or reprieve. At every word they ſpoke, a matter of ſeven or eight thouſand devils burſt out a-laughing, as if they would have cracked their ſides; and this again made me think it might be ſome Merry Andrew, or mountebank, ſhowing his tricks or his atteſtations, with his congregation of fools about him; but nearer I found my miſtake, and that the devils mirth made the gentlemen angry. At laſt I perceived that this great earneſtneſs of theirs was only to make out their pedigree, and get themſelves to paſs for gentlemen; the parchment being a teſtimonial from the herald's office to that purpoſe. My father, ſays he, with the writing in his hand, bore arms for his majeſty on many honourable occaſions, in watching and warding; and has made many a tall fellow ſpeak to the conſtable at all hours of the night. My uncle was the firſt man that ever was of the order of St. James; and we have had five brave commanders of our family, by my father's ſide, that have ſerved the ſtate in the quality of marſhal's men and turnkeys, and given his majeſty a fair account of all the priſoners committed to their charge:

and by my mother's ſide, it cannot be denied but that I am honourably deſcended; for my grandmother was never without a dozen chambermaids and nurſes in the family. Perhaps it was her trade, cried the Devil, to procure ſervices and ſervants, and conſequently to deal in that commodity. Well, well, ſaid the cavalier, ſhe was what ſhe was; and I am ſure I tell you nothing but truth. Her huſband wore a ſword by his place, for he was a deputy-marſhal; and, to prove myſelf a man of honour, I have it here in black and white, under the ſeal of the office. Why muſt I then be quartered among a pack of raſcals? My gentleman, replied the Devil, your grandfather wore a ſword, as he was uſher to a fencing-ſchool; and we know very well what his ſon and grandchild can pretend to. But let that paſs; you have led a wicked and infamous life, and ſpent your time in whoring, drinking, and blaſpheming, and in lewd company; and do you tell us now of the privileges of your nobility; your teſtimonials, and the ſeal of the office, and all? there is no honour but virtue; and if your children, though they had a ſcoundrel to their father, ſhould come to do honourable and worthy things, we ſhould look upon them as perſons ſacred, and not dare to

meddle with them. But talking is to no purpoſe; you were always a couple of pitiful fellows, and your tails are ſcarce worth the ſcalding. Have at you then, ſays he; and at the word, with a huge iron bar, he gave them ſuch a ſalute over the buttocks, that they took two or three turns in the air, heels over head, and dropped at laſt into the common ſewer, where never any man has yet found the bottom.

When his companions had ſeen him cut that caper, This uſage, ſays one of them, may be well enough for a parchment gentleman; but a cavalier of my extraction and profeſſion, I ſuppoſe you will treat ſomewhat more reſpectfully. Cavalier, cried the Devil, if you have brought no better plea along with you than the antiquity of your houſe, you may even follow your comrade, for aught I know; we find very few ancient families that had not ſome oppreſſor or uſurper for their founder; and they are commonly continued by the ſame means they were begun. How many are there of our titular nobility that write noble purely upon account of their violence and injuſtice? Their ſubjects and tenants, what with impoſitions, hard ſervices, and racked rents, are they not worſe than ſlaves? If they happen to have any thing extraordinary (as a pleaſant fruit, a

handſome colt, or a fat cow), and the landlord, or his ſweet lady, take a liking to it, they muſt either ſubmit or part with it gratis, or elſe take their pay in foul language, or even blows: and it is well if they eſcape ſo; for very often, when the ſign is in Gemini, their wives and daughters go to pot, without any regard of laws either ſacred or profane. What horrid blaſphemies do they make uſe of to get credit with a miſtreſs or a creditor upon a faithleſs promiſe! How intolerable is their pride and inſolence, even towards many conſiderable officers, both in church and ſtate! They behave themſelves as if all people below their quality and rank in the world were but as ſo many brutes, or worſe, as if human blood were not all of a colour; as if nature had not brought them into the world the common way, or moulded them of the ſame materials with the meaneſt wretches upon the earth. And then, for ſuch as have military charges and commands, how many great officers are there, that, without any conſideration of their own or their prince's honour, fall to ſpoil and pillage, defrauding the ſtate with falſe muſters, cheating the ſoldiers of their pay, and giving them, inſtead of their due from the prince, a liberty of taking what is not their due from

the people; forcing them to take the bread out of the poor labourers mouths, to fill their own bellies; and protecting them, when they have done, in the moſt execrable outrages imaginable: and, that the poor ſoldier comes at laſt to be diſmiſſed, or diſbanded, lame, ſick, beggarly, almoſt naked, and with nothing left him to truſt to, but the highway to keep him from ſtarving; what miſchief is there in the world that theſe men is not the cauſe of? How many good families are entirely ruined, and at this day in the hoſpital, for truſting to their oaths and promiſes, and becoming bound for them for vaſt ſums of money to maintain them in drink and whores, and in every ſpecies of luxury and riot? This rhetorical devil would have ſaid a thouſand times more, but that his companions called him off, and told him they had buſineſs elſewhere. The cavalier hearing that, My friend, ſaid he, your mortals are very good; but yet, with your favour, all men are not alike. There is never a barrel the better herring, ſaid the Devil, you are all of you tainted with original ſin, and if you had been any better than your fellows, you had never been ſent to this place. But if you are indeed ſo noble as you ſay, you are worth the burning, if it were but for your aſhes; and, that you

may have no cauſe of complaint, you ſhall ſee that we will treat you like a perſon of condition. At that inſtant two devils preſented themſelves, the one bridled and ſaddled, and the other doing the office of the ſquire, holding the ſtirrup with his left hand, and giving the gentleman a lift into the ſaddle with the other. This was no ſooner done, but away he went like an arrow out of a bow. I aſked the Devil then into what country he carried him: and he told me not far, for it was only matter of decorum, to ſend the nobility to hell on horſeback. Turn your eyes to that ſide now, ſays he. I did ſo, and there I ſaw the poor cavalier in a huge furnace, with the firſt inventors of nobility and arms; as Cain, Cham, Nimrod, Eſaú, Romulous, Tarquin, Nero, Caligula, Domitian, Heliogabalus, and ſeveral other brave fellows, that had made themſelves famous by uſurpation and blood. The place was a little too hot for me, therefore I retired, meditating on what I had heard, and not a little ſatisfied with the diſcourſe of ſo learned a devil. Till that time, I imagined the devil was a notorious liar, but I find now that he can ſpeak the truth when he thinks proper, and I would not for all I am worth but have heard him preach.

When I was thus far, my curioſity carried

me ſtill farther; and, within twenty yards, I came to a large muddy ſtinking lake, near twice as big as that of Geneva, and heard in it ſo ſtrange a noiſe, that I was almoſt out of my wits to know what it was. They told me that the lake was ſtored with duegnas, which are metamorphoſed into a kind of frogs in hell, and continually ſputtering and croaking. Methought the converſion was apt enough, for they are neither fiſh nor fleſh, no more than frogs, and only the lower parts of them are men's meat; but their heads are enough to turn a very good ſtomach; I could not but laugh to ſee how they gaped, and ſtretched out their legs as they ſwam; and ſtill, as we came nearer, they ſcudded away and dived to the bottom.

There was ſo poiſonous a vapour in this place, that I was obliged to leave it, and I ſtruck off to the left hand, where I ſaw ſeveral old men beating their breaſts, and tearing their faces, with bitter groans and lamentations. It made my heart ache to ſee them, and I aſked what they were? I was informed, that I was now in the quarter of the Fathers that damned themſelves to raiſe their poſterity, which are called by ſome, the Unadviſed. Wretch that I am! cried one; the greateſt penitent that ever lived, never ſuffered the mor-

tification I have endured; I have watched, I have faſted, I have ſcarce had any clothes on my back; my whole life has been a reſtleſs courſe of torment, both of body and mind, and all this to get money for my children, that I might ſee them well married, purchaſe them poſts at court, or procure them ſome other preferment in the world; ſtarving myſelf in the concluſion, rather than I would leſſen the proviſion I had made for my poſterity: and yet, notwithſtanding this my fatherly care, I was ſcarce ſooner dead than forgotten; and my next heir buried me without tears or mourning, and indeed without ſo much as paying my legacies, or praying for my ſoul, as if they had received certain intelligence of my damnation. To increaſe my miſery, the prodigals are now ſquandering and conſuming that eſtate in gaming, whoring and debauches, which I had gained by ſo much induſtry, vexation and oppreſſion, for which I ſuffer at this inſtant ſuch inſupportable torments. This ſhould have been thought on before, ſaid a devil; for ſure you have heard of the old ſaying, Happy the child whoſe father goes to the devil. At which word, the old miſer broke out into freſh lamentation, tearing his fleſh in ſo rueful a manner, that I could no longer bear the ſight.

A little farther, there was a diſmal gloomy

dungeon, where I heard the clattering of chains, the crackling of flames, the ſmacking of whips, and a confuſed outcry of complaints. I aſked what quarter this was; and they told me it was the quarter of the late repentants. What are thoſe? ſaid I. Anſwer was made, that they were a company of brutiſh ſots, ſo abſolutely delivered up to vice, that they were damned inſenſible, and in hell before they knew any thing of the matter. They are now reflecting upon their miſcarriages and omiſſions, and continually crying out, Oh that I had examined my conſcience! Oh that I had frequented the ſacraments! Oh that I had humbled myſelf with faſting and prayer! Oh that I had ſerved God as I ought! Oh that I had viſited the ſick, and been charitable to the poor! Oh that I had ſet a watch before the door of my lips!

I left theſe late repentants, as it appeared, in exchange for worſe, which were confined in a low court, and the naſtieſt that ever I ſaw. Theſe were ſuch as had continually in their mouth, God is merciful, and will pardon me. How can this be, ſaid I, that theſe people ſhould be damned, when condemnation is an act of juſtice, not of mercy? I perceive you are ſimple, cried the Devil; for half theſe you

ſee here, are condemned with the mercy of God in their mouths; and, to explain myſelf, conſider, I beſeech ye, how many ſinners are there that go on in their ways, in ſpite of reproof and good counſel; and ſtill this is their anſwer, God is merciful, and will not damn a ſoul for ſuch a trifle. But let them talk of mercy as they pleaſe, ſo long as they perſiſt in a wicked life, we are like to have their company at laſt. By your argument, ſaid I, there is no truſting to Divine Mercy. You miſtake me, cried the Devil; for every good thought and work flows from that mercy. But this I ſay, he that perſeveres in his wickedneſs, and makes uſe of the name of mercy, only to palliate his impieties, does but mock the Almighty, and has no title to that mercy. For it is in vain to expect mercy from above, without doing any thing in order to obtain it. It properly belongs to the righteous and the penitent; and they that have the moſt of it upon the tongue, have commonly the leaſt thought of it in their hearts: and it is a great aggravation of guilt, to ſin the more in confidence of an abounding mercy. I muſt own, that ſeveral are received to mercy who are utterly unworthy of it; which is no wonder; no man of himſelf can deſerve it: but men are ſo care-

leſs of ſeeking it by times, that they put that off to the laſt, which ſhould have been the firſt part of their buſineſs; and frequently their life is at an end before they begin their repentance. I was ſtruck to hear ſo damned a doctor make ſo good a ſermon; but there I left him.

I came next to a noiſome dark hole, where I beheld a company of dyers, all in dirt and ſmoke, intermixed with the devils, and ſo alike, that it would have puzzled the ſubtileſt inquiſitor in Spain to have diſtinguiſhed them.

I perceived, at my elbow, an odd kind of mongrel devil, begot betwixt a black and a white, with a head ſo beſtuck with little horns, that at a diſtance it had the appearance of a hedge-hog. I had the boldneſs to aſk him where they quartered the Sodomites, the old-women and the cuckolds? As for cuckolds, ſaid he, they are all over hell, without any certain quarter or ſtation: and in truth, it is no eaſy matter to know a cuckold from a devil; for like kind huſbands, they wear their wives' favours ſtill, and the very ſame head-pieces in hell, that they wore while upon earth. As to the Sodomites, we have no more to do with them than needs muſt; but upon all occaſions we either fly or face them: for, if ever we come to give them a broadſide, it is ten to

one but we get a hit between wind and water; and yet we fence with our tails as well as we can, and they get now and then a ſlap over the mouth into the bargain. And for the old women, we make them ſtand off; for we take as little pleaſure in them as you do: and yet the jades will be perſecuting us with their paſſions; and ye ſhall have a bawd of fifty-five do all the gambols of a girl of fifteen; yet, after all this, there is not an old woman in hell; for, let her be as old as you pleaſe, bald, blind, toothleſs, wrinkled, and decrepid; this is not her age, ſhe will tell you, but, by a terrible fit of ſickneſs laſt year, that fetched off her hair and brouggt her ſo low, that ſhe has not yet recovered her fleſh again. She loſt her eyes by a hot rheum; and utterly ſpoiled her teeth by cracking of peach-ſtones, and eating of ſweetmeats when ſhe was a maid; and, when the weight of her years has almoſt brought both ends together, it is nothing, ſhe will tell ye, but a crick ſhe has got in her back: and though ſhe might recover youth again by confeſſing her age, yet ſhe always denies it.

My attention next was taken up with a number of people making their moan, that they had been carried off by ſudden death,

That is an arrant lie, cried a devil, ſaving this gentleman's preſence, for no man dies ſuddenly; Death ſurpriſes no man, but gives all men ſufficient warning and notice. I was much taken with the devil's civility and diſcourſe, which he thus continued. Do you complain, ſays he, of ſudden death, that have carried death about you ever ſince you were born; that have been entertained with daily ſpectacles of carcaſſes and funerals; that have heard ſo many ſermons upon the ſubject, and read ſo many books upon the frailty of life, and the certainty of death? Are you not ſenſible, that every moment ye live brings ye nearer to your end? your clothes wear out, your woods and your houſes decay, and yet ye hope that your bodies ſhould be immortal. What are the common accidents and diſeaſes of life, but ſo many warnings to provide yourſelf for a remove? Ye have death at your table in your daily food and nouriſhment; for your life is maintained by the death of other creatures; and you have the lively picture of it every night for your bed-fellow. With what face, then, can you charge your misfortune upon ſudden death, who have ſpent your whole life both at bed and board, among ſo many remembrances of your mortality? No, no;

change your ſtyle, and hereafter confeſs yourſelves to have been careleſs and incredulous. Ye die, thinking you are not to die yet, and forgetting that death grows upon you, and goes along with ye, from one end of your life to the other, without diſtinguiſhing of perſons or ages, ſex or quality, and whether it finds you well or ill-doing; as the tree falls, ſo it lies.

Turning towards my left hand, I beheld ſeveral ſouls that were put up in gallipots, with aſſa-fœtida, galbanum, and a company of oils that ſerved them for ſyrup. What a confounded ſtink is here! cried I, ſtopping my noſe; we are now come undoubtedly to the devil's neceſſary-houſe. No, no, ſaid the tormentor, which was a kind of a yellowiſh complectioned devil, it is a confection of apothecaries: a ſort of people that are commonly damned for compounding the medicines by which their patients hope to be ſaved. To give them their due, theſe are your only true and chemical philoſophers, and worth a thouſand of Raymund Lullies, Hermes, Geber, Ruſpicella, Avicen, and their fellows. It is true; they have written excellent things of the tranſmutation of metals, but did they ever make gold? or, if they did, we have loſt the ſe-

cret. Whereas, your apothecaries, out of a little puddle-water, a bundle of rotten ſticks, a box of flies, nay, out of toads, vipers, and a ſir-reverence itſelf, ſhall fetch ye gold ready minted, and fit for the market; which is more than all your philoſophical projectors ever pretended to. There is no herb ſo poiſonous, nor any ſtone ſo dry, not even the pumice itſelf, but they will extract ſilver from it: and then, for words, it is impoſſible to make up any word out of the four-and-twenty letters, but they will ſhow you a drug or a plant of the name; and turn the alphabet into as good money as any in your pocket. Aſk them for an eye-tooth of a flying toad, they will tell ye, Yes, ye may have it in powder; or if you had rather have the infuſion of a tench of the mountains, in a little eel's milk, it is all one to them. If there be but any money ſtirring, you ſhall have what you will, though there be no ſuch thing in nature. So that it looks as if all the plants and ſtones in the creation had their ſeveral powers and virtues given them only for the apothecaries ſakes; and as if words themſelves had been only made for their advantage. Ye call them apothecaries, but, inſtead of that, I pry'thee, call them armourers, and their ſhops arſenals. Are not their medicines as certain

death as ſwords, daggers, or muſkets; while their patients are purged and blooded into the other world, without any regard either to diſtemper, meaſure, or ſeaſon?

If you will now behold the moſt diverting ſight you have ſeen yet, walk but up theſe two ſteps, and you ſhall ſee a jury, or conſpiracy, of barber-ſurgeons, fitting upon life and death. You muſt think that any amuſement there was welcome; ſo I went up, and found it, I muſt own, a very pleaſant ſpectacle. Theſe barbers were moſt of them chained by the middle, their hands at liberty, and every one of them had a cittern about his neck, and upon his knees a chefs-board; and ſtill as he reached to have a touch at the cittern, the inſtrument vaniſhed; as alſo did the chefs-board, when he thought to have a game at draughts. This was directly tantalizing the poor rogues; for a cittern is as natural to a barber as milk to a calf. Some of them were waſhing aſſes brains and putting them in again; and ſcouring negroes to make them white.

When I had laughed my fill at theſe fooleries, my next diſcovery was, of a vaſt multitude of people, grumbling and muttering that there was no body to look after them; no, not ſo much as to torment them; as if their tails

were not as well worth the toaſting as their neighbours. Anſwer was made, That, being a kind of devils themſelves, they might put in for ſome ſort of authority in the place, and execute the office of tormentors. This made me aſk what they were? and a devil very reſpectfully told me, that they were a company of ungracious, left-handed wretches, that could do nothing aright, and their grievance was, that they were quartered by themſelves: but not knowing whether they were men or no, or indeed what elſe to make of them, we did not know how to match them, or in what company to put them. In the world they are looked upon as ill omens; and let any man meet one of them upon a journey in a morning, faſting, it is the ſame thing as if a hare had croſſed his way; for he preſently turns his head in diſcontent, and goes to bed again. You know that Scævola, when he found his miſtake in killing another for Porſenna, the ſecretary for the prince, burnt his right hand in revenge for the miſcarriage. Now the ſeverity of the vengeance was not ſo much the maiming or the crippling of himſelf, as the condemning himſelf to be for ever left-handed. And ſo it is with a malefactor that ſuffers juſtice; the ſhame and puniſhment does not lie ſo much in

the loſs of his right-hand, as that the other is left. And it was the curſe of an old bawd, to a fellow who had provoked her, that he might go to the devil by the ſtroke of a left-handed man. If the poets ſpeak truth, as it were a wonder if they ſhould not, the left is the unlucky ſide, and there never came any good from it. And, for my laſt argument againſt theſe creatures, the goats and reprobates ſtand upon the left-hand; and left-handed men are, in ſhort, a ſort of creature that is made to do miſchief; nay, whether I ſhould call them men or no, I know not.

Hereupon a devil made a ſign to me to come ſoftly to him, which I did, without ſpeaking a word, or making the leaſt noiſe. Now, ſays he, if you will ſee the daily exerciſe of ill-favoured women, look through that lattice-window. There I ſaw ſuch a crowd of ugly creatures, as you would have bleſſed yourſelf to avoid them. Some with their faces ſo pounced and ſpeckled, as if they had been ſcarrified, and newly paſſed the cupping-glaſs, with a world of little plaſters, long, round, ſquare; and briefly cut out into ſuch a variety, that it would have perplexed a good mathematician to find out another figure; and you would have ſworn that they had been either at cats-play

or cuffs. Others were ſcraping their faces with pieces of glaſs, tearing up their eye-brows by the roots like mad; and ſome that had none to tear, were fetching out of their black boxes ſuch as they could get or make: others were powdering and curling the falſe locks, or faſtening their new ivory teeth in the place of their old ebony ones. Some were chewing lemon-peel, or cinnamon, to diſguiſe a foul breath, and raiſing themſelves upon their heels, that their view might be the fairer and their fall the deeper: others were quarrelling with their looking-glaſſes for ſhowing them ſuch ugly faces, and curſing the ſtate of Venice for entertaining no better workmen: ſome were ſtuffing out their bodies like pack-ſaddles, to conceal ſecret deformities: and ſome again had ſo many hoods over their faces to conceal their ruins, that I could hardly diſcern what they were; and theſe paſſed for penitents: others, with pots of pomatum, were ſleeking and poliſhing their faces; and indeed their foreheads were bright and ſhining, though there were neither ſuns nor ſtars in that firmament: ſome there were, in fine, that would have made a man ſick to ſee them at their coſmetic employments. Well, cried the Devil, you ſee now how far a woman's wit and invention will

carry her to her own deſtruction. I could not ſpeak one word for aſtoniſhment at ſo horrid a ſpectacle, till I had a little recollected myſelf: but then anſwered, If I may deal freely without offence, I dare defy all the devils in hell to ſurpaſs theſe women: let us be gone, for the ſight of them makes my very heart ache.

Turn about then, ſaid the Devil: I obeyed, and beheld a fellow ſitting in a chair, all alone, never a devil near him: no fire, no froſt, no heat or cold, or any thing elſe, that I could perceive, to torment him; and yet crying and roaring out the moſt hideouſly of any thing that I had yet heard in hell; tearing his fleſh, and beating his body, like a madman; and his heart all the while bleeding at his eyes. Good Lord, thought I, what is the matter with this wretch, that he yells out thus when nobody hurts him! Friend, ſaid I, what is the meaning of all this fury and tranſport? For, ſo far as I can ſee, there is nothing to trouble you. No, no, ſays he, with a horrid outcry, and all the extravagancies of a man in rage and deſpair, you do not ſee my tormentors; but the all-ſearching eye of the Almighty ſees my pains as well as my tranſgreſſions; and, with a ſevere and implacable juſtice, has condemned me to ſuffer puniſhments ſuitable to my crimes:

which words he uttered with redoubled clamours. My executioners are in my ſoul, and all the plagues of hell in my conſcience: my memory ſerves me inſtead of a cruel devil: the remembrance of the good I ſhould have done, and omitted, and of ill I ſhould not have done, and did: the remembrance of the ſalutary counſels I have rejected, and of the ill example I have given: and, for the aggravation of my miſery, where my memory leaves afflicting me, my underſtanding begins, ſhowing me the glories and happineſs I have loſt, which others enjoy, who have gained heaven with leſs anxiety and pain, than I have endured to compaſs my damnation. Now am I always meditating on the comforts, beauties, felicities, and raptures of Paradiſe, only to enflame and exaſperate my deſpair in hell; begging, to no purpoſe, but for one moment's interval of eaſe, without obtaining any; for my will is alſo as inexorable as either my memory or my underſtanding. And theſe, my friend, are the three faculties of my ſoul; which Divine Juſtice, for my ſins, has converted into three tormentors, that ſilently torture me; theſe the three flames that burn me without conſuming. And if I chance at any time to have the leaſt remiſſion or reſpite, the worm of my conſcience gnaws

my ſoul, and gives it an inſatiable hunger to an immortal aliment. At that word, turning towards me with a helliſh yell, Mortal, ſaid he, learn, and be aſſured from me, that all thoſe that either bury or miſemploy their talents, carry a hell within themſelves, and are damned even above ground. Upon this I left him, very penſive. Well, thought I, what a weight of ſin lies upon this creature's conſcience! Whereupon the devil obſerving me in a pauſe, told me in my ear, that this fellow had been an atheiſt, and believed neither God nor devil. Preſerve me then, ſaid I, from that unſanctified wiſdom, which ſerves us only for our farther condemnation.

I had hardly gone a ſtep or two aſide, when I ſaw a multitude of people running after burning chariots, with a great many ſouls in them, and the devils tearing them with pincers; and before them marched certain officers, making proclamation of their ſentence; which with much ado I got near enough to hear, and it was to this effect: Divine Juſtice hath appointed this puniſhment to the ſcandalous, for giving ill examples to their neighbours! At the ſame time ſeveral of the damned laid their ſins to their charge, and cried out, that it was owing to them they were thus tormented: ſo that

the ſcandalous were puniſhed for their own ſins, and for the offences of thoſe they had miſled to their deſtruction. And theſe are they of whom it is ſaid, "that they had better ne-"ver been born!"

I was very ſorry at the ſight of ſo many melancholy ſpectacles; and yet I could not but ſmile, to ſee the vintners every where up and down hell, as free as if they had been in their taverns, and only priſoners upon parole. I aſked how they came by that privilege? A devil told me there was no need of ſhackling them, or ſo much as ſhutting them up; for there was no fear of their making their eſcape, as they took ſo much pains in the world, and made it their whole buſineſs to come hither. Only, ſays he, if we can prevent them from throwing water in the fire, as they do in their wine, we are well enough. But, if you would ſee ſomewhat worth while, leave theſe fellows, and follow me; and I will ſhow you Judas and his brethren, the ſtewards and purſe-bearers. I obeyed him, and he brought me to Judas and his companions, who had many of them no faces, and moſt of them no foreheads.

I was well enough pleaſed to ſee him, and to be better informed; for I had always imagined him to be a kind of an olive-coloured,

tawney-complexioned fellow, without a beard, and an eunuch into the bargain: which, perhaps, nay, probably, he was; for nothing but a caſtrato, a thing unmanned, could ever be guilty of ſo ſordid and treacherous a villany, as to ſell and betray his Maſter with a kiſs: and, after that, ſo cowardly, as to hang himſelf in deſpair when he had done. I do believe, however, what the church ſays of him, that he had a carrot-beard, and a red head; but it may be his beard was burnt; and, as he appeared to me in hell, I could not but take him for an eunuch; which, to deal freely, is my opinion of all the devils; for they have no hair; and they are for the moſt part wrinkled, and bow-legged.

Judas was in the midſt of a vaſt crowd of money-mongers and purſe-bearers, that were telling him ſtories of the pranks they had played, and the tricks they had put upon their maſters, after his example. Coming up to them, I perceived that their puniſhment was like that of Titius, who had a vulture continually gnawing upon his liver; for there were a multitude of ravenous birds conſtantly gnawing them, and tearing off their fleſh, which grew again as faſt as they devoured it: a devil, in the mean time, crying out, and the damned

filling the whole place with clamour and horror; Judas, with his purſe, and his pot by his ſide, bearing large part in the outcry and torment. I had a huge mind, methought, to have a word or two with Judas, and ſo I went to him with this greeting: Thou perfidious, impudent, impious traitor, ſaid I, to ſell thy Lord and Maſter at ſo baſe a price, like an avaricious villain. If men, ſaid he, were not ungrateful, they would rather pity, or commend me, for an action ſo much to their advantage, and done in order to their redemption. The miſery is mine, that am to have no part myſelf in the benefit I have procured to others. Some heretics there are, I muſt own to my comfort, that eſteem me for it. But do you take me for the only Judas? No, no; there have been ſeveral ſince the death of my Maſter: and there are, at this day, more wicked and ungrateful ten thouſand times than myſelf, that buy the Lord of life, as well as ſell him; ſcourging and crucifying him daily with more ſpite and ignominy than the Jews. The truth is, I had an itch to be fingering of money, and bartering, from my very entrance into the apoſtleſhip. I began, you know, with the pot of ointment, which I would fain have ſold, under pretence of a relief to the poor: and I went on to the

ſelling my Maſter; wherein I did the world a greater good than I intended, to my own irreparable ruin. My repentance now is to no purpoſe. In a word, I am the only ſteward that is condemned for ſelling; all the reſt are damned for buying: and I muſt entreat you to have a better opinion of me; for, if you look but a little lower here, you will find people far worſe than myſelf. Withdraw then, ſaid I, for I have diſcourſed enough with Judas.

I therefore deſcended ſome few ſteps, as Judas commanded me; and there I ſaw a world of devils upon the march, with rods and ſtirrup-leathers in their hands, laſhing a company of handſome laſſes, ſtark naked, and driving them out of hell, which methought was a pity; and if I had had ſome of them in a corner, I ſhould have treated them better. With the ſtirrup-leathers they diſciplined a litter of bawds. I could not imagine why theſe of all others ſhould be expelled the place, and aſked the queſtion. Oh, replies a devil, theſe are our factreſſes in the world, and the beſt we have; ſo that we ſend them back again to bring more griſt to the mill: and, indeed, if it were not for women, hell would be but thinly peopled; for, what with the art, the beauty,

and the allurements of the young wenches, and the ſage advice and counſel of the bawds, they do us very good ſervice. Nay, for fear any of our good friends ſhould weary upon the road, they ſend them to us on horſeback, or bring them themſelves, even to the very gate, leſt they ſhould miſs their way.

Purſuing my journey, I beheld at a diſtance a large building, that looked, methought, like ſome enchanted caſtle, or the picture of ill luck. It was all in ruin: the chimneys down, the floors all to pieces, and only the bars of the windows ſtanding: the doors were all bedaubed with dirt, and patched up with barrel-heads, where they had been broken: the glaſs gone, and here and there a pane ſupplied with paper. I made no doubt at firſt but the houſe was forſaken; but coming nearer, I found it otherwiſe, by a horrible confuſion of tongues and noiſes within it. As I came juſt up to the door, one opened it, and I ſaw in the houſe many devils, thieves, and whores. One of the craftieſt jades in the pack placed herſelf preſently on the threſhold, and thus addreſſed my guide and me: Gentlemen, ſays ſhe, how comes it to paſs, I pray, that people are damned both for giving and taking? The thief is condemned for taking away from another, and

we are condemned for giving what is our own: I do not find, truly, any injuſtice in our trade; and if it be lawful to give every one their own, and out of their own, why are we condemned? We found it a nice point, and ſent the wench to counſel learned in the law, for a reſolution in the caſe. Her mentioning of thieves made me inquire after the ſcriveners and notaries. Is it poſſible, ſaid I, that you ſhould have none of them here? for I do not remember that I have ſeen ſo much as one of them upon the way; and yet I had occaſion for a ſcrivener, and made a ſearch for one. I do believe, indeed, ſaid the Devil, that you have not found any of them upon the road. What! cried I, are they all ſaved? No, no, replied the Devil; but you muſt underſtand that they do not foot it hither, as other mortals, but come upon the wing, in troops, like wild-geeſe; ſo that it is no wonder you ſaw none of them upon the way. We have millions of them, but they ſpeed it away in a trice; for they will make a flight, in the third part of a minute, betwixt earth and hell. But if there be ſo many, ſaid I, how comes it we ſee none of them? For that, replied the Devil, we change their names when they come hither, and call them no longer notaries, or ſcriveners, but cats: and

they are ſo good mouſers, that though this place is large, old, and ruinous, yet you ſee not ſo much as a rat or mouſe in hell, how full ſoever of all other kinds of vermin. Now ye talk of vermin, ſaid I, are there any catchpoles here? no, not one, ſays he. How ſo? cried I, when I dare undertake there are five hundred rogues of the trade, for one that is honeſt. The reaſon is, ſays the Devil, that every catchpole upon earth carries a hell in his boſom. You have ſtill, ſaid I, croſſing myſelf, an aching tooth at theſe poor varlets. Why not, cried he, for they are but devils incarnate, and ſo well verſed in the art of tormenting, that we live in continual dread of loſing our places, leſt his Infernal Majeſty ſhould take theſe raſcals into his ſervice.

I had enough of this; and, purſuing my journey, I ſaw, a little way off, a great encloſure, and a world of ſouls ſhut up in it; ſome of them weeping and lamenting without meaſure, and others in profound ſilence: this I underſtood to be the lovers quarter. It made me melancholy to conſider that death itſelf could not kill the lamentations of lovers. Some of them were diſcourſing of their paſſions, and teazing themſelves with fears and jealouſies; caſting all their miſeries upon their appetites

and fancies, which ſtill made the picture infinitely fairer than the perſon. They were, for the moſt part, troubled with a ſimple diſeaſe, called, as the Devil told me, Thought. I aſked him what that was; and he anſwered me, it was a puniſhment ſuitable to their offence; for lovers, when they fall ſhort of their expectations, either in the purſuit or enjoyment of their miſtreſſes, generally ſay, Alas! I thought ſhe would have loved me: I thought ſhe would never have preſſed me to marry her: I thought ſhe would have been a fortune to me: I thought ſhe would have given me all ſhe had: I thought ſhe would have coſt me nothing: I thought ſhe would have aſked me nothing: I thought ſhe would have been true to my bed: I thought ſhe would have been dutiful and modeſt: I thought ſhe would never have kept her gallant. So that all their pain and damnation ariſes from—I thought this, or that, or ſo.

In the middle of them was Cupid, a little beggarly rogue, and as naked as he was born, only here and there covered with an old kind of embroidery; but whether it was the workmanſhip of Diſeaſe or Induſtry, I could not perfectly diſcover; and near him was this inſcription:

Many a good fortune goes to wrack,
And ſo does many an able back:
With following whores, and cards, and dice,
We're pox'd and beggar'd in a trice.

I ſuppoſe, ſaid I, by theſe rhymes, that the poets muſt not be far off; and the word was hardly out of my mouth, when I diſcovered prodigious numbers of them through a park-pale. I ſtopped to look upon them, for it ſeems in hell they are not called Poets now, but Fools. One of them ſhowed me the women's quarter there hard by, and aſked me what I thought of it, and of the handſome ladies in it. Is it not true, ſays he, that a buxom laſs is a kind of half chambermaid to a man? When ſhe has ſtripped him, and brought him to bed, ſhe has done her buſineſs, and never troubles herſelf any farther about the helping him up again, and dreſſing him. How now, ſaid I, have ye your quirks and conceits in hell? In troth ye are pleaſant, but I thought your edge had been taken off. With that, out came the moſt miſerable wretch of the whole company, laden with irons: Ah! cried he, how heartily do I wiſh that the firſt inventor of rhymes and poetry were here in my place; and then he thus poetically made his moan:

Oh, this damned trade of verſifying,
Has brought us all to hell for lying?
For writing what we do not think,
Merely to make our verſes chink;
For, rather than abuſe the metre,
Black ſhall be white, and Paul be Peter.
One time I call'd a lady whore,
For which I'm only damn'd the more:
Yet not from malice, Jove's my witneſs,
But merely for my verſe's fitneſs.
Now we're all made, ſaid I, if luck hold,
And then I call'd a fellow cuckold;
At laſt I circumcis'd, 'tis true,
A Chriſtian, and baptis'd a Jew.
Nay, I've made Herod innocent,
For rhyming to long parliament:
Now, to conclude, we're all undone,
For jingling rhyme or awkward pun:
And for a little jingling pleaſure,
Condemn'd to torments without meaſure;
Which is a little hard in my ſenſe,
To fry thus for poetic licenſe.
'Tis not for ſin of thoughts or deed,
But for bare ſounds and words, we bleed;
While the cur Cerberus lies growling,
In concert with our caterwauling.

There cannot be a more ridiculous piece of madneſs, ſaid I, than yours, to be poetizing in hell. The humour ſticks cloſe ſure, or the fire would have fetched it out elſe. Nay, ſaid a devil, theſe verſifiers are a ſtrange generation of

buffoons: the time that others ſpend in tears and groans for their ſins and follies, theſe wretches employ in ſongs and madrigals; and, if they chance to light upon the critical minute, and get a ſnap at a lady, all is worth nothing, unleſs the whole kingdom ring of it, in ſome miſerable copy of verſes or other, under the name forſooth of Phillis, Chloris, Silvia, or the like: and the goodly idol muſt be decked and dreſſed up with diamond, pearl, rubies, muſk, and amber: and both the Indies are too little to furniſh eyes, lips, and teeth, for this imaginary goddeſs: yet, after all this magnificence and bounty, it would put the poor devil's credit upon the ſtretch, to take up an old petticoat in Long-lane, or a pair of caſt off ſhoes at the next cobler's. Beſides, we can give no account either of their country or religion. They have Chriſtian names, but moſt heretical ſouls; they are Arabians in their hearts, and in their language Gentiles; but, to ſay the truth, they fall ſhort of right Pagans in their manners. If I ſtay here a little longer, ſaid I to myſelf, this ſpiteful devil will tap me over the knuckles ere I am aware; for I was half jealous that he imagined me already a piece of a poet.

To avoid being diſcovered, I retired; and my next viſit was to the impertinent devotees, whoſe

very prayers are made up of impiety and extravagance. Oh! what ſighing was there, what ſobbing, what groaning and whinning. Their tongues were tied up to a perpetual ſilence, their ſouls drooping, and their ears condemned to hear eternally the frightful cries and reproaches of a wheaſing devil, greeting them after this manner: O ye impudent and profane abuſers of prayer and holy duties, that treat the Lord of heaven and earth in his own houſe with leſs reſpect than you would do a merchant upon 'Change, ſneaking into a corner with your execrable petitions, for fear of being overheard by your neighbours; and yet, without any ſcruple at all, ye can expoſe and offer them up to that Eternal Purity! Shameleſs wretches that ye are! "Lord (ſays one) take the old man my father to thyſelf, I beſeech thee, that I may have his office and eſtate. Oh that this uncle of mine would march off! There is a fat biſhopric and a good deanery; the devil may take the incumbent ſo I had the dignity. Now for a luſty pot of guineas, or a lucky hand at dice, if it be thy pleaſure, and then I would not doubt of good matches for my children. Lord make me his majeſty's favourite, and thy ſervant, that I may get what is convenient, and keep what I have gotten. Grant me this, and I do hereby en-

gage myſelf to entertain ſix blue-coats, and bind them out to good trades; to ſet up a lecture for every day of the week; to give one third part of my clear gains to charitable uſes, and another towards the repairing churches, beſides paying all honeſt debts, ſo far as may ſtand with my private convenience." Blind and ridiculous madneſs! for duſt and aſhes thus to reaſon and condition with the Almighty! for beggars to talk of giving, and obtrude their vain and unprofitable offerings upon the inexhauſtible fountain of riches and bounty! To pray for thoſe things as bleſſings which are commonly ſhowered down upon us for our confuſion and puniſhment. And then, in caſe your wiſhes take effect, what becomes of all the ſacred vows and promiſes ye made, in ſtorms, ſickneſs, or adverſity? So ſoon as ye have gained your port, recovered your health, or patched up a broken fortune, you ſhow yourſelves a pack of cheats; your vows and promiſes are not worth ſo many ruſhes; they are forgotten with your dreams; and to keep a promiſe upon devotion that you made out of neceſſity, is by no means an article of your religion. Why do you not aſk for peace of conſcience, increaſe of grace, the aid of the bleſſed Spirit? But you are too much taken up with the things of this world, to attend

thoſe ſpiritual advantages and treaſures, and to conſider, that the moſt acceptable ſacrifices and oblations you can make to the Almighty, are purity of mind, an humble ſpirit, and a fervent charity. The Almighty is pleaſed with being often called upon, that he may often pour down his bleſſings upon his petitioners: but ſuch is the corruption of human nature, that men ſeldom think of him, unleſs under affliction, and therefore it is that they are ſo often viſited; for by adverſity they are brought to the knowledge and exerciſe of their duty. I would now have you conſider how little reaſon there is in your ordinary demands: Put the caſe that you have your aſking, what are you the better for the grant, ſince it fails you at laſt, becauſe you do not aſk aright? When you die, your eſtate goes to your children, and, for their parts, you are ſcarce cold before you are forgotten. You are not to expect they ſhould beſtow much upon works of charity; for, if nothing went that way while you were living, they will live after your example when you are dead; and, beſides, there is no merit in the caſe. At this word, ſome of the poor creatures were about to reply, but the devils had put barnacles upon their lips, that hindered them.

From thence I went to the witches and wi-

zards, ſuch as pretend to cure man and beaſt by charms, words, amulets, characters; and theſe were all burning alive. Theſe, ſays a devil, are a company of deceitful rogues, the moſt accurſed villains in nature. If they help one man, they kill another, and only remove the diſeaſe from a worſe to a better: and yet there is no clamour againſt them neither; for, if the patient recover, he is very well ſatisfied, and the doctor gets both reputation and reward for his pains; if he dies, his mouth is ſtopped, and forty to one but the next heir does him a good turn for the diſpatch: So that, hit or miſs, all is well at laſt. If you enter into a debate with them about their remedies, they will tell you they learnt the myſtery of a certain Jew, and there is the original of the ſecret. Now to hear theſe quacks give you the hiſtory of their cures, is beyond all the plays and farces in the univerſe. You ſhall have a fellow tell you of fifteen people who were run clean through the body, and for three days carried their puddings in their hands, but in four-and twenty hours he made them quite whole again, and not ſo much as a ſcar was left for a remembrance of the orifice. Aſk him when and where? you will find it ſome twelve hundred leagues off, in *terra incognita*, at that time when he was phyſician in ordinary to

a great prince that died above five-and-twenty years ago.

Come, come, cried a devil, make an end of this viſit, and you ſhall ſee thoſe now that Judas told you were ten times worſe than himſelf. I went along with him; and he brought me to a paſſage into a great hall, where there was a filthy ſmell of brimſtone, and a company of match-makers, as I thought at firſt; but they proved afterwards to be alchemiſts; and the devils examining them upon interrogatories, were filthily put to it, to underſtand their gibberiſh. Their talk was much of planetary metals: gold they called Sol; ſilver, Luna; tin, Jupiter; and copper, Venus. They had about them their furnaces, crucibles, coals, bellows, clay, minerals, dung, man's blood, powders, and alimbecks. Some were calcining, others waſhing; here purifying, there ſeparating; fixing what was volatile, in one place; and rarifying what was fixed, in another: ſome were upon the work of tranſmutation, and fixing of Mercury, with monſtrous hammers, upon an anvil; and, after they had reſolved the viſcous matter, and ſent out the ſubtler parts, until that they came to the coppel, all went away in fume. Some again were in hot diſpute what fuel was beſt; and whe-

ther Raymund Lullius's fire, and no fire, could be any thing elſe than lime; or otherwiſe to be underſtood of the light, effective of heat, and not of the effective heat of fire: others were making their entrance upon the great work, after the Hermetical method. Here they were watching the progreſs of their operations, and making their obſervations upon proportions and colour; while all the reſt of theſe blind oracles lay waiting for the recovery of the *materia prima*, till they brought themſelves to the laſt caſt, both of their lives and fortunes; and, inſtead of turning baſe metals and materials into gold, as they pretended, made the contrary inverſion, and were glad at length to take up with beggarly fools and falſe coiners. What a ſtir was there, with crying out, Look you, look you! the old father is got up again; down with him, down with him! What gloſſing and commenting upon the old chemical text, that ſays, Bleſſed be Heaven, that has ordered the moſt excellent thing in nature out of the vileſt. If ſo, cried one, let us try if we can bring the philoſopher's ſtone out of a common ſtrumpet; which is, without doubt, of all creatures the vileſt. And the word was no ſooner out, but about two dozen whores went to pot; but the

fleſh was ſo curſedly mawkiſh and rotten, that they ſoon gave over the thought of that projection. Then they entered upon a freſh conſultation, and unanimouſly concluded, that the mathematicians, by that rule, were the only fit matter to work upon, as being the moſt damnably dry, to ſay nothing of their diviſions among and againſt themſelves; ſo that, with one voice, they called for a parcel of mathematicians to the furnace, to begin the experiment. But a devil came juſt in the nick, and thus addreſſed them: Gentlemen philoſophers, if you would know the moſt wretched and moſt contemptible thing in the world, it is an alchemiſt; and we are of opinion, that you will make as good philoſopher's ſtones as the mathematicians: however, for curioſity's ſake, we will try for once; and ſo he threw them all together into a huge caldron; where, to ſay the truth, the poor wretches ſuffered contentedly, out of a deſire, I ſuppoſe, to help on toward the perfecting of their operation.

On the other ſide were a knot of aſtrologers, and one among the reſt that had ſtudied necromancy or palmiſtry, who took all the damned by the hands, one after another. One he told, that it was as plain as the noſe on his face, that he was to go to the devil; for he

perceived it by the mount of Saturn. You, ſays he to another, have been a ſwinging whore-maſter in your days; I ſee that by the mount of Venus here, and by her girdle: and, in ſhort, he read every man's fortune in his fiſt. After him advanced another, creeping upon all four, with a pair of compaſſes betwixt his teeth, his ſpheres and globes about him, his Jacob's ſtaff before him, and his eyes upon the ſtars, as if they were taking a height, or making an obſervation. When he had gazed a while, up he ſuddenly ſtarts, and wringing his hands, Good Lord, ſays he, what an unlucky dog was I! If I had come into the world one half quarter of an hour ſooner, I had been ſaved; for juſt then Saturn ſhifted, and Mars was lodged in the Houſe of Life. One that followed him bade his tormentors be ſure he was dead; for, ſays he, I am a little doubtful of myſelf, in regard that I had Jupiter for my aſcendant, and Venus in the Houſe of Life, and no malevolent aſpect to croſs me; ſo that, according to the rules of aſtrology, I was to live exactly one hundred and one years, two months, ſix days, four hours, and three minutes. The next that came up was a geomancer; one that reduced all his ſkill to certain little points, and by them would tell you,

as well things paſt as to come. Theſe points he beſtowed at a venture among ſeveral unequal lines; ſome long, others ſhort, like the fingers of a man's hand; and then, with a certain rabble of myſterious words, he proceeded to his calculation, upon even or odd, and challenged the whole world to allow him the moſt learned and infallible of the trade.

He was followed by ſeveral great maſters of the ſcience, as Haly, Gerrard, Bartholomew of Parma, and one Goudin, a familiar friend and companion of the great Cornelius Agrippa, the famous conjurer; who, though he had but one ſoul, was yet burning in four bodies: I mean the four damnable books he left behind him. There was Trithemius too, with his Polygraphy and Stenography; that had now devils enough, though in his life-time his complaint was, that he could never ſufficiently have their company. Over-againſt him was Cardan; but they could not ſet their horſes together, becauſe of an old quarrel concerning which was the more impudent of the two. And there I ſaw Mizaldus tearing his beard, in rage, to find himſelf pumped dry; and that he could not fool on to the end of the chapter. Theophraſtus was there too, bewailing himſelf for the time he had ſpent at the alchemiſts

bellows. There was alſo the unknown author of Glavicula Solomonis, and the Hundred Knights of Spirits; with the compoſer of the book, *Adverſus Omnia Pericula Mundi.* Taiſnerus too, with his book of Phyſiognomy and Chiromancy; and he was doubly puniſhed; firſt for the fool he was, and then for thoſe he had made. Though, to give the man his due, he knew himſelf to be a cheat; and that he who gives a judgment upon the lines of a face, takes but a very uncertain aim. There were magicians, necromancers, ſorcerers, and inchanters innumerable; beſides ſeveral private boxes, that were kept for lords and ladies, and other perſonages of great quality, that put their truſt in theſe diſciples of the devil, and go to fortune-tellers for reſolution in caſes of death, love, or marriage; and now and then to recover a gold watch, or a pearl necklace.

At no great diſtance from theſe were a company of handſome women, that were tormented in the quality of witches, which grieved my very heart to ſee it. But to comfort me, What, ſays a devil, have you ſo ſoon forgot the roguery of theſe carrions? Have you not had trial enough yet of them? They are the very poiſon of life, and the only dangerous magicians that corrupt all your ſenſes, and diſturb the fa-

culties of your ſoul; theſe are they that cozen your eyes with falſe appearances, and ſet up your wills in oppoſition to your underſtanding and reaſon. It is right, ſaid I, and now you mind me of it; I do very well remember that I have found them ſo; but let us proceed, and ſee the reſt.

I was ſcarce gone three ſteps farther, when I was got into ſuch a dark diſmal place, that it was a mercy we knew where we were. There was, firſt, at the entrance, Divine Juſtice, moſt dreadful to behold; and a little beyond ſtood Vice, with a countenance of the higheſt pride and inſolence imaginable. There was Ingratitude, Malice, Ignorance, incorrigible Infidelity, brutiſh and head-ſtrong Diſobedience, raſh and imperious Blaſphemy, with garments dipped in blood, eyes ſparkling, and an hundred lungs barking at Providence, and vomiting rage and poiſon. I went in, I confeſs, with fear and trembling; and there I beheld all the ſects of idolaters and heretics that ever yet appeared upon the ſtage of the univerſe; and at their feet, in glorious array, was laſcivious Barbara, ſecond wife to the Emperor Sigiſmond, and the queen of harlots: one that agreed with Meſſalina in this, that virginity was both a burthen and a folly; and that in her whole

life ſhe was never either wearied or ſatisfied: but herein ſhe went beyond her, in that ſhe held the mortality as well of the ſoul as of the body; but ſhe was now better inſtructed, and burnt like a bundle of matches.

Paſſing forward ſtill, I ſaw a fellow in a corner all alone, with the flame about his ears, gnaſhing his teeth, and blaſpheming through fury and deſpair. I aſked him what he was, and he told me, he was Mahomet. Why then, ſaid I, thou art the moſt accurſed reprobate in hell, and haſt brought more wretches hither than half the world beſide; and Lucifer has done well to allot thee a quarter here by thyſelf, for certainly thou haſt well deſerved the firſt place in his dominions. But, ſince every man chooſes to talk of what he loves, I pray thee, good impoſtor, tell me what is the reaſon that thou haſt forbidden wine to all thy diſciples? Oh! ſays he, I have made them ſo drunk with my Alcoran, they need no other intoxication. But why haſt thou forbidden them ſwine's fleſh too? ſaid I. Becauſe, ſays he, I would not affront the ham; for water upon gammon would be falſe heraldry. And beſide, I never loved my people well enough to afford them the pleaſure either of the grape or the ſpare-rib: nay, and for fear they ſhould chance to grope out the

way to Heaven, I have eſtabliſhed my power and my dominion by force of arms, without ſubjecting my laws to idle diſputes and diſcourſes of reaſon. Indeed, there is little reaſon in my precepts, and I would have as little in their obedience. I have a vaſt number of diſciples; but I think they follow me more out of appetite than religion, or the miracles I work. I allow them liberty of conſcience; they have as many women as they pleaſe, and do what they pleaſe, provided they meddle not with government. But look about you now, and you will find that there are more knaves than Mahomet.

I did ſo, and found myſelf preſently in the midſt of a ring of heretics, and their adherents, many of which were ready to tear the throats of their leaders. One, among the reſt, was beſet with a brace of devils; and either of them had a pair of bellows, puffing into each ear fire inſtead of air, which made him a little hot-headed. There was another, that, as I was told, was a kind of Simoniac, and had taken up his ſeat in a peſtilential chair; but it was ſo dark, that I could not diſcern whether it was a Pope or a Preſbyter.

By this time I had enough of hell, and began to wiſh myſelf out again; but, as I was

looking about for a retreat, I ſtumbled upon a long gallery before I was aware; and there I beheld Lucifer himſelf, with all his nobility about him, male and female; for let married men ſay what they will, there are ſhe devils too. I ſhould have been very much at a loſs what to do, or how to behave myſelf among ſo many ſtrange faces, if one of the uſhers had not come to me, and told me, that, being a ſtranger, it was his majeſty's pleaſure I ſhould enter, and have free liberty of ſeeing what was there to be ſeen. We exchanged a few compliments; and then I began to look about me; but never did I ſee a palace ſo furniſhed, nor indeed comparable to it.

Our furniture, at the beſt, is but a choice collection of dead and dumb ſtatues, or paintings, without life, ſenſe, or motion; but there all the pieces were animated, and no traſh in the whole inventory. There was hardly any thing to be ſeen, but emperors and princes, with ſome few, perhaps, of their choiceſt nobility. The firſt ſeat was taken up by the Ottoman family; and after them ſat the Roman emperors in their order, and the Roman kings down to Tarquin the Proud; beſides highneſſes and graces, lords ſpiritual and temporal, innumerable. My lungs now began to call for a little freſh air; and I

deſired my guide to ſhow me the way out again. Yes, yes, with all my heart, ſays he; follow me. So ſaying, he carried me away by a back paſſage into Lucifer's houſe-of-office, where there was I know not how many tun of ſir-reverence, and bales of flattering panegyrics, not to be numbered; all of them licenſed and entered according to order. I could not but ſmile at this proviſion of tail-timber; and my guide took notice of it; who was a good kind of a damned devil: but ſtill I teazed him to be gone; till at length he led me to a little hole, like the vent of a vault; and I crept through it as nimbly as if the devil himſelf had given me a lift at the crupper; when, to my great aſtoniſhment, I found myſelf in the park again, where I begun my ſtory: but not without an odd medley of paſſions; partly reflecting upon what others endured; and in part, upon my own condition of eaſe and happineſs, that had deſerved, perhaps, the contrary, as well as they. This thought put me upon a reſolution of leading ſuch a courſe of life for the future, as I might not come to feel theſe torments in reality, which I had now only beheld in viſion. And I muſt here entreat the reader to follow my example, without making any farther experiment; and likewiſe not to caſt an ill conſtruction upon a fair meaning. My

deſign is to diſcredit and diſcountenance the works of darkneſs, without ſcandalizing of perſons; and I am certain this diſcourſe will never be reckoned a ſatire, as it treats of none but the damned.

VISION VII.

OF HELL REFORMED.

So great was the uproar in hell not long ſince, that the oldeſt of all the devils never knew the like. The inhabitants expected nothing leſs than an abſolute diſſolution of their empire: the devils fell upon the damned, and the damned fell upon the devils, without knowing one from the other; and all running to and fro like mad: in ſhort, it was no other than a general rebellion. This hurly-burly laſted a good while, before any mortal could imagine the meaning of it: at length, there came certain intelligence of a monſtrous talker, a pragmatical meddling undertaker, and an old gouvernante, that had knocked off their ſhackles, and made all this havock; by which the reader may know what kind of cattle theſe are, who can make hell itſelf more dangerous and unquiet.

During all this noiſe, Lucifer went howling up and down, and bawling for chains, handcuffs, bolts, manacles, ſhackles, and fetters, to

ſecure his priſoners again; when, in the middle of his career, he and the babbler, or undertaker, I told you of, met each other; and after a little ſtaring at one another in the face, the babbler firſt began: Prince of mine, ſays he, you have a pack of lazy, droning devils, in your dominions, that look after nothing, but ſit with their arms and legs acroſs, and ſuffer all your affairs to go to ruin. You have many abroad too, upon commiſſion, that have ſtaid out their time, and yet can give you no account of what they have been doing. The gouvernante, who had been blowing the coals, and whiſpering ſedition from one to another, chanced to paſs by while he was thus ſpeaking; and ſtopping ſhort, thus addreſſed herſelf to Lucifer: Look to yourſelf, cried ſhe, there is a deſperate plot upon your diabolical crown and dignity. There are two tyrants in it, three paraſites, a world of phyſicians, and a whole legion of lawyers and attorneys. One word more in your ear: there is among them a mongrel prieſt, a kind of lay-elder, that will go near to ſit upon your ſkirts, if you have not a care of him.

The Prince of devils, when he heard her mention prieſt and lay-elder, looked as pale as death, and ſtood ſtill as mute as a fiſh, while his very looks diſcovered his apprehenſions.

After a little pauſe, he rouſed himſelf as out of a trance: A prieſt, do you ſay, a lay-elder, tyrants, lawyers, phyſicians—A compoſition to poiſon all the devils in hell, and purge their very guts out! With that, away he went to viſit the avenues, and ſet his guards; when who ſhould he meet next but the meddler in a monſtrous hurry: nay then, ſays he, here is the forerunner of ill-luck. But what is the matter? The matter! cried the meddler: and then, with a deal of tedious and impertinent circumſtances, he told him, that ſeveral of the damned had contrived an eſcape, and that there was a deſign to call in four or five regiments of hypocrites and uſurers, under a pretence of eſtabliſhing a better intelligence betwixt earth and hell. He had not yet been done, if Lucifer would have found ears; but he had other work to do, for neck and all was now at ſtake; and ſo he went about his buſineſs; putting all in a poſture of defence, and ſtrengthening his guards. For the farther ſecurity of his royal perſon, he ordered into his own immediate regiment, ſeveral reformadoes of the ſociety, whom he very well knew would not foreſake him.

He began his ſurvey in the vaults and dungeons, among his goalers and priſoners. The

babbler marched in the van, breathing an air that kindled and inflamed whatever he paſſed without giving any light; and ſetting people together by the ears, who knew not for what reaſon. In the ſecond place, the gouvernante as full of news and tattle as ſhe could hold, and telling her tale all the way ſhe went. In the rear of her, followed the meddler, leering as he paſſed along, firſt on one ſide, then on the other, without ever moving his head; and making addreſſes to every ſoul he ſaw in his way. He gave one a bow, the other a kiſs; Your moſt humble ſervant to a third; and, Can I ſerve you, Sir? to a fourth; but every compliment was worſe to the poor creatures than the fire itſelf. Ah, traitor! ſays one; for pity's ſake away with this new tormentor! cries another. This fellow is hell upon hell, ſays a third.—As he trudged on, there was a rabble of raſcals got together, and in the middle of the crowd, a moſt eminent knight of the poſt; a great maſter of his trade, who was reading a lecture to that venerable aſſembly of the noble myſtery of ſwearing and lying; and would have taught any man, in one quarter of an hour, to prove any thing upon oath, that he never ſaw nor heard of in his life. This doctor no ſooner ſaw the meddler, than up he ſtart-

ed in a fright. How now, ſays he, is that devil here? I came hither on purpoſe to avoid him; and, if I could but have dreamed he would have been in hell, I would undoubtedly have gone to paradiſe.

At this inſtant, we heard a great and a confuſed noiſe of arms, blows and outcries; and preſently we diſcovered ſeveral perſons falling bloodily one upon another; and, in ſhort, with ſuch fury, that neither tongue nor pen can deſcribe the battle. One of them appeared to be an emperor; for he was crowned with laurel, and ſurrounded with a grave ſort of people, who looked like counſellors or ſenators, and had all the old ſtatutes and records at their fingers ends. By theſe they endeavoured to make out, That a king might be killed in his perſonal capacity, and his politic capacity never be the worſe for it: and upon this point, they were at daggers drawing with the emperor. Lucifer then came roundly up to him; and, with a voice that made hell tremble, What are you, Sir, ſays he, who take upon you thus in my kingdom? I am the great Julius Cæſar, ſaid he, who, in this general tumult, thought to have revenged myſelf upon Brutus and Caſſius, for murdering me in the ſenate, under colour, it would ſeem, of aſſerting the common liberty;

whereas theſe traitors did it merely out of envy, avarice, and ambition. It was the emperor, not the empire, they hated. They pretended to deſtroy me for introducing a monarchy; but did they overthrow the monarchy itſelf? No, on the contrary, they confirmed it; and did more miſchief in killing me, than I did in diſſolving their republic: however, I died an emperor; theſe villians carried only the infamy and brand of regicides to their graves; and the world has ever ſince adored my memory, and deteſted theirs.—Tell me, ſaid he, ye curſed blood-hounds, turning towards them, whether was your government better, think ye, in the hands of your ſenators, a company of talking gown-men who knew not how to keep it, or in the hands of a ſoldier who won it by his merit? It is not the drawing of a charge, or the making of a fine oration, that fits people for government; nor will a crown ſit well upon the head of a pedant; but let him wear it who is worthy of it. He is the true patriot who advances the glory of his country by actions of bravery and honour. Which has more right to rule, think ye; he that only knows the laws, or he that maintains them? The one only ſtudies the government, the other protects it. Wretched republic! Thou calleſt it freedom to obey a

divided multitude, and ſlavery to ſerve a ſingle perſon; and when a company of covetous little fellows are got together, they muſt be ſtyled Fathers of their country, forſooth; and ſhall one generous perſon take up with the name of Tyrant? Oh! how much better had it been for Rome to have preſerved that one ſon who made her miſtreſs of the world, than that multitude of fathers, who, by ſo many inteſtine wars, rendered her but a ſtep-mother to her own children! How barbarous and cruel are ye, ſo much as to mention the name of a commonwealth! conſider, that, ſince the people taſted of monarchy, they have preferred even the worſt of princes, as Nero, Tiberius, Caligula, and Heliogabalus, before your tribe of ſenators.

Brutus was very much confounded at this diſcourſe of Cæſar; but at length, with a feeble and trembling voice, he thus ſpoke: Gentlemen of the ſenate, do you not hear Cæſar? or will you add ſin to ſin, and ſuffer all the blame to be caſt upon the inſtruments, when you yourſelves were the contrivers of the villany; why do ye not anſwer? Cæſar ſpeaks to you as well as us. Caſſius and myſelf were but your bravos, and governed by your perſuaſions and advice, little dreaming of that inſatiable ambition which lay lurking under the gravity of your long beards

and robes: but it is the practice of you all to arraign that tyranny in the prince which you would exerciſe yourſelves: in effect, when you have gotten power, and the colour of authority in your hands, it is more dangerous for a prince not to comply with you, than for a vaſſal to rebel againſt his prince.——To what end ſerved your perfidious and ungrateful treaſon? make anſwer to Cæſar. But for our part, in the conſcience of our ſin, we feel the ſeverity of our puniſhment.

No ſooner had he ſaid this, than up ſtarted a hollow-eyed ſupercilious ſenator, who had been of the conſpiracy, and was then blazing like a pitch-barrel, and with a feeble voice aſked Cæſar, what reaſon he had to complain? for, Sir, ſays he, if King Ptolemy murdered Pompey the Great, upon whoſe ſcore he held his kingdom, why might not the ſenate as well kill you, to recover what you had taken from them? And, in the caſe betwixt Cæſar and Pompey, let the devils themſelves be judges. As for Achilles, who was one of the murderers, what he did was by Ptolemy's command; and then he was but a free-booter neither, a fellow that had got his living by rapine and plunder: but Cæſar was undoubtedly the more infamous of the two. It is true, he wept at the ſight of Pompey's head,

but ſuch tears did he ſhed as were more treacherous than the ſteel which killed him. Ah, how cruel that compaſſion, and revengeful that pity, which made thee a more barbarous enemy to Pompey dead than living? Oh! that ever two hypocrite eyes ſhould creep into the firſt head of the world! In a word, the death of Cæſar had been the recovery of our republic, if the multitude had not called in others of his race to the government, which rendered thy fall the very Hydra of the empire.

We had had another ſkirmiſh upon theſe words, if Lucifer had not ordered Cæſar to his cell again, upon pain of death; and there to abide ſuch correction as belonged to him, for ſlighting the warnings he had of his diſaſter: Brutus and Caſſius were turned over to the politic fools: and the ſenators were diſpatched away to Minos and Rhadamanthus, and there to ſit as aſſiſtants on the Devil's bench.

After this I heard a murmuring noiſe as of people talking at a diſtance; and, by degrees, I made it out, that they were wrangling and diſputing ſtill louder and louder, till at length it was but a word and a blow; and the nearer I came, the greater was the clamour. This made me mend my pace; but before I could reach them, they were altogether by the ears in a

bloody fray: they were all of them perſons of great quality; emperors, magiſtrates, and generals of armies. Lucifer, to end the quarrel, commanded peace and ſilence, which they all obeyed; but it vexed them very much to be taken off in the full career of their fury and revenge. The firſt that ſpoke was a fellow ſo marred with wounds and ſcars, that I took him at firſt for an indigent officer, but he proved to be Clitus, as he ſaid himſelf: but one at his elbow told him he was ſaucy, for preſuming to ſpeak before his time; and ſo deſired audience of Lucifer, for the high and mighty Alexander, the ſon of Jupiter, and the emperor and terror of the world. He was going on with his qualities and titles: but an officer cried, Silence, and bade Clitus begin; which he took very kindly, and thus ſaid:

May it pleaſe your majeſty, I was the firſt favourite of this prince; who was then lord of the known world, who bore the title of the king of kings, and boaſted himſelf to be the ſon of Jupiter Ammon; yet after all this glory and conqueſt, he was himſelf a ſlave to his paſſions; he was raſh and cruel, and conſequently incapable either of counſel or friendſhip. In my life-time, I was near him, and ſerved him faithfully; but, it ſeems, he did not entertain me ſo much for my fidelity, as to augment the

number of his flatterers: I, however, found myſelf too honeſt for a baſe office; and ſtill, as he ran into any foul exceſſes, I took the freedom, with all poſſible modeſty, to ſhow him his miſtakes. One day, as he was talking ſlightly of his father Philip, that valiant prince, from whom he received both his honour and his being, I told him frankly what I thought of that ingratitude and vanity; and deſired him to treat his dead father more reverently, as a prince worthy of eternal honour and reſpect. This commendation of Philip ſo enraged him, that he immediately ſeized a partiſan, and ſtruck me dead on the ſpot with his own hand. After this, I aſked where was his divinity, when he gave Abdolominus, a poor garden-weeder, the kingdom of Sidonia? which was not, as the world would have it, out of any conſideration of his virtue, but to mortify and take down the pride and inſolence of the Perſians. Meeting him here juſt now in hell, I aſked him what was become of his father Jupiter, that he ſo much boaſted of? and whether he was not yet convinced that all flatterers were a parcel of villains? who, with their incenſe and altars, would perſuade him that he was of divine extraction, and heir-apparent to the throne and thunder of Jupiter? This, even now, was the ground of our quarrel.

But, invectives apart, who but a tyrant would have put a loyal ſubject to death, only for his affection and regard to the memory of his departed ſire? How barbarouſly did he treat his favourites, Parmenio, Philotas, Califthenes, and Amintas? ſo that, good or bad, it is crime enough to be the favourite of a tyrant; as, in the courſe of human life, every man dies, becauſe he is mortal; and the diſeaſe is rather the pretext of his death, than the cauſe of it. You will find now, ſays the Prince of devils, that tyrants will ſhow their people many a dog-trick when the humour takes them. The good they hate, for not being wicked; and the bad, becauſe they are no worſe. How many favourites have you ever ſeen come to a fair and timely end? Remember the emblem of the ſponge; for that is the uſe which princes make of their favourites; they let them ſuck and fill, and then ſqueeze them for their own profit.

Juſt as he ſaid this, there was heard a lamentable cry; and at the ſame time, a venerable old man, as pale as if he had no blood in his veins, came up to Lucifer, and told him, that his emblem of the ſponge came very pat to his caſe; for, ſays he, I was a great favourite, and a great hoarder of treaſure: a Spaniard by birth; the tutor and confident of Nero; and

am called Seneca. Indeed his bounties were to exceſs: he gave me without aſking; and, in taking, I was never covetous, but obedient. It is in the nature of princes, and it befits their quality, to be liberal where they take a liking, both of honour and fortune: and it is hard for a ſubject to refuſe, without ſome reflection upon the generoſity or diſcretion of his maſter; for it is not the merit or modeſty of the vaſſal, but the glory of the prince, that is the queſtion; and he is the beſt ſubject who contributes the moſt to the ſplendor and reputation of his ſovereign. Nero, indeed, gave me as much as ſuch a prince could beſtow; and I managed his liberalities with all the moderation imaginable; yet all was too little to preſerve me from the ſtrokes of envious and malicious tongues, which would have it, that my philoſophizing upon the contempt of the world was nothing elſe but a mere impoſture, that thereby, with leſs danger and notice, I might feed and entertain my avarice, and with the fewer competitors. Finding my credit with my maſter declining, it became me to provide ſome way or other for my quiet, and to withdraw myſelf from being the mark of a public envy; ſo I went directly to Nero, and, with all poſſible reſpect

and humility, made him a preſent of all thoſe bounties he had beſtowed upon me. The truth is, I had ſo great a paſſion for his ſervice, that neither the ſeverity of his nature, nor the debauchery of his manners, could ever deter me from exhorting him to noble courſes, and paying him all the duties of a loyal ſubject. Eſpecially in caſes of cruelty and blood, I laid it always home to his conſcience, but all in vain; for he put his mother to death, laid the city of Rome in aſhes, and, indeed, depopulated the empire of honeſt men. Theſe horrid and impolitical ſeverities drew on Piſo's conſpiracy, which was better laid than executed: for, upon the diſcovery, the prime inſtruments loſt their lives; and, by Divine Providence, this prince was preſerved, in order, as one would have imagined, to his repentance and change of life: but, upon the iſſue, the conſpiracy was prevented, and Nero never the better. At the ſame time, he put Lucan to death, only for being a better poet than himſelf; and, if he gave me my choice what death to die, it was rather cruelty than pity; for, in the very deliberation on which death to chooſe, I ſuffered all, even in the terror and apprehenſion that made me refuſe the reſt. The choice I made, was, to

bleed to death in a bath; and I finiſhed my own diſpatches hither; where, to my farther affliction, I have again encountered this infamous prince, ſtudying new cruelties, and inſtructing the very devils themſelves in the art of tormenting.

Upon this, Nero advanced, with his ill-favoured face and ſhrill voice. It is very well, ſays he, for a prince's favourite, or tutor, to be wiſer than his maſter; but let him manage that advantage with reſpect; and not, like a raſh and inſolent fool, make proclamation preſently to the world, that he is the wiſer of the two. While Seneca kept himſelf within theſe bounds, I was his ſincereſt friend; and the love I had for that man was the glory of my government; but when he came to publiſh once, what he ſhould have diſſembled and concealed, that it was not Nero, but Seneca, that ruled the empire, nothing leſs than his blood could make ſatisfaction for ſo intolerable a ſcandal; and from that hour I reſolved his ruin. I had rather ſuffer what I do a hundred times over, than entertain a favourite who ſhould raiſe his credit upon my diſhonour. Whether I have reaſon on my ſide or no, I appeal to all this princely aſſembly. Draw near, I beſeech you, as many as are here; and ſpeak freely, my royal brethren: did you

ever ſuffer any favourite to eſcape unpuniſhed, that had the inſolence to write, I and my king; to make a ſtalking horſe of majeſty; and who publiſhed himſelf a better ſtateſman than his maſter? No, no, they all cried out; it never was, and never ſhall be endured, while the world laſts; for we have left our ſucceſſors under an oath to look particularly to this. It is true, a wiſe counſellor at a prince's elbow is a treaſure, and ought to be eſteemed, while he makes it his buſineſs to cry up the abilities and juſtice of his monarch; but, in the inſtant that his vanity tranſports him to the contrary, away with him, and down with him, for there is no enduring it.

All this, cried Sejanus, does not yet concern me; for, though I had indeed more brains than Tiberius, yet I ſo ordered it, that he had the credit in public of all my private advices; and ſo ſenſible he was of my ſervice, that he made me his partner and companion in the empire: he cauſed my ſtatues to be erected, and inveſted them with ſacred privileges. Let Sejanus live, was the daily cry of the people; and, in truth, my well-being was the joy of the empire; and far and near there were public prayers and vows offered up for my health. But what was the end of all? When I thought my-

ſelf ſureſt in my maſter's arms and favour, he let me fall; nay, he threw me down, cauſed me to be cut in pieces; delivering me up to the fury of a cruel and enraged multitude, that dragged me along the ſtreets; and happy was he that could get a piece of my fleſh to carry upon a javelin's point in triumph. And it had been well, if this inhuman cruelty had ſtopped here: but it extended to my poor children; who, though unconcerned in my crimes, were yet to partake in my fate. A daughter I had, whom the very law exempted from the ſtroke of juſtice, becauſe of her virginity; but, to clear that ſcruple, ſhe was condemned firſt to be raviſhed by the executioner, and then to be beheaded, and treated as her father. My firſt failing was upon temerity and pride: I would outrun my deſtiny, defy fortune, and, as to Divine Providence, I looked upon that as a ridiculous thing. When I was once out of the way, I thought doing worſe was ſomewhat in order to being better; and then I began to fortify myſelf by violence, againſt craft and malice. Some were put to death, others baniſhed; and, in ſhort, both celeſtial and terreſtial powers have declared themſelves againſt me. I had recourſe to all ſorts of ill people, and bad means. I had my phyſician for poiſoning, my

aſſaſſins for revenge; I had my falſe witneſſes, and corrupt judges; and, in truth, what inſtrument of wickedneſs had I not? and all this, not upon choice or inclination, but purely out of the neceſſity of my condition. Whenever I ſhould come to fall, I was certain of being forſaken, both by good and bad; and therefore I ſhunned the better ſort, as thoſe that would only ſerve to accuſe me; but the lewd and vicious I frequented, to increaſe the number of my accomplices, and make my party the ſtronger. But after all, if Tiberius was a tyrant, I will ſwear he was never ſo by my advice: on the contrary, I have ſuffered more from him for plain dealing, and diſſuading him, than the very ſubjects of his ſeverity have commonly ſuffered by him. I know, it is charged upon me, that I ſtirred him up to cruelty, to render him odious, and to ingratiate myſelf with the people. But who was his adviſer, I pray, in this butcherly proceeding againſt me? Oh, Lucifer, Lucifer! you know very well, that it is the practice of tyrants, when they do amiſs themſelves, and ſet their people a-grumbling, to lay all the blame, and puniſhment too, upon the inſtrument, and hang up the miniſter for the maſter's fault. This is the end of all favourites, cries one. Not a halfpenny matter,

if they were all ſerved ſo, ſays another. Every hiſtorian, continued Sejanus, has his ſaying upon this cataſtrophe; and ſets up a buoy, to warn after ages of the rock of court-favours. The greatneſs of a favourite, I muſt own, proclaims the greatneſs of his maker; and the prince who maintains what he has once raiſed, does but juſtify the prudence of his own choice: if ever he undoes what he has done, he publiſhes himſelf to be light and inconſtant, and thereby does as bad as to declare himſelf, even againſt himſelf, of the enemy's party.

Plantian advanced next, Severus's favourite; he that was thrown out of a garret-window to divert the people. My condition in the world, ſays he, was perfectly like that of a rocket, or fire-work. I was carried up to a prodigious height in a moment, and all the people's eyes were upon me, as a ſtar of the firſt magnitude; but my glory was very ſhort-lived, and down I fell into obſcurity and aſhes. After him appeared ſeveral other favourites, and all of them hearkening to Beliſarius, the favourite of Juſtinian; who, blind as he was, had already knocked twice with his ſtaff, and, ſhaking his head, with a weak and complaining voice, deſired audience, which was at length granted him. Silence being commanded, he thus ſpoke:

Princes, before they deſtroy the creatures they have raiſed and choſen, ſhould do well to conſider, that cruelty and inconſtancy is a much greater infamy to the prince, than any effects of it can be to the favourite. For my own part, I ſerved an emperor, who was both a Chriſtian, and a great lover and promoter of juſtice; but yet, after all the ſervices I had done him in ſeveral battles and adventures, inſomuch that he was actually become my debtor for the very glory of his empire, my reward, in the end, was to have my eyes put out, and, with a dog and bell, to be turned out to beg from door to door: thus was that Beliſarius treated, whoſe very name formerly was worth an army, and who was the ſoul of his friends, as well as the terror of his enemies. But a prince's favour is like quickſilver, reſtleſs and ſlippery, never to be fixed, nor even ſecured. Force it, and it ſpends itſelf in fumes; ſublime it, and it is a mortal poiſon; handle it only, and it works itſelf into the very bones; in ſhort, all that have to do with it, live pale, and die trembling. At theſe words, the whole band of favourites ſet up a hideous and a heavy groan, trembling like aſpen-leaves; and, at the ſame time, reciting ſeveral paſſages out of the prophet Habakkuk, againſt careleſs and wicked

governors: by which threatening is given to underſtand, that the Almighty, when he thinks proper to deſtroy a wicked ruler, does not always puniſh one potentate by another, and bring his ends about by a trial of arms, or the event of a battle, but many times makes uſe of things the moſt abject and vile, to confound the vanity and arrogance of the mighty; and makes even worms, flies, caterpillars, and lice, to ſerve him as the miniſters of his terrible juſtice: nay, the ſtone in the wall, and the beam in the houſe, ſhall riſe in judgment againſt them.

This diſcourſe might have gone farther, but that the company preſently parted to know the meaning of a ſudden noiſe they heard, which half deafened the auditory: but what was it at laſt, but a ſcuffle between the gownmen and brothers of the blade. There were perſons of great honour and learning, young and old, engaged in the fray. The men of war were at it, claſhing with their ſwords; and the gentlemen of the long robe fencing; ſome with toſtatus, others with huge pandects, that with their old wainſcot covers were as good as bucklers, and would now and then give the foe a heavy rebuke over the head. The combat had certainly been very bloody, if one of Lucifer's conſta-

bles had not commanded them, in the king's name, to keep the peace, which made it a drawn battle. With that, one of the combatants, with the beſt face he had, ſaid aloud, If you knew, gentlemen, either us, or our quarrel, you would ſay we had reaſon, and perhaps ſide with us. At that inſtant there appeared Domitian, Commodus, Caracalla, Phalaris, Heliogabalus, Alcetes, Andronicus, Buſiris, and Oliver Cromwell, with ſeveral great perſonages more; which, when Lucifer ſaw, he diſpoſed himſelf to treat their majeſtical appearance as much to their ſatisfaction as was poſſible. Whereupon a grave and venerable man appeared, with a great train at his heels, who were all bloody, and full of the marks they had received under theſe tyrants' perſecution.

You have here before you, cried the old man, Solon; and theſe are the ſeven ſages, natives of Greece, but celebrated throughout the world. He there in the mortar, is that Anaxarchus who was pounded to death by the command of Nicroceon. He with the flat noſe is Socrates. This little crump-ſhouldered wretch, was the famous Ariſtotle; and that other there, the divine Plato. Thoſe in the corner, are all of the ſame profeſſion too; grave and learned philoſophers, who have diſ-

pleaſed tyrants with their writings: in ſhort, the world is ſtored with their works, and hell with the authors. To come to the point, moſt mighty Lucifer, we are all of us dealers in politics, great writers, and deep read men in the maxims of ſtate and government. We have digeſted policy into a method, and laid down certain rules, by which princes may make themſelves great and beloved. We have adviſed them impartially to adminiſter juſtice, to reward virtue, both military and civil, to employ able men, baniſh flatterers, to put men of wiſdom and integrity in places of truſt; to reward or puniſh without paſſion, and according to the merits of the cauſe, as God's vicegerents. But this is our offence: we name nobody, we deſign nobody; but it is crime enough to wiſh well to the encouragers of virtue. After this, turning towards the tyrants: Oh, cruel princes, ſaid he, theſe glorious kings and emperors, from whom we took the model of our laws and inſtructions, are now in a ſtate of reſt and comfort, while you are tormented. Numa is now a ſtar in the firmament, and Tarquin a firebrand in hell. The memory of Auguſtus and Trajan is ſtill freſh and fragrant, when the names of Nero and Sardanapalus are more putrid and nauſeous than their carcaſes.

As ſoon as Dionyſius the tyrant heard this, with his companions about him, he could not contain himſelf, but cried out in a rage, That rogue of a philoſopher has told a thouſand lies. Legiſlators! Yes, yes, they are ſweet legiſlators, and princes have many a fair obligation to them. No, no, ſirrah, ſaid he to Solon, you are all of you a company of quacks; you prate and ſpeculate of things you know nothing about; and with your deviliſh moralities ſet the people agog upon liberty; cry up the doctrine of free-born ſubjects; and then our portion is perſecution in one world, and infamy in the other.

We ſhall have a fine time of it, my moſt gracious prince, cried Julian the apoſtate, ſtaring Lucifer in the face, when theſe dunghill-pedants, a company of cock-brained, ridiculous, mortified, ill-bred, beggarly ragamuffins, ſhall come to erect a committee for politics, and paſs ſentence upon governors and governments, ſtyling themſelves, ſorſooth, the ſupporters of both, without any more ſkill than my horſe in what belongs to either. Tell me, ſays he, if an illuſtrious prince had not better be damned, than ſubject himſelf to hear one of theſe raſcals, with a bald head, and his eyes crept into his ſockets, pronouncing for an aphoriſm, that a prince who

looks only to one, is a tyrant, and that a true king is the ſhepherd and ſervant of his people. Ah, raſh and beſotted coxcombs! If a king looks only to others, who ſhall look to him? as if princes had not enemies enough abroad, without being ſo to themſelves too. But you may write your hearts out, and never amend us. Where is our ſovereignty, if we have not our ſubjects' lives and eſtates at our mercy? And where is our abſolute power, if we ſubmit to the counſels of our vaſſals? If we have not enough to ſatisfy our appetites of avarice and revenge, we want power to diſcharge the nobleſt ends of government. Theſe contemplative idiots would have us make choice of good officers to keep the bad in order; which were a madneſs, in our condition. Let them be complaiſant, and no matter for any other merit or virtue. A parcel of good offices, well diſpoſed among a pack of cheats and atheiſts, will make us a party another day; whereas all is loſt that is beſtowed upon honeſt men; for they are our enemies. Speak truth then, all of you, and ſhame the devil; for the butcher fats his ſheep only for the ſhambles.

I need ſay no more, I ſuppoſe, to ſtop your mouths; but here is an orator who will read you another lecture on politics, perhaps a bet-

ter than any you have yet had, if you will but attend. Photinus, advance, ſaid Julian, and ſpeak your mind. Whereupon a brazen-faced fellow came forward, with a hanging look, and twenty other marks of a deſperate villain; who, with a helliſh yell, and three or four wry mouths for a prologue, thus began:

The cruel advice of one of PTOLEMY'S *courtiers, about the killing of* POMPEY; *from* LUCAN'S PHARSALIA, Book VIII.

GREAT and mighty Ptolemy, methinks, under favour, that we are now ſlipt into a debate a little beſide the buſineſs. The queſtion is, whether Pompey ſhall be delivered up to Cæſar or no; that is to ſay, whether, in reaſon of ſtate, it ought to be done; and we are formalizing the matter, whether in point of equity and juſtice it may be done. Bodies politic have no ſouls; and never did any great prince turn a council of ſtate into a court of conſcience, but he repented it. Kingdoms are to be governed by politicians, not by caſuiſts; and there is nothing more repugnant to the true intereſt of crowns and empires, than in public caſes to make a ſcruple of private duties. The argument is this: Pompey is in diſtreſs, and Ptolemy under

an obligation; ſo that it were a violation of faith and hoſpitality not to relieve him. Now, give me leave to reaſon in the other way. Pompey is forſaken, and perſecuted by the gods; Cæſar upon the heels of him, with victory and ſucceſs. Shall Ptolemy now ruin himſelf to protect a fugitive, againſt both Heaven and Cæſar? I muſt own, where honeſty and profit are both of a ſide, it is well; but, where they diſagree, the prince who does not quit his religion for his convenience, falls into a direct conſpiracy againſt himſelf: he ſhall loſe the hearts of his ſoldiery, and the reputation of his power. Whereas, on the contrary, the moſt odious tyrant in the world ſhall be able to keep his head above water, if he will but give a general licence to commit every ſpecies of wickedneſs. You will ſay this is impious; but I ſay, what if it be, who ſhall call you to account? Theſe deliberations are only for ſubjects which are under a command, and not for ſovereign princes, whoſe will is a law.

> He's not form'd for a court
> Who is too devout.

To conclude, ſince either Pompey or Ptolemy muſt ſuffer, I am abſolutely for the ſaving of Ptolemy, and the preſenting of Pompey's head, without any more ado, to Cæſar. A dead dog can do no harm.

As ſoon as Photinus had finiſhed, Domitian appeared in a rage; and, hauling in poor Suetonius after him, like a bear to the ſtake, There is not in nature, ſays he, ſo curſed a generation of ſcribbling rogues as theſe hiſtorians: we can neither be quiet for them living nor dead; for they haunt us in our very graves; and, when they have vented the humour and caprice of their own brains, the infamous production, forſooth, muſt be called, *The Life of ſuch an Emperor*. As an inſtance of their villany, I will ſhow you what this impertinent chronicler ſays of me: He ſquandered away his treaſure, ſays he, in expenſive building, plays, and preſents to the ſoldiers.

Now would I know which way it could have been better employed.

In another place he ſays, Domitian had ſome thoughts of eaſing himſelf in his military charges, by reducing the number; but that he durſt not do, for fear ſome of his neighbours ſhould put an affront upon him: ſo that, to make himſelf whole, he fell to raking and ſcraping whatever he could get either from the dead or the living; and any raſcal's teſtimony was proof enough for a confiſcation; for there needed no more to ruin an honeſt man, than to tell a tale

at court, that ſuch a one had ſpoken ill of the prince.

Is this the way of treating majeſty? What could this impudent pedant have ſaid worſe, if he had been ſpeaking of a pick-pocket or a pirate? But they make no difference betwixt princes and thieves.

He ſays farther, Domitian made ſeizure of ſeveral eſtates, without the leaſt right to them, and there went no more to his title, than for a falſe witneſs to depoſe, that he heard the defunct declare, before he died, that he made Cæſar his heir. He ſet up ſuch a tax upon the Jews, that many of them denied their religion to avoid it: and I remember, that, when I was a young fellow, I ſaw an old man of fourſcore-and-ten taken up on ſuſpicion by one of Domitian's ſpies, and turned up in a public aſſembly, to ſee if he was circumciſed.

Be you now judges, gentlemen, if this be not a moſt intolerable indignity? Can I be anſwerable for the actions of my inferior officers? I am ſurpriſed that my ſucceſſors ſhould ever ſuffer theſe ſcandalous reports to be publiſhed, eſpecially againſt a prince who had laid out ſo much money in repairing the libraries that were burnt.

It is true, ſaid Suetonius, in a melancholy tone; and I have not forgotten to make mention of it to your honour: but what will you ſay, if I ſhow you, in a warrant under your hand, this execrable and impious blaſphemy? "It is the command of your Lord and God." And, in fine, if I ſpeak nothing but truth, where is the cauſe of your complaint? I have written the lives too of the great Julius Cæſar, and the divine Auguſtus; and the world will not ſay but I have executed them very well: but for yourſelf, and ſuch as you, who are effectually but ſo many incarnate and crowned plagues, what fault have I committed in ſetting before your eyes thoſe tyrannies, which heaven and earth cannot look upon but with dread and horror?

Suetonius would have ſaid more, had he not been interrupted by a babbler, who whiſpered Lucifer in the ear, and ſaid, Look you, Sir, pointing with his finger, that limping devil there, who looks as if he was lamed with beating the hoof, has been abroad in the world theſe twenty years, and is but juſt now returned. Come hither, ſirrah, cries Lucifer. Whereupon the poor cur went wriggling up towards his prince. You are a fine rogue to be ſent off an errand, are you not, ſays Lucifer, to

ſtay twenty years out, and come back again even as wiſe as you went? What ſouls have you brought now, or what news from the other world? Your Highneſs, replied the devil, has too much honour and juſtice to condemn me unheard: wherefore be pleaſed to remember, that, at my going out, you gave me charge of a certain merchant; it coſt me the firſt ten years of my time to make him a thief, and ten more to keep him from turning honeſt again, and reſtoring what he had ſtolen. A fine fetch for a devil this, is it not? cried Lucifer: but hell is no more like the hell it was when I knew it firſt, than chalk is like cheeſe: and the devils, now-a-days, are ſo damnedly inſipid and dry, they are hardly worth the roaſting. A ſenſeleſs puppy! to come back to me with a ſtory of Waltham's calf, that came nine miles to ſuck a bull: but he is yet but a novice in his buſineſs. Upon which Lucifer bade one of his officers take him away, and put him to ſchool again; for I perceive he is a raſcal, ſays he; and he has even been roguing at a play-houſe, when he ſhould have been at church.

Juſt after this, ſeveral men came running as hard as they could drive from behind a little hill, after a company of women: the men

crying out, Stop, ſtop; and the women crying for help. Lucifer commanded them all to be ſeized, and aſked the meaning of their running thus. Alas, alas! cried one of the men, quite out of breath, theſe carrions have made us fathers, though we never had children. Govern your tongue, ſirrah, cried a devil of honour, out of reſpect to the ladies, and ſpeak truth, for it is quite impoſſible you ſhould be fathers without children. Pardon me, ſaid the fellow, we were married men, and honeſt men, and good houſe-keepers, have borne offices in the pariſh, and have children that call us father; but it is a ſtrange thing, that, after we have been abroad, ſome of us for ſeven years together, others as long bed-rid, and ſo impotent, that we have been reckoned among the dead, and yet our wives have brought us every year a child, whom we were ſuch fools as to keep and bring up, and give ourſelves to the devil at laſt to get them eſtates, out of a charitable perſuaſion, forſooth, that they might yet be our own; though, for a twelvemonth together, perhaps, we never ſo much as examined whether our wives were fiſh or fleſh: but now, ſince the mothers are dead, and the children grown up, we have found out the tools who made them. One has the coach-

man's noſe, another the gentleman-uſher's legs, a third a couſin-german's eyes; and ſome, we are to preſume, conceived purely by ſtrength of imagination, or elſe by the ears, like weaſels.

Upon this there appeared a little remnant of a man, a dapper Spaniard, with a beſom-beard, and a voice not unlike the yelping of a cur. As he came near the company, he ſet up his throat, and called out, Ah, jade! I ſhall now take you to taſk, you whore you, for making me father my negro's baſtards, and for the eſtate I ſettled upon him. I ever miſdoubted foul play, but ſhould never have dreamed of that ugly toad, when there was ſuch choice of handſome young fellows about us; but I ſuppoſe you had them too. Frequently have I curſed the monks to the pit of hell, Heaven forgive me for it; for the ſtrumpet would be conſtantly gadding abroad, under pretence of going to confeſſion, though, to tell the truth, I was never any great friend to penance and mortification. But then would I be continually diſcloſing my mind to this curſed Moor. I cannot imagine, ſaid I, where this miſtreſs of thine ſhould commit all the ſins that ſhe goes every hour of the day to confeſs at yonder monaſtery? Upon which the villain would anſwer

me, Alas, good lady! I would even venture my ſoul for her's with all my heart; ſhe ſpends all her time, you ſee, in holy duties. I was at that time ſo innocent, that I ſuſpected nothing more than a pure reſpect and civility to my wife; but I have learned better ſince; and that effectually his ſoul and hers were commonly ventured in the ſame bottom; yes, and their bodies too, as I perceived by their pye-bald iſſue; for the baſtards take after both father and mother. So that, at this rate, cried the adopted fathers, the huſband of a whore has a pleaſant time on it. Firſt he is ſubjected to all the pukings, longings, and peeviſh importunities, that a breeding woman gives thoſe about her, till ſhe is delivered; and then comes the ſqualling of the child, and the tittle-tattle goſſipings of the nurſe and midwife, who muſt be well treated too, well lodged, and well paid into the bargain. A ſweet baby, ſays one to the jade who is the mother of it, it is even as like the father as if he had ſpit it out of his mouth: it has the very lips, the very eyes of him; when it is no more like him than an apple is like an oyſter: and, at laſt, when we have borne all this, and twenty times more, in the other world, with a Chriſtian patience, we are hurried away to hell, where we lie like a

company of damned cuckolds of us; or, for aught I ſee, in *Sæcula ſeculorum;* which is very hard, and, in truth, out of all reaſon.

I cut this viſit ſhort, to ſee what news in a deep vault near at hand, where we heard a great buſtle and conteſt betwixt ſeveral ſouls and the devils. There were the preſumptuous, the revengeful, and the envious, gaping and crying out as if they would break their hearts, Oh, that I could be born again! ſays one: Oh, that I might go back into the world again! ſays another: Oh, that I were but to die once more! cries a third. Inſomuch that they put the devils out of all patience, with their impertinent and unprofitable wiſhes and exclamations. Hang yourſelves, cried the devils, for a pack of cheating, bawling raſcals. You live again! and be born again! And what if you might do it a thouſand times over? You would only die at laſt a thouſand times greater villains than you are at preſent; and there would be no clearing hell of you. However, to try you, and make you know yourſelves, we have commiſſion to let you live again, and return. Up then, you varlets, go, be born again; return into the world again.—Away, cried the devils, with a luſty laſh at every word, and thruſt hard to get them out; but

the poor rogues hung back, and were ſtruck with ſuch a terror to hear of living again, and returning to earth, that they ſlunk into a corner, and lay as peaceable as lambs.

At length one of the company, who ſeemed to have ſomewhat more brain and reſolution than his fellows, entered very gravely upon the debate, whether they ſhould go out or not? If I ſhould now, ſays he, at my ſecond birth, go into the world a baſtard, the ſhame would be mine, though my parents committed the fault, and I ſhould carry the ſcandal and infamy of it to my grave: but ſuppoſe, however, that my mother ſhould be honeſt, as that is not impoſſible, and I go into the world legitimate, yet how many follies, and vices, and diſeaſes, are there that run in the blood! Who knows but I ſhould be mad, or ſwear, lie, cheat, or whore? nay, if I came off with a little mortification of my carcaſe, ſuch as the ſtone, the ſcurvy, or the pox, I were a happy man. But, oh! the lodging, the diet, and the cookery that I am to expect for a matter of nine months in my mother's belly; and then the butter and beer that muſt be ſpent to ſweeten me when I change my quarters! I muſt come crying into the world, and be ignorant of what it is to live till I die, and then

as ignorant of death too till it is paſt. I fancy my ſwaddling-clothes and blankets to be worſe than my winding-ſheet; my cradle repreſents my tomb; and then who knows whether my nurſe ſhall be found or no? She may overlay me, perhaps; leave me ſome four-and-twenty hours, it may be, without clean clouts, and a pin or two all the while perhaps up to the hilt in my backſide: then follows breeding of teeth and worms, with all the gripes and diſorders that are cauſed by unwholeſome milk. Theſe miſeries are certain; and why ſhould I endure them over again? If it happen that I paſs the ſtate of infancy without the ſmall-pox or meaſles, I muſt then be packed away to ſchool, to get the itch, a ſcald-head, or a pair of kibed heels. In winter it is ten to one but you find me with a ſnotty-noſe; and conſtantly under the laſh, if I either miſs my leſſon, or play the truant. So that, hang him, for my part, who would be born again, for any thing I ſee yet. When I advance to manhood, the women will have me as ſure as a gun; for they have a thouſand gins and devices to catch woodcocks; and if ever I come to ſet eye upon a laſs who underſtands dreſs and raillery, I am gone, if there were no lads in Chriſtendom. But, for my part, I am as ſick as a dog of powdering, curling, and

playing the lady-bird. I would not for all the world be in the ſhoemaker's ſtocks, and choke myſelf over again in a ſtrait cravat, only to have the ladies ſay, Look what a genteel ſhape and foot that gentleman has! And I would take as little pleaſure to ſpend ſix hours of the four-and-twenty in picking gray hairs out of my head or beard, or turning white into black. To ſtand half raviſhed in the contemplation of my own ſhadow; to dreſs fine, to go to church only to ſee beautiful ladies; to correct the midnight air with ardent ſighs and ejaculations, and to keep company with owls and batts, like a bird of ill omen; to walk the round of a miſtreſs's lodging, and play at bo-peep, at the corner of every ſtreet; to adore her imperfections, or, as the ſong ſays,—for her uglineſs, and for her want of coin; to make bracelets of her locks, and truck a pearl necklace for a ſhoe-ſtring. At this rate, I ſay, curſed again and again be he, for my part, that would live over again ſo miſerable a life.

Being now come to write full man, if I have an eſtate, how many cares, ſuits, and brangles, go along with it! If I have none, what murmuring and regret at my misfortunes! By this time the ſins of my youth are gotten into my bones; I grow penſive and moroſe; nothing

pleaſes me; I curſe old age to ten thouſand devils; and the youth which I can never recover in my veins, I endeavour to fetch out of the barber's ſhop from perukes, razors, and patches, to conceal, or at leaſt to diſguiſe, all the marks and evidences of nature in her decay. Nay, when I ſhall have never an eye to ſee with, nor a tooth left in my head, gouty legs, windmills in my crown, my noſe running like a tap, and gravel in my reins by the buſhel; then muſt I make oath, that all this is nothing but mere accident, gotten by lying in the field, or the like; and out-face the truth, in the very teeth of ſo many undeniable witneſſes. There is no plague comparable to this hypocriſy of the members. To have an old fop ſhake his heel, when he is ready to fall to pieces, and cry, Theſe legs would make a ſhift yet to play with the beſt legs in the company; and then, with a luſty thump on his breaſt, fetch up a hem, and cry, Sound at my heart, boy; and a thouſand other ſuch fooleries: but all this is nothing to the miſery of an old fellow in love, eſpecially if he be put to gallant it againſt a company of young gameſters. Oh! the inward ſhame and vexation, to ſee himſelf ſcarce ſo much as neglected. It happens ſometimes that a jolly lady, for want of better entertainment, may content herſelf

with one of theſe reverend fornicators inſtead of a whetſtone; but, alack! the poor man is weak, though willing; and, after a whole night ſpent in cold frivolous pretences and excuſes, away he goes with inexpreſſible torments of rage and confuſion about him; and many a heavy curſe is ſent after him, for keeping a poor lady from her natural reſt to ſo little purpoſe. How often muſt I be put to the bluſh too, when every old toad ſhall be calling me old acquaintance, and ſaying to me, Oh, Sir, it is many a day ſince you and I were firſt acquainted: I think it was in the four-and-thirtieth of the Queen that we were ſchool-fellows: how the world is altered ſince! And then muſt my head be turned into a *memenți mori*; my fleſh diſſolved into rheums; my ſkin withered and wrinkled; with a ſtaff in my hand, knocking the earth at every trembling ſtep, as if I called upon my grave to receive me. Walking like a moving ghoſt; my life little more than a dream; my reins and bladder turned into a perfect quarry; and the urinal my whole ſtudy; my next heir watching every minute for the long-deſired and happy hour of my departure; and, in the mean time, I myſelf become the phyſician's revenue, and ſurgeon's practice; with an apothecary's ſhop in my guts, and every old

jade calling me grandfire. No, no; I will endure no more living again, I thank you: one hell, rather than too mothers. But let us now conſider the comforts of life; the humours, and the manners. He that would be rich, muſt play the thief, or the cheat; he that would riſe in the world, muſt turn paraſite, informer, or projector. He that marries, ventures fair for horns either before or after. There is no valour without ſwearing, quarrelling, or hectoring; if ye are poor, nobody owns ye; if rich, you will know nobody; if you die young, what pity it was, they will ſay, that he ſhould be cut off thus in the prime! if old, he was even paſt his beſt; there is no great miſs of him: if you are religious, and frequent the church and the ſacrament, you are an hypocrite; and without this, you are an atheiſt, or an heretic: if you are cheerful and merry, you paſs preſently for a buffoon; and if penſive and reſerved, you are taken to be moroſe and cenſorious: courteſy is called colloguing and currying of favour; downright honeſty, and plain-dealing, is interpreted to be pride and ill-manners. This is the world; and, for all that is in it, I would not have it to go over again. If any of ye, my maſters, ſaid he to his companions, be of another opinion,

hold up your hands. No, no, cried they all unanimouſly, no more generation-work, I beſeech ye; better the devils than the midwives.

The next who came was a teſtator, curſing and raving like a bedlamite, that he had made his laſt will and teſtament. Ah, villain! ſaid he, for a man to murder himſelf, as I have done! If I had not ſealed, I had not died. Of all things, next a phyſician, deliver me from a teſtament; it has killed more than the plague. Oh, miſerable mortals! let the living take a warning by the dead, and make no teſtament. It was my great misfortune, firſt, to put my life into the phyſician's power; and then, by making my will, to ſign the ſentence of death upon myſelf, and be my own executioner. Put your ſoul and your eſtate in order, ſays the doctor, for there is no hope of life; and the word was no ſooner out, but I was ſo wiſe and devout, forſooth, as to fall immediately upon the prologue of my will, with an, In the name of God, Amen. When I came to diſpoſe of my goods and chattels, I pronounced theſe bloody words (I would I had been tongue-tied when I did it); I make and appoint my ſon my ſole executor. *Item*, To my dear wife I give and bequeath all my plays and romances, and all the furniture in

the rooms upon the ſecond ſtory. To my very good friend, T. B. my large tankard, for a remembrance. To my foot-boy, Robin, five pounds, to bind him an apprentice. To Betty, who waited upon me in my ſickneſs, my little caudle-cup. To the doctor, my fair table-diamond, for his care of me in my illneſs. After ſigning and ſealing, the ink was ſcarce dry upon the paper, but methought the earth opened, as if it had been hungry, to devour me. My ſon and my legatees were preſently caſting it up, how many hours I might yet hold it out. If I called for the cordial julep, or a little of Dr. Gilbert's water, my ſon was taking poſſeſſion of my eſtate; my wife ſo buſy about the beds and hangings, that ſhe could not attend it; the boy and the wench could underſtand nothing, but about their legacies; my very good friend's mind was wholly upon his tankard; my kind doctor, I muſt confeſs, took occaſion, now and then, to handle my pulſe, and ſee whether the diamond were of the right black-water or no: if I aſked him what I might eat, his anſwer was, Any thing, any thing; even what you like beſt yourſelf: at every groan I fetched, they were calling for their legacies, which they could not have till I was dead. But if I

were to begin the world again, I think I ſhould make another kind of teſtament: I would ſay, A curſe upon him that ſhall have my eſtate when I am dead; and may the firſt bit of bread he eats from it, choke him. The devil take what I cannot carry away; and him, too, who ſtruggles for it, if he can catch him. If I die, let my boy Robin have the ſtrappado three hours a-day, to be duly paid him during life. Let my wife die of the mother; but let her firſt live long enough to plague the damned doctor, and indict him for poiſoning her poor huſband. To ſpeak ſincerely, I can never forgive that dog-leach. Was it not enough to make me ſick when I was well, without making me dead when I was ſick? and not to reſt there neither, but to perſecute me in my grave, too? But, to ſay the truth, this is only neighbour's fare; for all thoſe fools who truſt in them, are ſerved in the ſame manner. A vomit, or a purge, is as good a paſſport into the other world as a man can deſire; and then, when our heads are laid, the ſcandal they caſt upon our bodies and memories is inſupportable. Heaven reſt his ſoul, cries one, he killed himſelf with a debauch. How is it poſſible, ſays another, to cure a man who eats every thing that comes in his way?

He was a madman, cries a third, a mere ſot, and would not be governed by his phyſician. His body was as rotten as a pear: he had as many diſeaſes as a horſe; nor was it in the power of man to ſave him: and, truly, it was well that his hour was come, for he had better a great deal die well than live on as he did. Thieves and murderers that ye are! You yourſelves are that hour you talk of. The phyſician is only death in a diſguiſe, and brings his patient's hour along with him. Cruel people! is it not enough to take away a man's life, and, like common hangmen, to be paid for it when you have done; but you muſt blaſt the honour too of thoſe you have diſpatched, to excuſe your ignorance? Let but the living follow my counſel, and write their teſtaments after this copy; they ſhall then live long and happy, and not go out of the world, at laſt, like a rat, or be cut off in the flower of their days, by theſe counterfeit doctors of the faculty of the cloſe-ſtool.

The poor man plied his diſcourſe with ſo much gravity and earneſtneſs, that Lucifer began to imagine what he ſaid was true: but becauſe all truths are not to be ſpoken, eſpecially among the devils, where hardly any are admired; and for fear of miſchief, if the doctors

ſhould come to hear what had been ſaid, Lucifer immediately ordered the fellow to be gagged, and put in ſecurity for his good behaviour.

No ſooner was his mouth ſtopped, than another was opened; and one of the damned came running acroſs the company, and ſo up and down, backward and forward, like a cur that had loſt his maſter, bawling as if he had been deprived of his ſenſes, and crying out, Oh! where am I? where am I? I am abuſed? I am chouſed: what is the meaning of all this? here are damning devils, tempting devils, and tormenting devils; but the devil a devil can I find of the devils that brought me hither; they have gotten away my devils: where are they; give me my devils again.

No wonder that the company ſtared, to ſee a fellow hunting for devils in hell, where they are to be found in crowds in every corner: but as he was in his hurry, a gouvernante caught him by the arm, and gave him a half turn, and ſtopped him. Old Lucky Bird, ſays ſhe, if thou wanteſt devils here, where doſt thou expect to find them? He knew her as ſoon as he ſaw her. And art thou here, old Beelzebub in Petticoats? ſaid he; the very picture of Lucifer, the coupler of male and female, the buckler and thong of letchery; the multiplier of ſin, and the guide of

ſinners; the interpreteſs betwixt whores and knaves; the preface to the remedy of love, and the prologue to the critical minute: ſpeak, and without more ado, tell me where are the devils and their dams, that brought me hither? Theſe are none of them. No, no, I am not ſuch a fool as to be trepanned and ſpirited away by devils with tails, horns, briſtles, and wings, that ſmell as if they had been ſmoked in a chimney corner. The devils that I look for, are worſe than theſe. Where are the mothers that play the bawds to their own daughters? and the aunts that do as much for their nieces, and make them caper and ſparkle like wildfire? the black eyed girls that carry fire in their eyes, and ſtrike as ſure as a lance from the hand of a cavalier? Where are the flatterers that ſpeak nothing but pleaſing things? the incendiaries, that are the very canker of human ſociety? Where are the ſtory-mongers? the maſters of the faculty of lying; that report more than they hear, affirm more than they know, and ſwear more than they believe? thoſe ſlanderous backbiters, that, like vultures, prey only upon carrion? Where are the hypocrites, that turn devotion into intereſt, and make a revenue of a commandment; that pretend ecſtacy when they are drunk, and utter the fumes and dreams

of their luxury for revelations; that make chapels of their parlours, preachments of their ordinary entertainments; and every thing they do is a miracle; who divine all that is told them, and raiſe people to life again, that counterfeit ſick when they ſhould work; and give an honeſt man to the devil with a Deo Gratias? Theſe are the devils I would be at; theſe are they that have damned me; look them out, and find them for me, you impudent hag, or I ſhall be ſo bold as to ſearch your French hood for them. Thus ſaying, he fell upon the poor gouvernante, tore off her head-dreſs, and laid about him ſo furiouſly, that there would have been no getting him off, if Lucifer had not made uſe of his abſolute authority to quiet him.

As ſoon as the fray was compoſed, we heard the ſhutting of bars and bolts, the opening of doors and hinges that creaked for want of greaſe, and a ſtrange humming of a vaſt crowd of people. The firſt that appeared were a company of bold, talkative, and painted old women; but jolly and gameſome, tickling and toying with one another, as if they had never ſeen thirteen; and carrying it out with an air of much ſatisfaction and content. The babbler was ſomewhat ſcandalized at their behaviour, and told them how ill they did to be merry in hell; and ſeve-

ral others admired as much, and aſked them the reaſon of it, conſidering their condition. Upon this, one of the gang, that was very thin and pale, and raiſed upon a pair of heels that made her legs longer than her body, reſpectfully told Lucifer, that at their firſt coming, they were as ſad as it was poſſible for a company of damned old jades to be; but, ſays ſhe, we were a little comforted, when we heard of no other puniſhment here, than weeping and gnaſhing of teeth, and in ſome hope to come off upon reaſonable terms; for we have not among us ſo much as a drop of moiſture in our bodies, nor a tooth in our heads. Search then preſently, cried the intermeddler, ſqueeze the balls of their eyes, and let their gums be examined, you will find ſnags, ſtumps, or roots, or enough of ſomewhat or other there to ſpoil the jeſt. Upon the ſcrutiny, they were found ſo dry, that they were good for nothing in the world, but to ſerve for tinder or matches; and ſo they were diſpoſed of in the devil's tinder boxes.

While they were caſing up the old women, there came on ſeveral people of various ſorts and qualities, that called out to the firſt they ſaw; Pray you, gentlemen, ſaid they, before we go any farther, will you direct us to the Court of Rewards? How is that, cried one of the com-

pany, I was afraid we had been in hell; but ſince you talk of rewards, I hope it is but purgatory. Good, good, ſaid the whole multitude, you will quickly find where you are. Purgatory! cried the meddler; you have left that up the hill there, upon the right hand: this is hell, and a place of puniſhment; here is no regiſtry of rewards. Then we are miſtaken, ſaid he that ſpoke firſt. How ſo? cried the meddler. You ſhall hear, ſaid the other. We were in the other world entitled to the order of the Squires of the Pad, and borrowed now and then a ſmall ſum upon the king's high-way; we underſtood ſomewhat too of the croſs-bite, and the uſe of the frail dye. Some of our conſcientious and charitable friends would fain have drawn us off from the courſe we were in, and to give them their due, beſtowed a great deal of good counſel upon us, to very little purpoſe, for we were in a pretty way of thriving, and had gotten a habit, and could not leave it. We aſked them, what would you have us do; money we have none, and without it there is no living: ſhould we ſtay till it were brought, or come alone, how would you have a poor wretched being to live, that has neither eſtate, office, maſter, nor friend to maintain him; and is quite out of his element, unleſs he be either in a tavern, a bawdy-houſe,

or a gaming-ordinary? Now that is the man that Providence has appointed to live by his wits. Our adviſers ſaw there was no good to be done, and went away, telling us, that in the other world we ſhould meet with our reward.

They would tell us ſometimes, how baſe a thing it was to defame the houſe, and abuſe the bed of a friend. Our anſwer was ready: Well! and had we not better do it there, where the houſe is open to us, the maſter and lady kind, the occaſion fair and eaſy; than to run a caterwauling into a family, where every ſervant in the houſe is a ſpy, and perhaps, a fellow behind every door in the houſe; with a dagger or a piſtol in his hand to entertain us? Upon this, our grave counſellors, finding us ſo reſolute, even gave us over; and told us, as before, that in the other world we ſhould meet with our reward. Now, taking this to be the other world theſe honeſt men told us of, we are inquiring after our rewards.

Abominable ſcoundrels! ſaid an officer of juſtice there at hand; how many of your reprobate companions have ſquandered away their fortunes upon whores and dice, expoſing not only their wives and children, but many a noble family to a ſhameful and irreparable ruin? And let any man put in a word of wholſeſome ad-

vice, their anſwer is, Tuſh, tuſh, our wives and children are in the hand of Providence, and let him provide for the rooks that feed the ravens. Then it was told you, you ſhall find your reward in the other world, and the time is now come wherein you ſhall receive it. Up, up then, you curſed ſpirits, and away with them. At which word, a legion of devils fell on upon the miſerable caitiffs, with whips and firebrands, and gave them their long expected reward; and at every laſh, a voice was heard to ſay, In the other world you ſhall receive your reward. Theſe wretches, in the mean while, damning and ſinking themſelves to the pit of hell, ſtill, as if they had been upon earth, and vomiting their cuſtomary and execrable blaſphemies.

Juſt as this ſtorm blew over, there approached a prodigious number of bailiffs, ſerjeants, catchpoles, and other officers of prey, with the devil that was to tempt thieves upon earth, bound hand and foot, and a foul accuſation againſt him. Whereupon Lucifer, with a fell countenance, took his ſeat in a flaming chair, and called his officers about him. So ſoon as the prince had taken his place, a certain officer began his report: Here is before thee, cried he, a devil, moſt mighty Lucifer, that ſtands charg-

ed with ignorance in his trade, and the ſhame of his quality and profeſſion; inſtead of damning men, he has made it his buſineſs to ſave them. The word *ſave* put the court in ſuch a rage, that they bit their lips till the blood ſtartled, and the fire ſparkled at their eyes; and Lucifer, turning about to his attorney, Who would ever have thought, ſaid he, that ſo treacherous a villian could have been harboured in my dominions? It is moſt certain, my gracious lord, replied the attorney, that this devil has been very diligent in drawing people into thefts and pilferies; and then, when they came to be diſcovered, they are clapped up and hanged, or ſome miſchief or other: but ſtill, before execution, the ordinary calls them to penance, and frequently the toy takes them in the head, to confeſs and repent; and ſo they are ſaved. Now this ſilly devil thinks, that when he has brought them to ſteal, murder, coin, and the like, he has done his part, and ſo he leaves them; whereas he ſhould ſtick cloſe to them in priſon, and tempt them to deſpair and make away with themſelves: but when they are once left to the prieſt, he commonly brings them to a ſight of their ſins, and they eſcape. Now this ſimple devil was not aware, it ſeems, that many a ſoul goes to heaven from the gallows, the wheel, and the faggot; and

this failing has loſt your Highneſs many a fair purchaſe. Here is enough, cried the preſident, and their needs no more charge againſt him. The poor devil thought it was high time to ſpeak now, when they were juſt upon the point of paſſing his ſentence; and ſo he cried out: My lord, I beſeech you hear me: for though they ſay the devil is deaf, it is not meant of your Greatneſs. Upon a general ſilence, he thus ſpoke:

I cannot deny, my lord, but Tyburn is the way to Paradiſe, and many a man goes to heaven from the gallows: but if you will ſet thoſe that are damned for condemning others, againſt thoſe that are ſaved from the gallows, hell will be found no loſer by me at the foot of the account. How many marſhal's men, turnkeys and keepers, have I ſent you, for letting a coiner make his eſcape now and then with his falſe money, always provided they leave better money inſtead of it? How many falſe witneſſes, and knights of the poſt, that would ſet their conſciences like clocks, to go faſter or ſlower, according as they had more or leſs weight; and ſwear *extempore* at all rates and all prices? How many ſolicitors, attorneys, and clerks, that would draw you up a declaration or an indictment ſo ſlily, that I myſelf could hardly diſcover any error in it; and yet, when it came to the teſt,

it was as plain as the noſe on a man's face; that is to ſay again, provided they were well paid for the faſhion? How many jailors, that would wink at an eſcape for a paltry bribe? and how many attorneys, that would give you diſpatch or delay in proportion as they were greaſed? Now, after all this, what does it ſignify, if one thief of a thouſand comes to the gallows; he only ſuffers becauſe he was poor, and that there may be the better trading for the rich; and without any deſign in the world to ſuppreſs ſtealing. Nay, it frequently happens, that they who bring the malefactor to the gibbet, are the worſe criminals of the two: but they are never looked after; or, if they ſhould be, they have tricks enough to bring themſelves off: ſo that it fares in this caſe, as it did with him that had his houſe troubled with rats, and would needs take in ſome cats to kill them; the rats would be nibbling at his cheeſe, his bacon, a cruſt of bread, and now and then a candle's end; but when the cats came, down went a milk-bowl, and away goes a brace or two of partridges, or a couple of pigeons; and the poor man muſt be content to go ſupperleſs to bed. In concluſion, the rats were troubleſome, the cats were intolerable. And then there is this in it; ſuppoſe one poor fellow hangs, and goes to heaven, I do but give him in exchange for two hundred

at leaſt, that deſerve to be hanged, but eſcape, and go to hell at laſt. Beſides, a thief upon a gibbet, is as good as a roaſted dog in a pigeon-houſe; for you ſhall immediately have two or three thouſand witches about him for ſnips of his halter, an eye, tooth, or a collop of his fat; which is of great uſe in many of their charms. But, in fine, let me do what I will, my ſervices are not underſtood. My ſucceſſor, perhaps, will diſcharge his duty better: and, indeed, I am very well content to reſign my commiſſion; for, to ſay the truth, I am in years, and would gladly have a little reſt now in my old age; which I rather propoſe to myſelf in the ſervice of ſome other than where I am.

Lucifer heard him very patiently, and gave him all the ſatisfaction imaginable; ſtrictly charging the evil ſpirits that had abuſed him to do ſo no more, upon hazard of pains corporal and ſpiritual. They deſired him too, that he would not reſign his employment; for he was ſtrong enough yet to do very good ſervice in it: but to think of eaſing himſelf by going to a pretender, he would find himſelf miſtaken; for it was a duty he could never be able to endure. Well! ſays he, even what your Highneſs pleaſes. But, truly, I thought a devil might have lived very comfortably in that condition:

for he has no more to do, that I can ſee, than to keep his ears open, and learn his trade. For, put the caſe it ſhould be ſome pretender to a good office, or a fat biſhopric; though the fathers and councils are againſt pretenders in this caſe, I fancy to myſelf all the pleaſures that may be. It is as good as going to ſchool; for theſe people teach the devils their A B C; and all we have to do is to ſit ſtill and learn.

After him came the demon of tobacco; which, I muſt own, greatly aſtoniſhed me. I have, indeed, often ſaid to myſelf, certainly theſe ſmokers are poſſeſſed; but I could never ſwear it till now. I have, ſaid the devil, by bringing this weed into Spain, revenged the Indians upon the Spaniards for all the maſſacres and butcheries they committed there; and done them more miſchief than ever Colon, Cortez, Almero, or Pizarro did in the Indies. By how much is it more honourable to die upon a ſword's point, by gun-ſhot, or at the mouth of a cannon, than for a man to ſnivel and ſneeze himſelf into the other world? or to go away in a megrim, or a ſpotted fever, perchance? which is the ordinary effect of this poiſonous weed. It is with tobacconiſts as it is with demoniacs under exorciſm; they fume and vapour, but the devil ſticks to them ſtill. Many there are that make

a very idol of it; they admire, they adore it; tempting and perſecuting the people to take it; and the bare mention of it puts them into an ecſtaſy. In the ſmoke, it is a probation for hell, where another day they muſt endure ſmoking; taken in powder at the noſe, it draws upon youth the incommodity of old age, in the perpetual annoyance of rheum and drivel.

Then came the devil of ſubornation, which was a good complexioned, and a well-timbered devil, to my great amazement, I muſt acknowledge; for I had never ſeen any devils till now but what were very ugly; the air of his face was ſo familiar to me, that, methought, I had ſeen it in a thouſand ſeveral places; ſometimes under a veil, ſometimes uncovered; now under one ſhape, and then under another. One while he called himſelf Child's-play; another while, Kind Entertainment; here, Payment; there, Reſtitution; and in a third place, Alms: but, to tell the truth, I could never learn his right name. I remember in ſome places I have heard him called Inheritance, Profit, Patrimony, Gratitude. Here he was called Doctor; there, Bachelor: with the lawyers, ſolicitors, and attorneys, he paſſed under the name of Right; and the confeſſors called him Charity.

He was well accompanied, and ſtyled himſelf Lucifer's lieutenant; but there was a devil of conſequence that powerfully oppoſed him, and made this proclamation of himſelf: Be it known, ſays he, that I am the great embroiler, and politic entangler of affairs: the deluder of princes, the pretext of the unworthy, and the excuſe of tyrants. I can make black white; and give what colour I pleaſe to the fouleſt actions in nature. If I had a mind to overturn the world, and put all in a general confuſion, I could do it; for I have it in my power, to baniſh order and reaſon out of it; to turn importunity into merit, example into neceſſity: to give law to ſucceſs, authority to infamy, and credit to inſolence. I have the tongues of all counſellors at my girdle; and they ſhall ſpeak neither more nor leſs than juſt as I think proper. In ſhort, that is eaſy to me which others account impoſſible; and while I live, you need fear neither virtue nor juſtice, or good government in the world. This devil of ſubornation that talks of his lieutenancy, what could he ever have done without my aid? he is a raſcal that no perſon of quality would admit into company, if I did not fit him with vizors and diſguiſes. Let him be ſilent then, and know himſelf; and

let me hear no more of theſe diſputes about the lieutenancy of hell; for I have Lucifer's broad ſeal to ſhow my title to it.

For my part, exclaimed another rebellious ſpirit, I am none of thoſe humble-minded devils that can content myſelf to hold the door upon occaſion, or knock under the table, and play at ſmall game, rather than ſtand out; but few words among friends are beſt; and when I have ſpoken three or four, let him come up that chooſes. I am then, ſays he, the devil-interpreter, and my buſineſs is to gloſs upon the text; in which caſe the cuckolds are very much beholden to me; for I have much to ſay for the honour of the calling. How ſhould a poor fellow, that has a handſome wench to his wife, and never a penny to live on, hold up his head in the world, if it were not for that quality? I have a pretty faculty in doing good offices for diſtreſſed ladies at a time of need; and I make the whole ſex ſenſible how great a folly and madneſs it is to neglect thoſe ſweet opportunities. Among other ſecrets, I have found out a way to eſtabliſh an office for thievery, where the officers ſhall be thieves, and juſtify it when they have done. Here they ſtopped.

A few moments after, there appeared another devil, of about a foot and a half high. I

am, ſays he, a devil but of ſmall ſize, and perhaps one of the leaſt in hell; and yet the door opens to me as well as to another, for I never come empty handed. Why, what have you brought then? ſays the meddler, and came up to him. What have I brought? replied he; I have brought a perfect magpye, and a finical flatterer; they are two pieces that were in high eſteem in the cabinet of two mighty princes; and I have brought them for a preſent to Lucifer. With that Lucifer caſt his eyes upon them, and with a haughty grin, You do well, ſays he, to ſay you had them at court; and I think you ſhould do well to carry them thither again; for I had rather have their room than their company.

Then came another dwarf-devil, complaining, that he had been about ſix years concerned with ſo infamous a raſcal, that there was no good to be done with him; for the bad, as well as the better ſort, were ſcandalized at his converſation. A mighty piece of buſineſs! cried the gouvernante; and could you not have gotten him a handſome poſt or employment? that would have made him good for ſomething, and you might have done his buſineſs.

In the mean time, the babbler went whiſpering up and down; and finding faults; till at

length he came to a huge heap of ſleeping devils, in a corner, that were faggoted up, and all mouldy and full of cobwebs; theſe he immediately gave notice of, and they cut the band to give them air. With much ado they waked them, and aſked, What devils they were? What they did there? and why they were not upon duty? They fell a yawning, and ſaid, that they were the devils of luxury. But they ſaid, that ſince the women had taken a fancy to prefer money to their modeſty and honour, there had been no need of a devil in the caſe to tempt them: it is but ſhowing them the merry ſkinners, continued they, and they will dart like larks, and fall down before you; and then you may even do what you will with them, and take them up in a purſe-net. Gold ſupplies all imperfections, it makes an angel of a crocodile, turns a fool into a philoſopher, and a dreſſing-box, well lined, is worth twenty thouſand devils: ſo that there is no temptation like a preſent: and, take them from top to bottom, the whole race of women is frail: and one thread of pearl will do more with them than a million of fine ſtories.

Juſt as this devil gave over ſpeaking, we heard another ſnorting; and it was well we did ſo, for we had trod upon his belly elſe. He was

laid hold of upon ſuſpicion that he ſlept a dog-ſleep, or rather the ſleep of a contented cuckold, that would ſpoil no ſport where he made none. I am, ſays he, the nun's devil; and, for want of other employment, I have been three days aſleep here as you found me. My miſtreſſes are now chooſing an abbeſs, and always when they are at work, I make holiday, for they are all devils themſelves then; there is ſuch canvaſſing, flattering, importuning, cajoling, making of parties; and in a word, ſo general a confuſion, that a devil among them would do more hurt than good. Nay, the ambitious make it a point of honour, upon ſuch an occaſion, to ſhow that they can outwit the devil: and if ever hell ſhould be in danger of a peace, it is my advice that you preſently call in a convention of nuns to the election of an abbeſs; which would moſt certainly reduce it to its ancient ſtate of ſedition, mutiny, and confuſion, and bring us all, in effect, to ſuch a paſs, that we ſhould not eaſily know one another.

Lucifer was very well pleaſed with the advice, and ordered it to be entered upon the regiſter, as a ſure expedient to ſuppreſs any diſorders that might happen for the future, to the diſturbance of his government. After which, he commanded the iſſuing out a ſummons, to

all his company and liverymen, who immediately appeared in vaſt crowds; while, with a hideous yell, he thus addreſſed them:

THE

DECREE OF LUCIFER.

TO our well-beloved and deſpairing legions and and eſteemed ſubjects, lying under the condemnation of perpetual darkneſs, that lived penſioners to Sin and Death for their pay-maſter, greeting.

I have aſſembled you together to inform you, that there are two devils who pretend a claim to the honour of our lieutenancy; but we have abſolutely refuſed to gratify either the one or the other in that point, out of a ſingular affection and reſpect to our right truſty and eſteemed couſin, a certain ſhe devil, who is more worthy of it than any other.

As ſoon as they heard this, they fell to whiſpering and muttering, and ſtaring one upon another; till at laſt Lucifer, obſerving it, told them never to trouble themſelves to gueſs who it might be; but bring Good Fortune, alias Madam Proſperity to him; who preſently appeared in the tail of the aſſembly, and, with a proud

and haughty air, marched up, and planted herſelf before the degraded ſeraphim, who looked her kindly in the face, and then continued his ſpeech.

It is our will, pleaſure, and command, that, next and immediately under our proper perſon, you pay all honour and reſpect to the Lady Proſperity, and obey her as the moſt mighty and ſupreme governeſs of theſe our realms. Theſe titles and qualities we have conferred upon her as due to her merit; for ſhe hath damned more ſouls than you all together. She it is that makes men caſt off all dread of their heavenly Father, and love of their neighbour. She it is that makes men place their ſovereign good in riches: that engages and entangles mens minds in vanity; ſtrikes them blind in their pleaſures; loads them with treaſure, and buries them in ſin. Where is the tragedy that ſhe has not played her part in? Where is the ſtability and wiſdom that ſhe has not ſtaggered? Where is the folly that ſhe has not improved and augmented? She takes no counſel, and fears no puniſhment. She it is that furniſhes matter for ſcandal, experience for ſtory; that entertains the cruelty of tyrants, and bathes the executioners in innocent blood. How many ſouls, that lived innocent while they were poor, have fallen into impiety and repro-

bation as ſoon as ever they came to drink of the enchanted cup of Proſperity! Go then, be as obedient to her, we charge you all, as to ourſelf; and know, that, they that ſtand againſt Proſperity, are not for you. Let them even alone; for it is but time loſt to attempt them. Take example from that impertinent devil that got leave to tempt Job; he perſecuted him, beggared him, covered him all over with ſcabs and ulcers. Blockhead that he was! If he had underſtood his buſineſs, he would have gone another way to work, and begged leave to have multiplied riches upon him, and to have poſſeſſed him of health and pleaſures—that is the trial! And how many are there that, when they thrive in the world, turn their backs upon heaven, and never ſo much as name their Creator but in oaths, and then, too, without thinking on him? their diſcourſe is all of jollities, banquets, comedies, purchaſes, and the like; whereas, the poor man has God always in view. Lord, ſays he, be mindful of me, and have mercy on me, for all my truſt is in thee. Wherefore, ſays Lucifer, redoubling his accurſed clamour, let it be publiſhed forthwith throughout all our dominions, that calamities, troubles, and perſecutions, are our mortal enemies; for ſo we have found them upon experience: they are the diſpenſations of Providence, the bleſſings of the Almighty, to

fit finners for himſelf; and they that ſuffer them, are enrolled in the militia of heaven.

Item: For the better adminiſtration of our government, it is our will and pleaſure, and we do ſtrictly charge and command, that our devils do give conſtant attendance in courts of judicature; and they are hereby totally diſcharged from any farther care of little petty-foggers, flatterers, and envious perſons; for they are ſo well acquainted with hell-road, that they will guide one another without the help of a devil to entice them.

Item: We do ordain and command, that no devil preſume, for the future, to entertain any confident but Profit; for that is the harbinger that provides vice the moſt commodious quarter, even in the ſtraiteſt conſciences.

Item: We do ordain, as a matter of great importance to the converſion of our empire, that in what part ſoever of our realms the devil of money ſhall condeſcend to appear, all other devils there preſent ſhall riſe, and, with due reverence, preſent him the chair, in token of their ſubmiſſion to his power and authority.

Item: We do expreſsly charge and command all our officers, as well civil as military, to employ their utmoſt diligence and induſtry for the eſtabliſhing a general peace throughout the world; for that is the time for wickedneſs to

thrive in, and every ſpecies of wickedneſs to flouriſh; as luxury, gluttony, idleneſs, lying, ſlandering, gaming, and whoring; and, in a word, ſin is upon the increaſe, and godlineſs in the wane; whereas, in a ſtate of war, men are upon the exerciſe of valour and virtue, calling often upon Heaven in the morning, for fear of being knocked on the head before dinner; and honeſt men and actions are rewarded.

Item: We do, from this time forward, diſcharge all our officers and agents whatſoever from giving themſelves any farther trouble in tempting men and women to ſins of incontinence; ſince experience informs us, that adultery and fornication will never be left till the old woman can ſin no longer. And though there be ſeveral intervals of repentence, and ſome faint purpoſes of giving whoredom over, yet the humour returns again with the next tide of blood, and concupiſcence is as loyal a ſubject as any we have in our dominions.

Item: In conſideration of the exemption aforeſaid, by which means ſeveral poor devils are left without preſent employment; and foraſmuch as there are many merchants and tradeſmen in London, Paris, Madrid, Amſterdam, and elſewhere, that are very charitably diſpoſed to help people in want, eſpecially young heirs newly at age, and ſpendthrifts, that come to borrow

of them; but the times being dead, and little money ſtirring, all they can do is to furniſh them with what the houſe affords; and if an hundred pounds or two in commodity will do them any good, it is at their ſervice, they ſay. This the gallant takes up at an extravagant rate, to ſell again immediately for what he can get: and the merchant has his friend to take it off under hand, at a third part of the value; which is the way of helping men in diſtreſs. Now, out of ſingular reſpect to the ſaid merchants and tradeſmen, and for their better encouragement, as alſo to the end that the devils aforeſaid may not run into lewd courſes for want of buſineſs; we will, and require, that a legion of the ſaid devils ſhall always do every thing in their power to aid and aſſiſt the ſaid merchants and tradeſmen in the quality of factors, to be relieved monthly by a freſh legion, or oftener, if occaſion ſhall require.

Item: We do will and command, that all our devils, of what degree of quality ſoever, do henceforth entertain a ſtrict amity and correſpondence with our truſty and well-beloved the uſurers, the revengeful, the envious, and all pretenders to great places and dignities: and, above all others, with the hypocrites, who are the moſt powerful impoſtors in the world, and ſo excellently ſkilled in their trade, that they ſteal

away peoples hearts and ſouls at the eyes and ears inſenſibly; and draw to themſelves adoration and reward.

Item: We do further order and command, that all poſſible care be taken for the maintaining of informers, incendiaries, and paraſites, in all courts and palaces; for thence comes our harveſt.

Item: That babblers, tale-bearers, incendiaries and inſtruments of divorces and quarrels, be no longer called fans, but bellows, as they draw and inflame, without giving any allay or refreſhment.

Item: That the intermeddlers be hereafter called and reputed, The devil's body-lice, becauſe they fetch blood of thoſe that feed and nouriſh them. Lucifer then caſting a ſour look over his ſhoulder, and eſpying the gouvernante: I am of his opinion, cried he, that ſaid, Let God diſpoſe of the gouvernantes as he thinks proper; for I am in no little trouble how to diſpoſe of them here. Whereupon the damned cried out with one voice, Oh Lucifer! let it never be ſaid that it rained gouvernantes in thy kingdom; are we not miſerable enough, without this new plague of being baited by hags? Ah, curſed Lucifer (cried every one to himſelf); ſtow them any where, ſo they are not

near me. And with that, they all clapped their tails between their legs, and drew in their horns, for fear of this new torment. Lucifer finding how the dread of the old women wrought upon his ſubjects, contented himſelf at the preſent to let it paſs only *in terrorem;* but withal, he ſwore, by the honour of his imperial crown, and as he hoped to be ſaved, that what devil, devil's dam, or reprobate ſoever, ſhould, for the future, be wanting in his duty, and in the leaſt degree diſobedient to his laws and commands, all and every the ſaid devil, or devils, their dams, or reprobates, ſo offending, ſhould be delivered to the torture of the Douegna, and tied muzzle to muzzle, ſo to remain for ever, without relief or appeal, notwithſtanding any law, ſtatute, or uſage to the contrary. But in the interim, he cried, Caſt them into that dry ditch, that they may be ready for uſe, if wanted any time elſe.

No ſooner had the Prince of devils finiſhed his ſpeech, and retired to his abode, than the company, diſperſing in a fright at ſo terrible a menace, withdrew to their different quarters: and at the ſame time a voice from heaven, like that of an angel, pronounced the following words: "He will never think his time ill ſpent "in reading this diſcourſe, who comprehends "the morality of it."

THE END.

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